

PHOTOPLAY

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Liz
break
Eddie's
heart?



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Beautiful Hair

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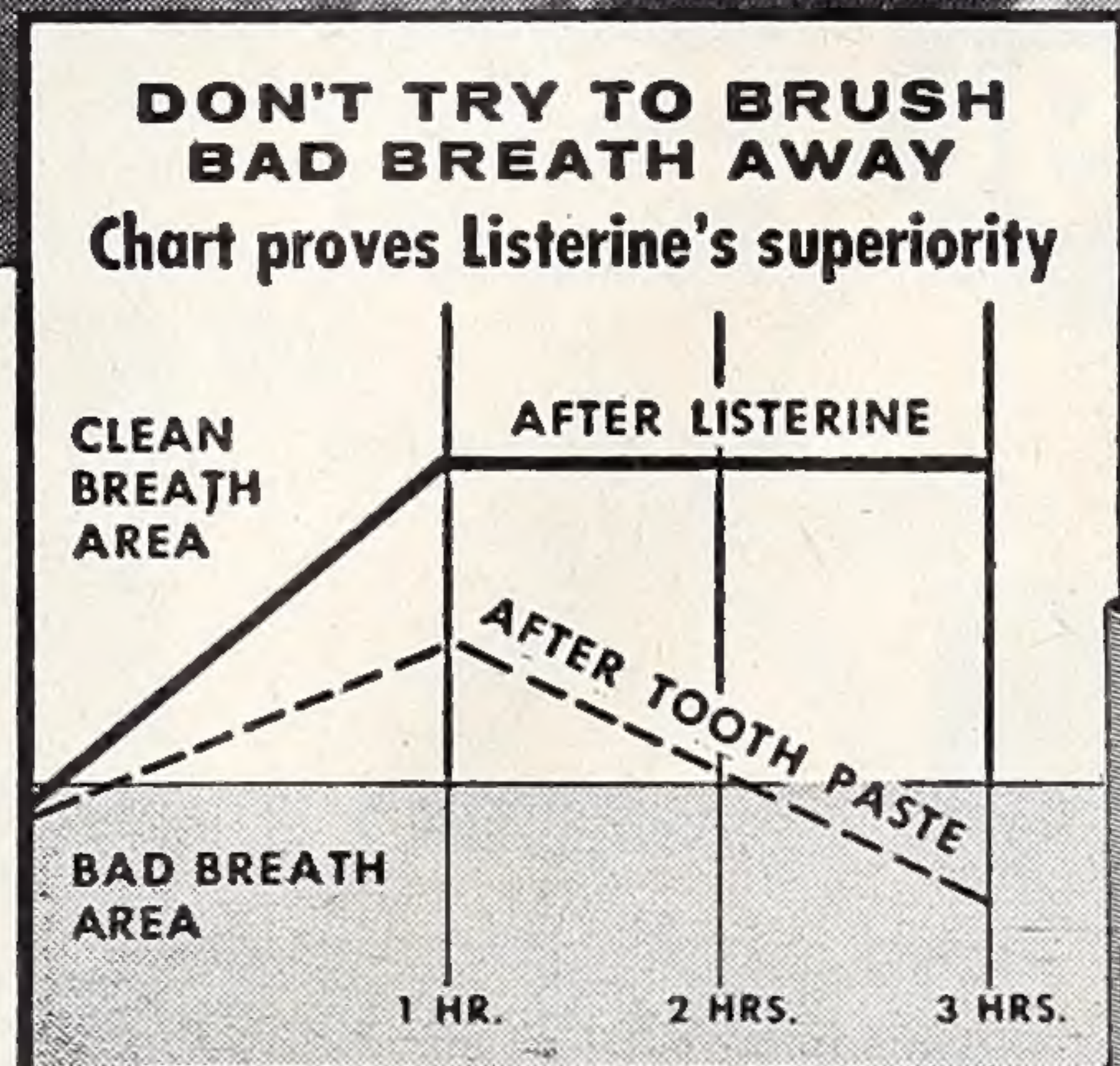
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Stops Perspiration
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JULY, 1959

VOL. 56, NO. 1

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Your August issue will be on sale at your newsstand on July 2nd



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S.N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class matter May 10, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1959 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of True Story Women's Group.

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"Goodness doesn't pay!" Dot Malone tells Jacques Bergerac. Below, it's Frank with daughter Nancy, Martha Hyer. I knew him when he was Frankie.



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

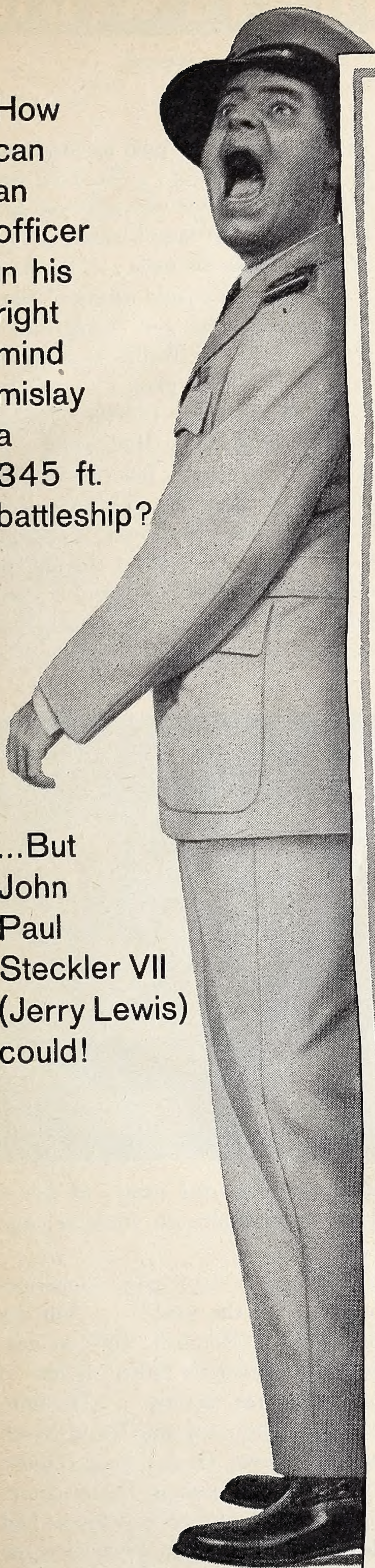


Filmdom's least invisible pair: Who but Jayne and Mickey?

I believe Natalie influences R.J. more than Wagner influences Wood. . . . When Sinatra first hit, he was Frankie; now, to people who like him best, he's Frank. . . . Dorothy Malone will tell you, and with authority, that good-girl roles aren't good for an actress. . . . Jack Webb's "Pete Kelly's Blues" is "Dragnet" with a trumpet. . . . I'd say whenever Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor drop in some place, they get the biggest noise from the crowds *outside*. . . . Tuesday Weld claims Thursday is her good day. . . . Sandra Dee is shy; Zsa Zsa Gabor isn't. Zsa Zsa pretends not to care if she's disliked; Sandra doesn't pretend. . . . I keep thinking Tennessee Williams could be a character out of a William Faulkner story. . . . I'm for giving an Oscar to the best movie on the Late, Late Show. . . . Mamie Van Doren hides nothing. She always appears ready for inspection. . . . Somehow Mort Sahl manages to look baggy even when he isn't in a suit. . . . I'm all for giving the TV public what it wants: more commercials on horseback. . . . Hugh O'Brian may be the hero of Muscle Beach, but I think he's musclebound. . . . Tab Hunter knows a colleague so anxious to make the right impression that he bought a new car to drive to the Auto Show in. . . . Tony Perkins claims that if he's perfectly cast he gives a perfect performance. . . . Seems to me Elvis Presley keeps improving as an entertainer, on screen and off. . . . If I may make a suggestion, don't fail to see "Room at the Top." It's mature. . . . By the way, do you suppose maturity will spoil Sal Mineo? . . . I never miss an old Garbo movie. On any size screen Gee Gee carries off the trick of appearing intimate and untouchable at the same time. (continued)

How
can
an
officer
in his
right
mind
mislay
a
345 ft.
battleship?

...But
John
Paul
Steckler VII
(Jerry Lewis)
could!



Hilarious naval maneuvers!
Big WAVE swamps Jerry as
he see-hunts "missing" vessel!

JERRY LEWIS

IN
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

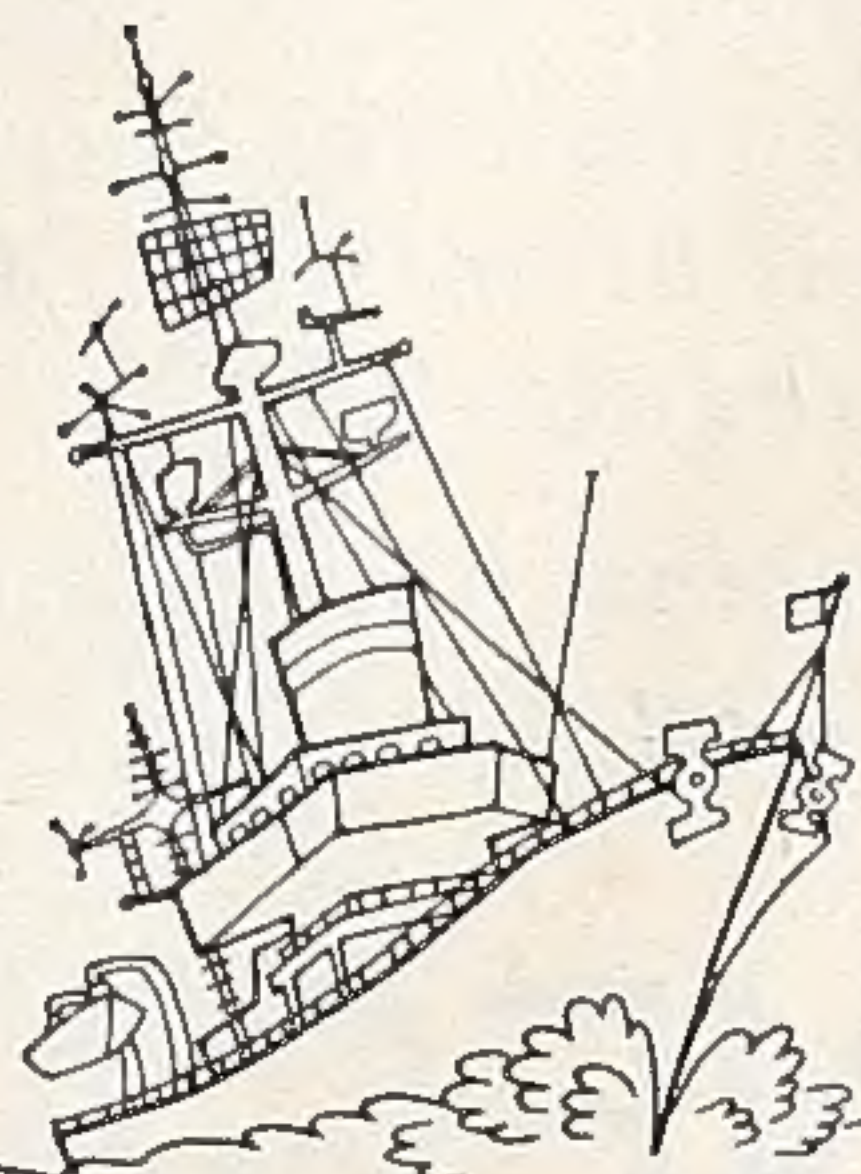
"Don't Give Up the Ship"



Wedding night or
not . . . Jerry's gotta
find his mislaid ship!



Jerry goes out on a
limb . . . looking for the
destroyer he "misplaced!"



co-starring

DINA MERRILL • DIANA SPENCER • MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY • ROBERT MIDDLETON

with GALE GORDON • MABEL ALBERTSON • CHUCK WASSIL • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and EDMUND BELOIN
& HENRY GARSON • Story by ELLIS KADISON • A PARAMOUNT RELEASE



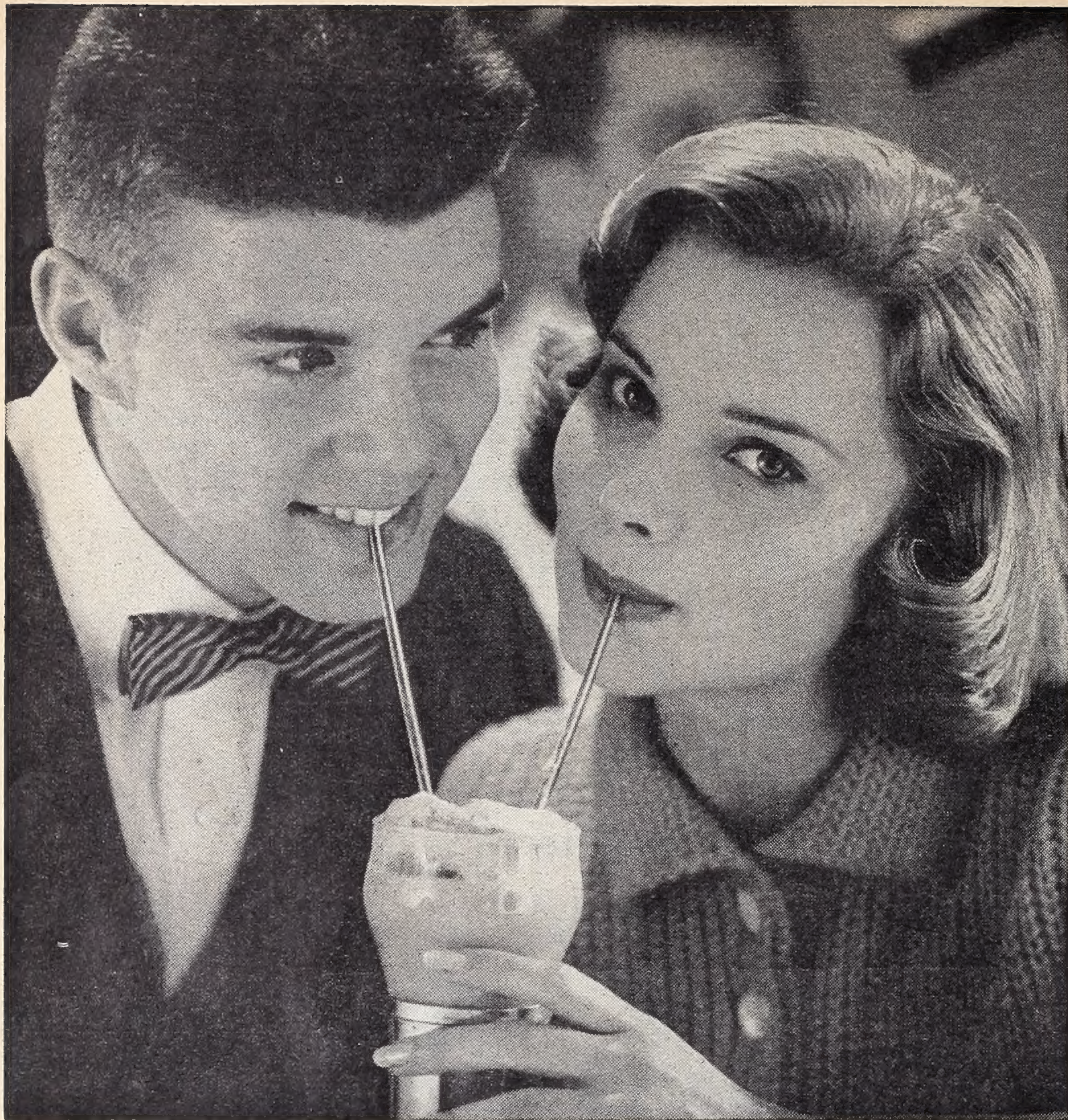
continued

... Nobody chews gum as charmingly as Ava Gardner. ... To Tom Jenk a critic is someone who tells you how to make movies—and is smart enough never to make his own. ... I wonder if Jack Lemmon could win next year's Best Actress Oscar for "Some Like It Hot." ... Orson Welles is a perfect example of what a great actor can accomplish when he forgets what he used to know about Hollywood. ... It's hard to have a favorite for any length of time on TV. Consider George Gobel, Sid Caesar, Hopalong Cassidy, et al. It's off with the old and off with the new! ... And I don't think Hollywood is any worse than the rest of the country; at least it



Mrs. Chalkley still wants to live—down south where the livin' is easy.

doesn't make front-page headlines every day of the week! ... For my money, E. G. Marshall, who's as neglected as Whistler's father, is one of our really great actors. ... The minute Susan Hayward and David Niven marched down Oscar Aisle, Sunset Boulevard statisticians began counting how many of their co-winners had also never been within a head's throw of Actors Studio. ... I'll bet if you name the Ten Best Movies of all time, you'll find few of them ever captured an Oscar. ... Some stars give me the impression they douse (*continued*)



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ACNECARE medicated foam for triple-action relief of acne symptoms...

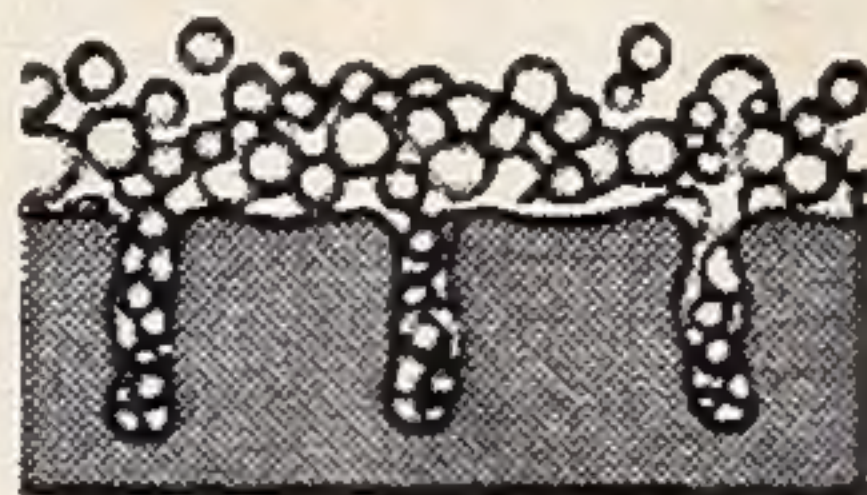
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circumstances was forever
released from all her vows.



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in her own words she was
no longer a nun. And
her story swiftly
became the most
gripping and
dramatic personal
story of this
decade.

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as Sister Luke, who was not like the others



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FROM THE BOOK BY KATHRYN C. HULME PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE DIRECTED BY FRED ZINNEMANN MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN





boys reveal their secret opinions on:

SUMMER DATING

TEENS TODAY is the sensational new magazine that sold out in most localities . . . the day it hit the newsstands! This terrific magazine tells teenagers *exactly* what they want to know. It does not preach . . . it reveals the secret opinions of what boys and girls think of each other.

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IN THIS ISSUE

BOYS AGREE I GO TO A RESORT TOWN AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
I TAKE A JOB—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
I HANG AROUND HOME—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
BEACH BEHAVIOR
GIRLS ARE SNOBS
GIRLS ARE KOOKS
BOYS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE

GIRLS AGREE BOYS ARE KOOKS
I'M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT
I'M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE AN OLD SHOE
I'M SICK OF BOYS WHO THINK THEY'RE IT
MOST BOYS DON'T KNOW HOW TO KISS
KENNY'S BATHING SUIT
YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN
GIRLS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE



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HOLLYWOOD

continued



Connie Stevens dates Gary Clark. Is this a new romance?

their cigarettes in cold-cream jars. . . . Why not team Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell in a movie and take advantage of the love scenes they've been rehearsing! . . . Let me add this to the nice things already said about Vincente Minnelli: He was the only person connected with award-winning "Gigi" who mentioned its original author—Madame Colette. . . . In case you were wondering about the gal who dubbed Tony Curtis' falsetto in "Some Like It Hot," it was a guy named Paul Frees. . . . "One-Eyed Jacks" Director Marlon Brando to Actor Marlon Brando: "Speak up, Man. I can't understand a word you're saying." . . . Somehow Big Jim Arness always seems as if he's going to bump into you. . . . John Barrymore's greatness increases. The blackboard from which he read his lines has become a teleprompter. . . . Jerry Lewis is an LP—played at the wrong speed. . . . Connie Stevens likes to describe actors in terms of food. Example: Lawrence Olivier is Beefsteak Tartare; Yul Brynner's a hard-boiled egg. You try it—with Stuart Whitman. . . . Billy Wilder to MM: "Congratulations, Marilyn! This is the earliest you've been late." . . . That's Hollywood for You.



Wonder what food Mrs. Whitman would use to describe rugged Stuart?

Special!

Introductory price on new Lustre-Creme Shampoo
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lotion and
liquid, too!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

The Monthly Record

WEATHER:

Summertime, and the
breathin' is easy,
and every guy's searching
for his honeysuckle rose.

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 5

JUNE, 1959

4 Non ¢

BLUES vs. BOUNCE

HAPPY COMBO BIG HIT ON BOONE SHOW



"Everybody's crying the blues—not us," say the smiling Ja Da's. Gordon Ellinger, Don Royer, Margaret Ann and brother Jim Peterson.

"We're just born squares," announced tall Jim Peterson, the banjo strummer of the Ja Da Quartet, as we all huddled around my portable lap-desk in my corner closet at the Photoplay offices. "Everybody's singing sad songs, but we want to make happy music!"

"We like to play the old songs with a wild beat," drummer Gordon Ellinger chimed in. "Songs like 'Red Red Robin' and 'Sunny Side of the Street' and 'Mississippi Mud.'"

Piano player Don Royer's crewcut bobbed for attention. "Everybody's crying the blues. They say sad music's in, and happy music's out, and everybody thinks we're nuts because we're singing our hearts out with ragtime and Dixieland. But we sing this way because we like to see people smile."

How did the group originate?

Pretty, blond-haired, blue-eyed Margaret Ann Peterson, the featured vocalist of the quartet, said, "Brother Jim found a banjo under a bed in the attic, and he began plucking and singing as far back as I can remember."

Neighbors Gordon and Don got interested in Jim's slaphappy music-making, and the famous "jamming" sessions began in the quartet's native Greely, Colorado.

"They called themselves 'The Availables' until they let me sing with them," Margaret Ann added. "Then they decided they'd pick a more proper name, and we decided on the Ja Da Quartet because 'Ja Da' was the first song the fellows learned to play."

The quartet played for high-school assemblies and summer conventions and sang at a resort hotel in Estes Park, where they picked up showmanship savvy.

When they clicked in a Christmas show at the fabulous Roxy theater in New York, the stampede for their happy brand of music-making was on, and TV kings Como, Godfrey and Boone joined the Ja Da bandwagon.

FAD ALLEY

Vicky Crilley of Michigan reports gals wrap counterfeit greenbacks around their ponytails to hint to the fellows they're willing to go on a Dutch Treat date. . . . Out Alabamy way, guys call gals "corn-starved" if they don't stand tall. . . . From upstate New York, Angie Costa writes that colored sneakers are called "gumdrops." . . . Slam books are back in style in a corner of California. What's a slam book? Well, you take a note pad, write the name of each of your friends on separate pages, then pass it around to them for anonymous comments. Great for laughs at parties! . . . There's a once-a-week Texas dance club that raffles off partners for the first three dances of the evening. Guys and gals pick numbers from two separate boxes. This way, dancers get a chance to try out different dancing styles. . . . "Star gazing" is the bayou name for daydreaming if you're sitting over a Coke on a lazy summer's day in a Louisiana drugstore.

TURNTABLE VOX POX

ALBUM OF THE MONTH—

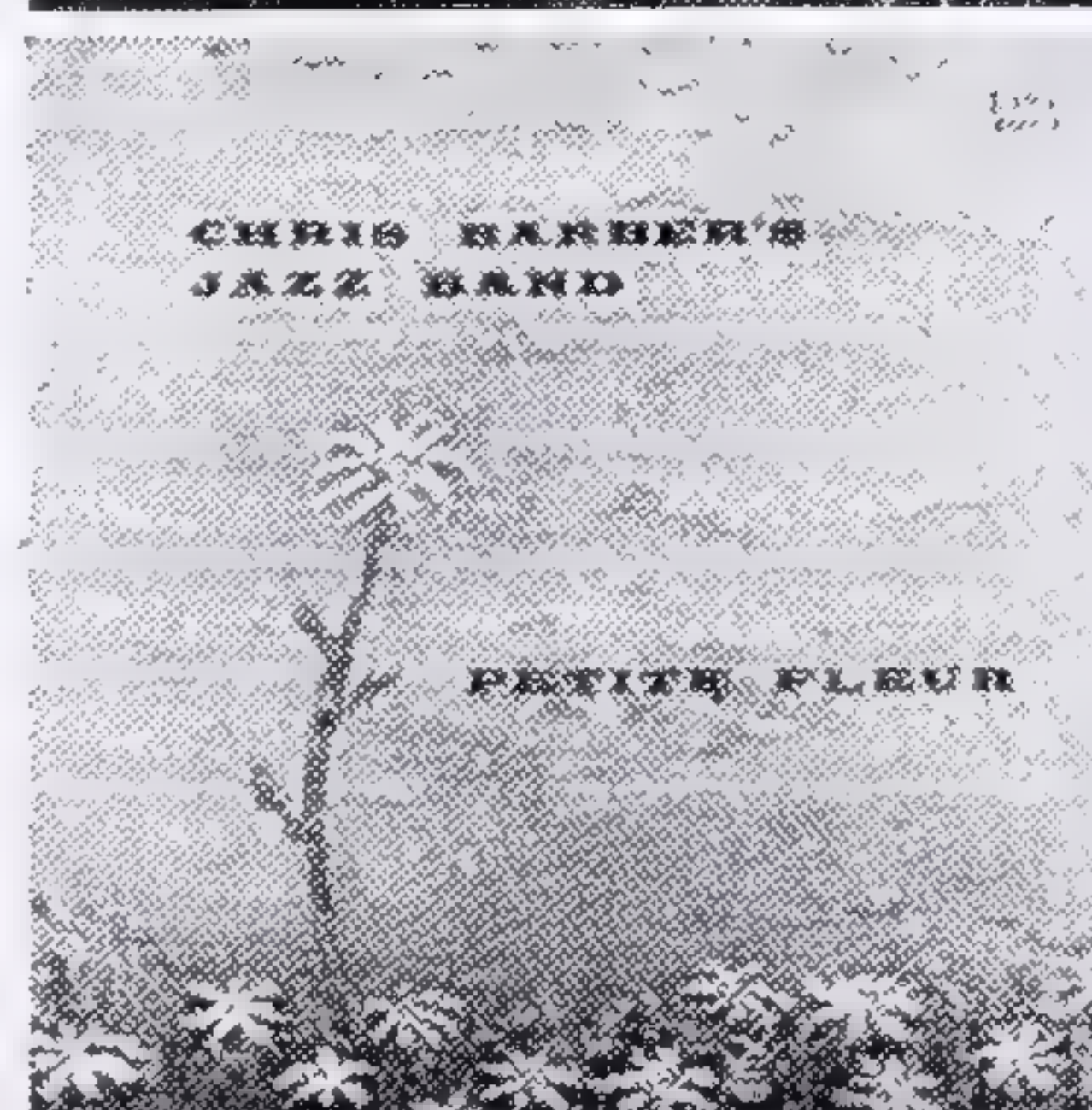
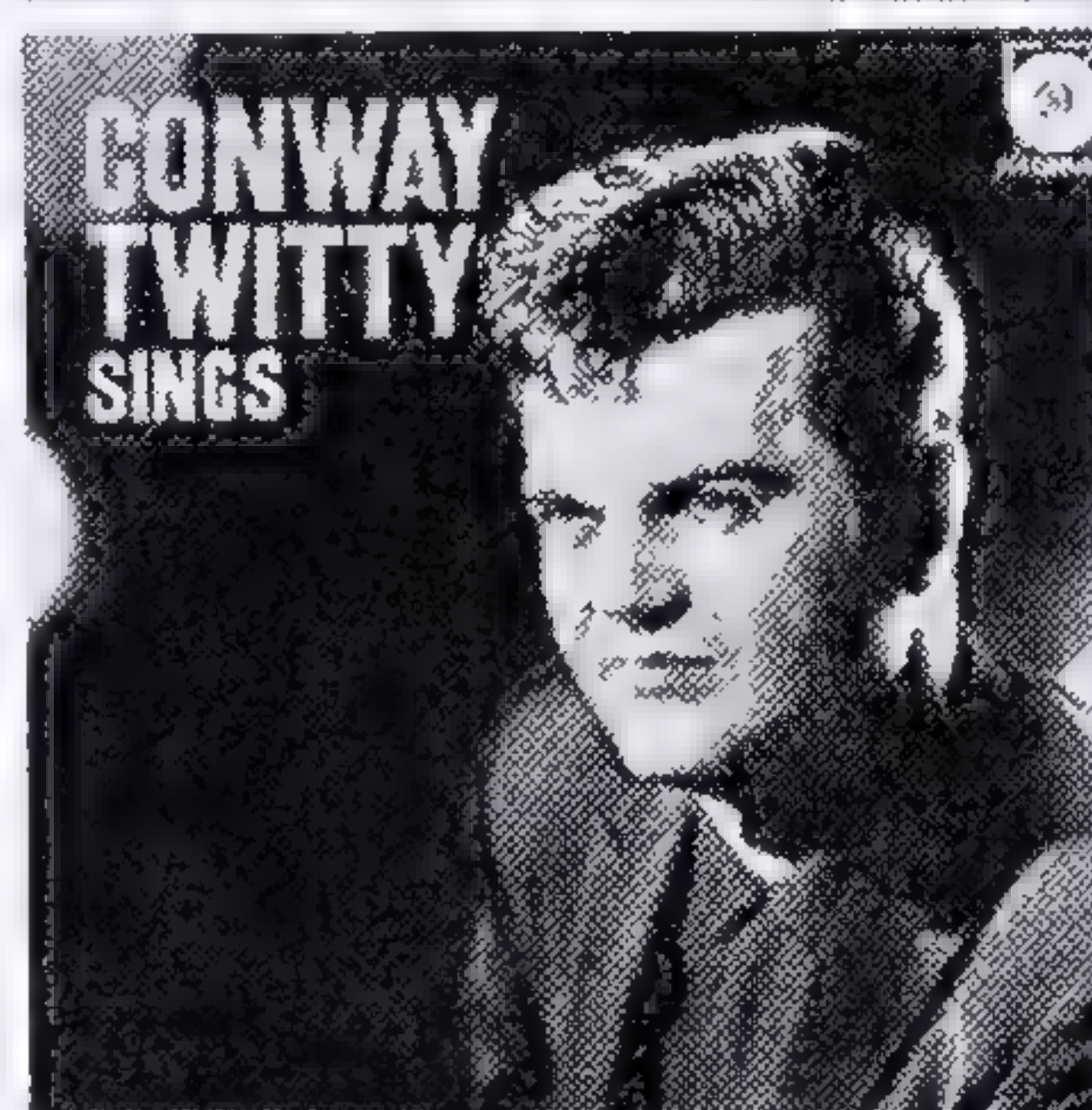
✓✓✓ SOME LIKE IT HOT. Gliding slide trombones and sassy saxophones swing out with sugar-sweet blues music in this United Artists album of the sound track of Marilyn Monroe's hit film. You'll go for Marilyn's delicious renditions of "Runnin' Wild," "I Wanna Be Loved By You" and "I'm Thru With Love."

✓✓✓ CONWAY TWITTY SINGS. Twenty-three-year-old Conway strums his guitar and sings his ever-lovin' heart out with some thumping-hot rock music. You'll vibrate over "I Viberate." It's a spine-tingler. M-G-M.

✓✓✓ CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ BAND. "Petite Fleur" fans will applaud Chris' latest collection of riff jive. Listen to "Bugle Call Rag," "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "Wabash Blues"—all jazz classics in this Laurie album.

✓✓✓ PAT SUZUKI'S BROADWAY '59. This gal can belt 'em out like a troupier. Pat, in this latest RCA album, sings selections from "Flower Drum Song," "My Fair Lady," "Redhead" and "The Music Man."

(continued)





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FREE! See a demonstration of the new Kenmore Washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office . . . get a generous sample bottle of Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse absolutely free!



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c—Kenmore Space-Saving Automatic Washer
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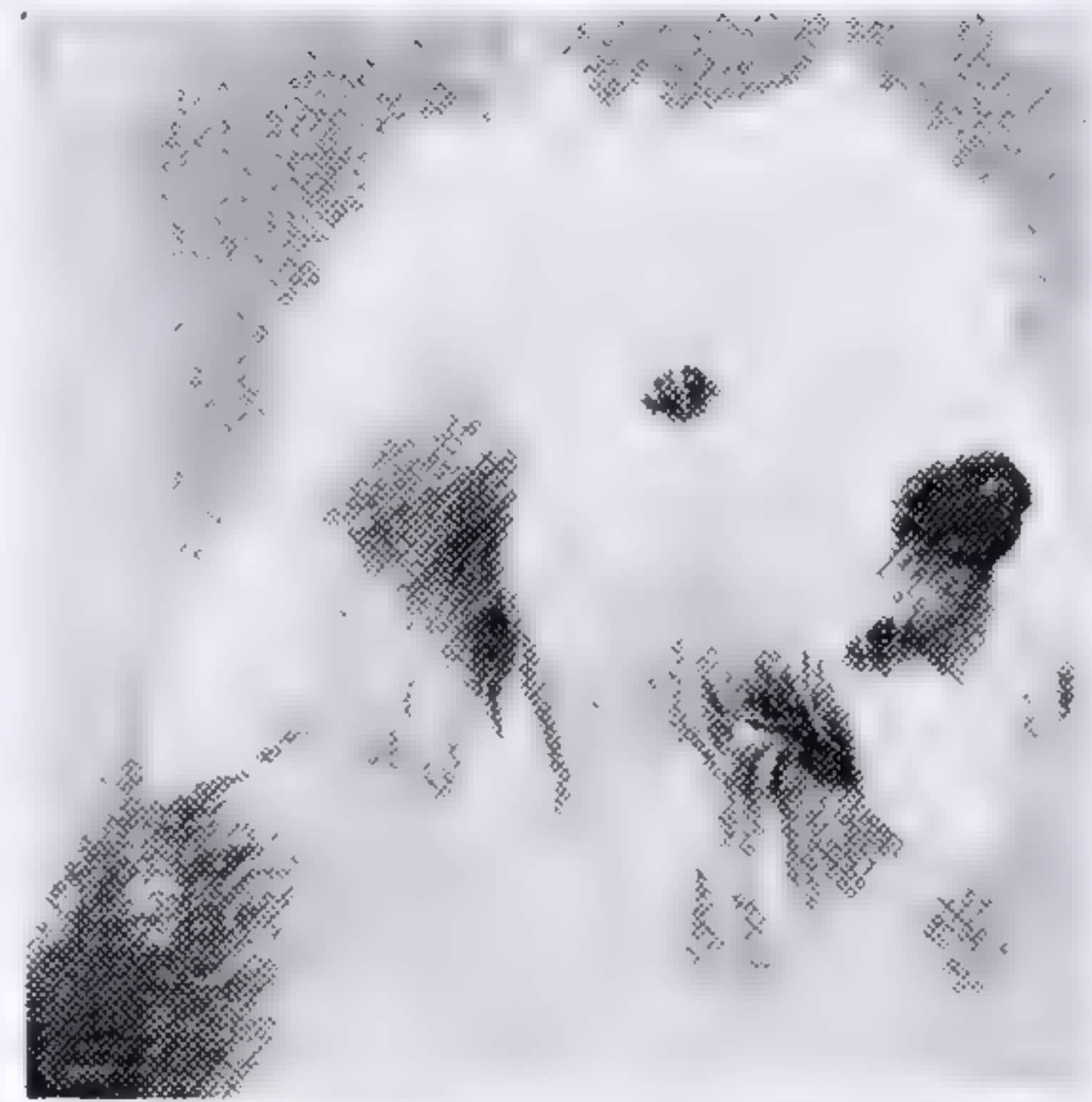
BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Fabian the Swoon King tells me he likes a gal who can talk about everything from Sinatra to sputnik. Sure, he goes for a little high-pitched swooning, but he digs good conversation the most—on a date night-out. . . . “If a gal’s got a sense of humor, I’m all for seeing her again. But if she can give me pointers on my favorite subject, astrology, I’ll never stop seeing her,” says Edd Byrnes, the Kookie Kid. . . . Phil Everly’s pet peeve is a girl who screams while she rides the back seat of his motor scooter. . . . Tony Perkins loves swimming dates, especially “if the gal can’t swim and she lets me teach her.” You should see Tony high-dive. Slick as a reed. . . . Singer Tommy Leonetti explains why he fell for Pat Quinn. “She has such a wonderful way of making me feel like a man. She’s so feminine, so cool and chicky. Never lifts a finger, always lets me be boss. And I love it!” He adds, “Besides, she’s got those big, wide, fluttery, helpless eyes, and, man, I just couldn’t help myself!” . . . If you want to get Will Hutchins’ dander up, *don’t* ask him to do a “cowboy rope” trick at a party. . . . Tommy Sands’ Australian flame flipped for Tommy’s South Seas bongo act, and she carries a bongo with her now wherever she goes. Insists she’s going to learn to accompany Tommy. . . . Tom-

my and I spent a night recently at an offbeat Greek night club in New York—The Kephisia on West 27th Street. Tommy couldn’t get enough of that wild Greek jazz played on a “bouzouki”—similar to the banjo—by the fabulous bouzouki player, Pappaioannou. . . . Two new six-foot-two bachelors have invaded Hollywood to the sweet sound of ban-shee yells from fans: Troy Donahue, who’s starring opposite Sandra Dee in “A Summer Place,” and Gardner McKay, who’ll appear in a South Seas TV series, “Adventure in Paradise.” . . . Elvis writes he’s learning a yodel serenade. . . . Tab Hunter’s next album’s been recorded right in the heart of hillbilly country: Nashville, Tennessee. Tab received the key to the city and waxed his new LP disc in the famous Grand Ole Opry hall. Tab’s turned into quite a singer. His new album: “When I Fall In Love . . .” is a smash (it has jacket notes, by the way, by yours truly). . . . Hawaiian wigs flipped when Frankie Avalon donned a hula skirt in Aloha Isle and shim-mied to the soft strains of a ukulele in the blue Pacific moonlight. . . . Paul Anka’s personal appearance trip through Europe was a humdinger. French gals decided to start “Spy Cliques” for Paul. They write him news of how his records are selling in Paris.

TURNTABLE VOX POX

continued



✓✓✓ SHAGGY DOG. Did you ever hear a dog talking? Well, you can. Here’s Shaggy, warbling and shuffling through the “Shaggy Dog Shag,” “Shaggy Dog Cha Cha Cha” and “Flat Floot Floogie,” with Fred MacMurray as guest saxophonist plus a dog-barking chorus. Every Shaggy album is autographed with a neat paw print. Disneyland.



✓✓✓ DORIS DAY: Cuttin’ Capers. She’s everybody’s sweetheart, this glad-hearted doll, and her sunshiny moods are infectious as you listen to her sing “Why Don’t We Do This More Often” and “I’m Sittin’ on Top of the World” in this Columbia album of Dodo songology.

✓✓✓ FLAT ROCK BALLADS. Sung and played by Carl Sandburg. Recorded in folksinger Sandburg’s Carolina country, most of the songs are as American as corn-on-the-cob, from “I Could Not Find My Baby-O” to “Suck-in’ Cider Through a Straw.” Singer Sandburg’s eighty years old, plays his own guitar accompaniment and sings in a warm, rich voice. Columbia.

BACKSTAGE WITH PETER GUNN

When Peter Gunn’s composer, Hank Mancini (and if you haven’t listened to his Peter Gunn music, you’re missing out on the jazz score of the year), visited me in my Mother Hubbard cupboard at the office, we talked about everything from steel mills to “ad lib” jazz.

Hank grew up in the steel-mill country of Western Pennsylvania, and he played piano for proms and holiday dances with high-school bands in his teens. “Best teacher of all,” commented Hank, “is old Mr. Experience. If you really want to do something, do it—and the experience you get’ll be your best booster. I was nuts about music, and I was crazy about show business. So I guess I’ve found a happy marriage of the two in TV!”

But, Hank adds, it’s good to listen to different kinds of music, to study the types that are popular before you begin composing your own. Hank calls his brand of music “ad lib” jazz because it’s so free and easy.

Sorry, gals, Hank’s married, with twin daughters, Monica and Felice, and a son, Chris.

YOUR PHIZZOG

Wherever he goes, whenever he’s alone, King Elvis has the habit of carrying a paperback book of poems for relaxation. One of his favorite poems is “Phizzog”—and he’ll bet you can’t name the poet who wrote it.

The poem goes—

This face you got,

This here phizzog you carry around,

You never picked it out for yourself, at all, at all—did you?

This here phizzog—somebody handed it to you—am I right?

Somebody said, “Here’s yours, now go see what you can do with it.”

Somebody slipped it to you and it was like a package marked:

“No goods exchanged after being taken away”—

This face you got.



Frankie Avalon hula’ed in Hawaii and Tommy Sands bongo’ed, but Paul Anka topped ’em. His French fans formed “Spy Cliques.”

NINA SHIPMAN, featured in "SAY ONE FOR ME"

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX
CINEMASCOPE PICTURE.
COLOR BY DE LUXE



"I tan faster with
COPPERTONE"
—Nina Shipman

Get a faster, deeper tan
with **GUARANTEED**
sunburn protection



Lovely Nina Shipman says, "A perfect suntan does so *much* for a girl's looks. And . . . Coppertone is the best way to tan." Now *you* can have the same glamorous tan Hollywood stars rave about. Yes, with Coppertone, you get a faster, richer tan—with maximum sunburn protection—than with any other leading product!

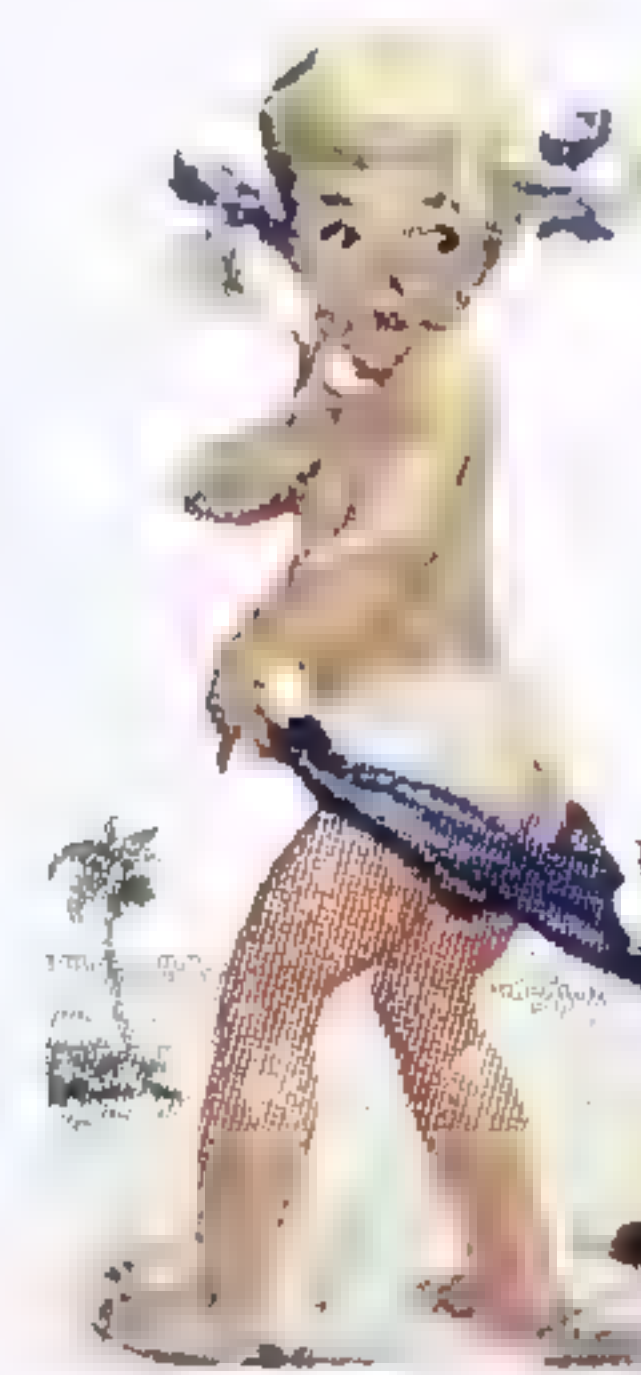
Sunbalanced Screening does it! The special scientific screening agent in Coppertone, homomenthyl salicylate, has a selective *double* action. It lets *in* the ultraviolet tanning rays that activate coloring matter deep within

your skin as it shuts *out* fiery, burning rays. Thus it lets your skin tan naturally, from the inside out.

Conditions Skin, too! Coppertone is rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients that keep it on the skin longer . . . protect you even after swimming. And—Coppertone prevents ugly drying and peeling, too—keeps your skin smooth and soft. (Contains no drying alcohol.)

America's Favorite! Originated in Florida, Coppertone now far outsells all other suntan products. Available everywhere—in Lotion, Oil, Cream,

Spray, and new Shade for children and others with sensitive skin. Also Noskote. Be sure you have a deep, rich Coppertone tan this summer.



DON'T BE A PALEFACE
Use Coppertone whenever you're in the sun—swimming, boating, picnicking, or in your own backyard.

Coppertone, another quality product of Plough, Inc., is available in Canada, too. Save—buy large size.

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

GIDGET. *Jimmy Darren* (Colpix) Smooth
BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG. *Jimmie Rodgers*
(Roulette) A honey
MOONLIGHT BAY. *Tab Hunter* (Warners) Songshine
YOU DREAMER YOU. *Johnny Cash*
(Columbia) Heavenville
DRIVE-IN MOVIE. *Ron Hargrave* (Cub) Ye-ah!
THIS IS ALWAYS. *Billy Storm* (Columbia) Ummm
I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES. *The "Go"*
Sound of the Kirby Stone Four (Columbia) Gone
SEA CRUISE. *Frankie Ford* (Ace) Go!
JO-JO THE DOG-FACED BOY. *Annette* (Vista) Wuf!
TAKE A MESSAGE TO MARY. *Everly Bros.*
(Cadence) Fine
I STILL GET A THRILL. *Joni James* (M-G-M) ... Uh-huh
DREAM LOVER. *Bobby Darin* (Atco) Red-hot!

BOOK NOOK

Vamp, my trench-coated gal spy, reports June is bride's month (as if any bachelor has to be reminded—it's the time he writes Mrs. in front of a mess of names in his little black book); and for the last word on Dogpatch Day manners, Vamp says, "The Brides' School Complete Book of Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," by Barbara Wilson, is hard to beat. Vamp adds, "What I love about it is the way every religious faith is taken into consideration." . . . Many stars've been spotted reading "A Quite Remarkable Father," the fascinating life story of Leslie How-

ard (he co-starred with Clark Gable in the famous "Gone With the Wind"). Written by Leslie's daughter, the book reveals how deeply attached he was to children and his strong belief in a "family life." . . . West Coast young marrieds write me that the "Shirley Temple Storybook" is the gift for sons, daughters, cousins, nephews and nieces on birthdays and holidays. "There's a large easy print for the young folks to read," they note, "and pretty colored line drawings of the characters in the wonderful fairy tales." . . . TV fans who missed two raved-about original plays, "Little Moon of Alban" and "A Wind from the South," can now catch up with them in book form. Jimmy Costigan, the handsome author, is in his late twenties, and his photo on the book jacket was snapped by actor Roddy McDowell (who can be seen riding around New York on his Vespa these days clicking camera shutters like crazy). . . . For a colorful Hollywood novel, young stars recommend "The Shattering of the Image" by R. G. Hubler. "It's fast, furious and fabulous," they comment.

Hollywood bookworms are gaga over the crazy "Peanuts" cartoon collection, and there's talk a brand-new edition's on its way.

CONNIE TOWERS' DREAM OF A LIFETIME



Connie Towers is on the phone—and who wouldn't be after a breathless day on the set with Bill Holden and John Wayne? C'mon, let's listen.

Connie Towers, a willowy Grace-Kellyish beauty with blond hair and bewitching grey-green eyes, leaps from obscurity to eminence next month with "The Horse Soldiers," a Civil War film starring Bill Holden and John Wayne. Connie plays a high-spirited Southern gal forced to ride with the Union cavalry on a six-hundred-mile raid through rebel territory.

I talked to pretty Connie, and no wonder she was cast as the bouncy sweetheart in the film. She's full of enthusiasm for everything from folk songs to health foods.

Connie talked of a "happy home life" in Whitefish, Montana (where she was born), music studies ("... but would you believe I was tone deaf as a child?"). In "The Horse Soldiers," Connie sings "Lorena," the first love ballad recorded in America's folk-song history.

How did she get her lucky break? Director John Ford spotted her at a party and was not only impressed with her grooming, but with the way she held herself.

Acting and singing have always interested Connie since the first time she faced an audience in a kindergarten recital. A pop music fan for years, Connie says, "Right now, I'm crazy about the Chipmunks and Andy Williams."

She enjoys classical music, too. "So many people close their ears to something that seems a little

highbrow, without giving it a chance and really listening to it."

Where does she get her energy? I asked.

"From eating properly," she answered, "and sleeping! Eight hours a night is a must with me. I eat lots of vegetables and green salads. Ever try a fresh spinach salad with lemon juice? It's great—and wow!—what energy!"

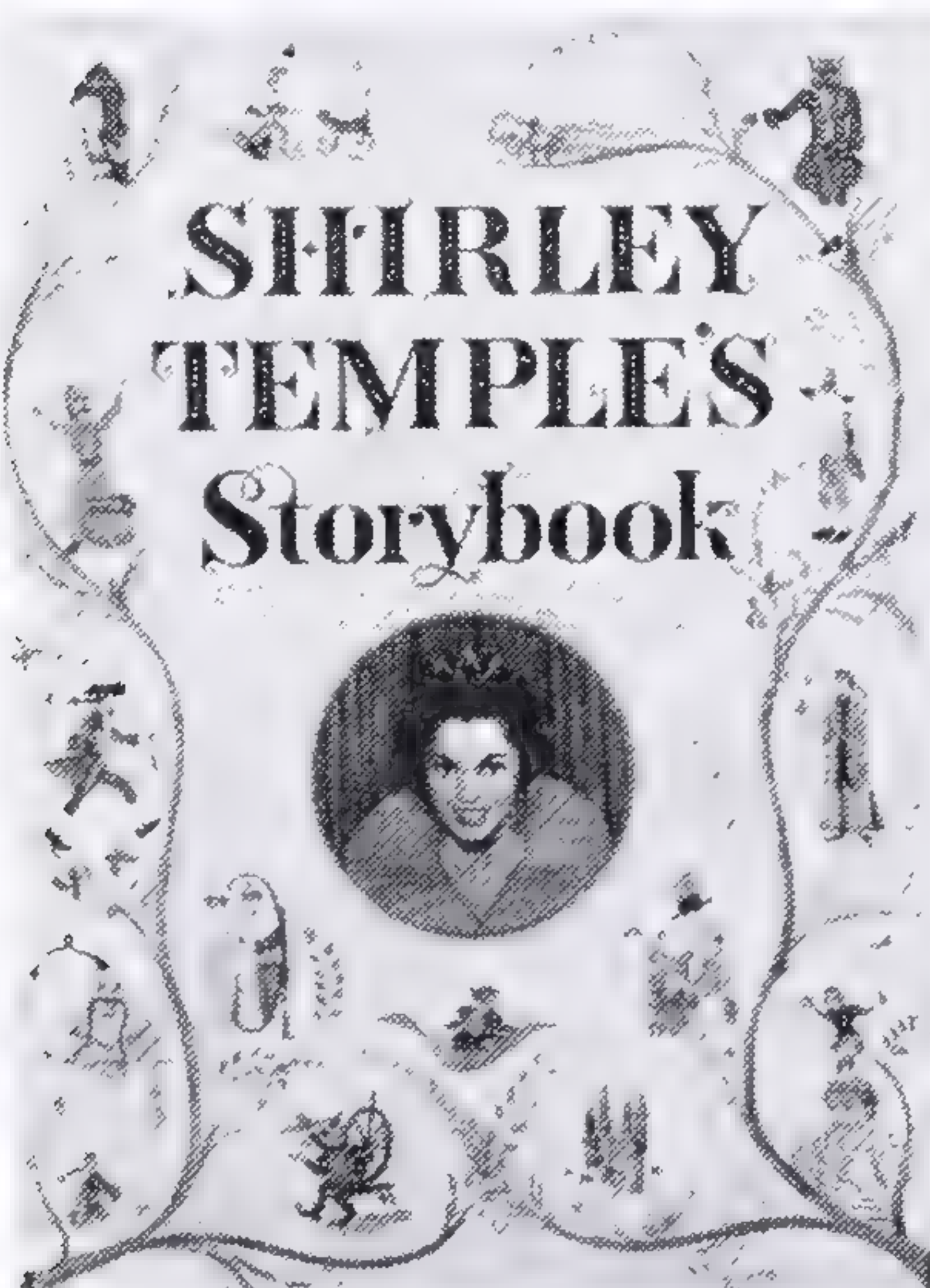
EGGS DARIN

A summer recipe for your how-to-please-a-bachelor collection comes from Bobby Darin, who guarantees, "These are the only eggs in the world that will turn out tasting like pizza!"

Melt a chunk of sweet butter in a small frying pan. Add grated Parmesan cheese, paprika and oregano. Add two eggs, and simmer for a minute; add more cheese on yolks, simmer for another two minutes, then turn eggs over and simmer for thirty seconds. Serve immediately.

Bobby's recipe for boiling water, by the way, is for those gals who cringe at the flap of a cookbook. Bobby says:

1. Find a leakproof pot and fill it with running water.
2. Light a burner on the stove.
3. Put water-filled pot on burner, and turn burner up high.
4. Stand back and wait for the rocky sound of a rolling boil—and you've done it.



A gift for children of all ages.

MAX FACTOR sets your lips aglow with **IRIDESCENT MAGIC** new luminous lipstick brings them excitingly alive with soft shimmering beauty



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HI-SOCIETY CASE SHOWN—\$4.50 U.S. PAT. #2830702
DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME, BEVERLY HILLS

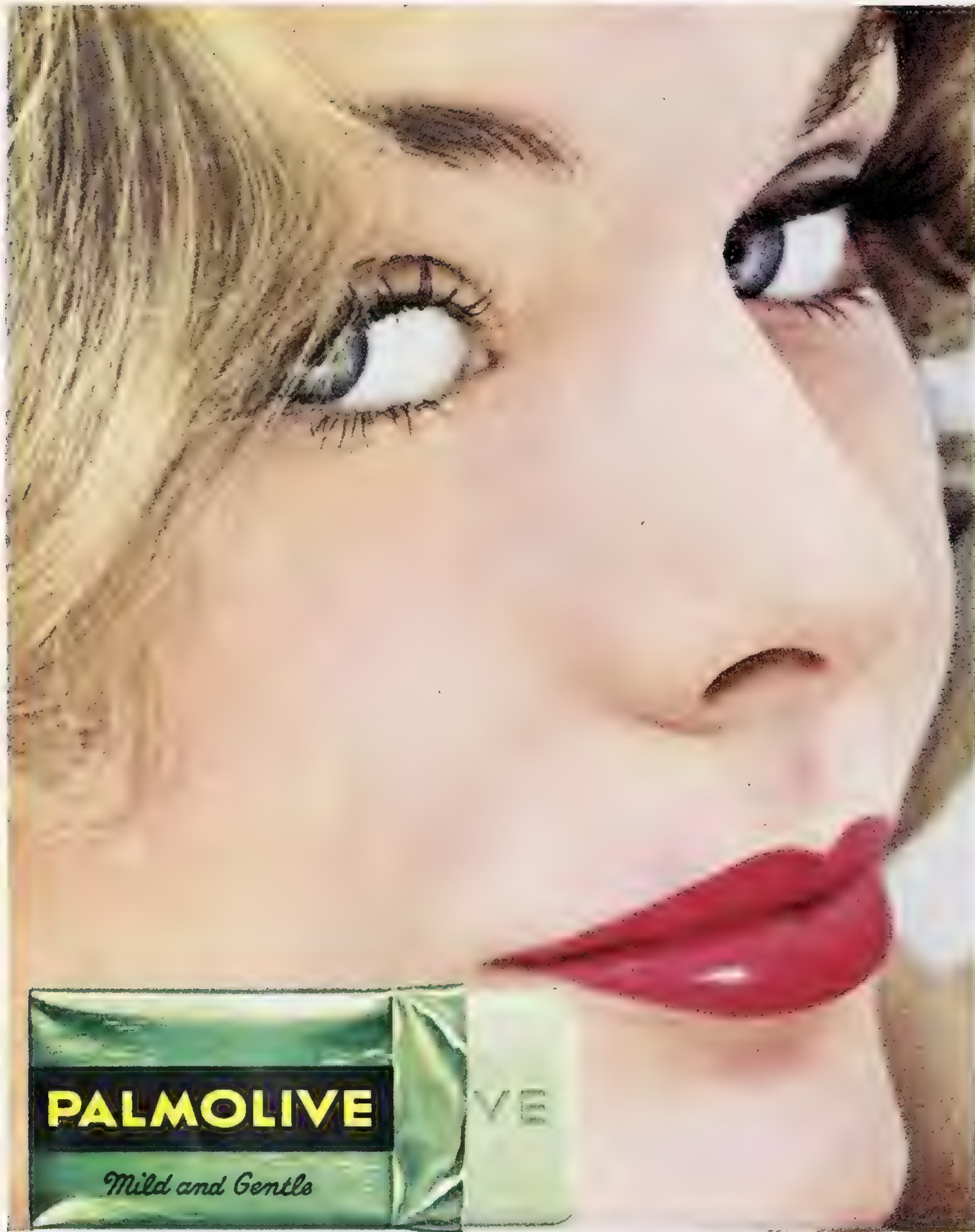


It's NEW! It's DAZZLING! It's different from any lipstick you've ever known! These are truly iridescent lipcolors that gleam with silver through and through. Only from MAX FACTOR at \$1.25*...each fits Hi-SOCIETY... glamorous case, mirror, lipstick all-in-one.

*PLUS TAX

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!



PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—
No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
No irritating deodorants!

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather — fragrance — color — wrapper

becoming
attractions



A. Not for burning: High Noon suntan lotion by Noxzema protects against sun's burn rays, allows tanning rays to come through. 6-oz. plastic bottle, \$1.45.*

B. Ciro's double-strength Eau de Parfum Mist Concentré comes in slim, leak-proof, aerosol container. "Reflexions," "Danger," "New Horizons." \$5.00.*

C. No shiny nose: One Touch of Glamour, Frances Denney's moisturizing under-make-up foundation, also contains an effective facial anti-perspirant. \$5.00.*

D. Prince Matchabelli's "Summer Shower" bath preparations are newly repackaged to look as cool as they help you to feel. Shown, dusting powder, \$1.00.*

E. New Stopette Roll-On deodorant and anti-perspirant is a cool, clear, sea-blue liquid, formulated to dry quickly and leave no powdery residue on skin. 98¢.*

*plus tax

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

ASK ANY GIRL—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *Miles Doughton*, David Niven; *Meg Wheeler*, Shirley MacLaine; *Evan Doughton*, Gig Young; *Ross Taft*, Rod Taylor; *Mr. Maxwell*, Jim Backus; *Lisa*, Claire Kelly; *Jeannie Boyden*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Terri Richards*, Dody Heath; *Bert*, Read Morgan; *Brunette in Police Station*, Carmen Phillips; *Interviewee*, Mickey Shaughnessy.

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN—de Rochemont. Directed by Ernst Marischka: *Teta Linek*, Annie Rosar; *Father Seydel*, Hans Holt; *Theo*, Victor de Kowa; *Livia Argan*, Vilma Degischer; *Mascha*, Kai Fischer; *Kompert*, Rudolph Vogel; *Mojmir*, Kurt Meisel; *Mrs. Linek*, Lotte Lang; *Doris*, Christine Kaufmann; *Elli*, Edith Elmay; *Mizzi*, Ulla Moritz; *Leopold Argan*, Fred Liewehr; *Pastor of Hustopec*, Kurt Heintel; *Fasching*, Fritz Muliar.

FLOODS OF FEAR—Rank, U-I. Directed by Charles Crichton: *Donavan*, Howard Keel; *Elizabeth*, Anne Heywood; *Peebles*, Cyril Cusack; *Sharkey*, Harry H. Corbett; *Murphy*, John Crawford; *Sheriff*, Eddie Byrne; *Dr. Matthews*, John Phillips; *Watchman*, Mark Baker; *Mayor*, James Dyrenforth; *Businessman*, Jack Lester; *Banker*, Peter Madden; *Deputy Sheriff*, Guy Kingsley Poynter; *Lt. Col.*, Gordon Tanner; *Police Capt.*, Robert Mackenzie.

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—U.A. Directed by Terence Fisher: *Sherlock Holmes*, Peter Cushing; *Dr. Watson*, Andre Morell; *Sir Henry Baskerville*, Christopher Lee; *Cecile*, Marla Landi; *Sir Hugo Baskerville*, David Oxley; *Bishop Frankland*, Miles Malleson; *Dr. Mortimer*, Francis De Wolff; *Stapleton*, Ewen Solon; *Barrymore*, John Le Mesurier; *Perkins*, Sam Kydd; *Servant Girl*, Judi Moyens; *Mrs. Barrymore*, Helen Goss; *Servant*, Dave Birks; *Lord Capthill*, Michael Hawkins; *Lord Kingsblood*, Ian Hewitson; *Mrs. Goodlippe*, Elizabeth Dott; *Selden*, Michael Mulcaster.

LOVE IS MY PROFESSION—Kingsley International. Directed by Claude Autant-Lara: *Gobillot*, Jean Gabin; *Yvette*, Brigitte Bardot; *Viviane*, Edwige Feuillere; *Mazetti*, Franco Interlenghi; *Inspector*, Julien Bertheau; *Jeanine*, Nicole Berger; *Anna*, Mathilde Casadesus; *Bordenave*, Madeleine Barbulee; *Duret*, Jacques Clancy; *Naomi*, Annick Allieres.

RABBIT TRAP, THE—U.A. Directed by Philip Leacock: *Eddie Colt*, Ernest Borgnine; *Everett Spellman*, David Brian; *Abby Colt*, Bethel Leslie; *Duncan Colt*, Kevin Corcoran; *Judy*, June Blair.

RIKISHA MAN, THE—Cory. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki: *Muhomatsu*, Toshiro Mifune; *Mrs. Yoshioka*, Hideko Takamine; *Capt. Yoshioka*, Hiroshi Akutagawa; *Mr. Yuki*, Chishu Ryu; *Innkeeper*, Choko Iida; *Kumakichi*, Haruo Tanaka; *Toshio (teenager)*, Kenji Kasahara; *Toshio (child)*, Kaoru Matsumoto.

SAY ONE FOR ME—20th. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Father Conroy*, Bing Crosby; *Holly*, Debbie Reynolds; *Tony Vincent*, Robert Wagner; *Phil Stanley*, Ray Walston; *Harry LaMaise*, Les Tremayne; *Mary Manning*, Connie Gilchrist; *Jim Dugan*, Frank McHugh; *Joe Greb*, Joe Besser; *Sunny*, Alena Murray; *Chorine*, Stella Stevens; *Fay Flagg*, Nina Shipman; *Monsignor*, Sebastian Cabot; *June January*, Judy Harriet; *Lou Christy*, Dick Whittinghill; *Hotel Clerk*, Robert Montgomery, Jr.; *Otto*, Murray Alper; *Capt. Bradford*, Richard Collier; *Rabbi Berman*, David Leonard; *Dr. Leventhal*, Thomas B. Henry; *Rev. Kendall*, Wilkie de Martel; *Pastor Johnson*, Alexander Campbell; *Detective Minelli*, Bruce McFarlane.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL—U.A. Directed by Michael Anderson: *Sean Lenihan*, James Cagney; *Kerry O'Shea*, Don Murray; *Jennifer Curtis*, Dana Wynter; *Kitty Brady*, Glynis Johns; *The General*, Michael Redgrave; *Lady Fitzhugh*, Sybil Thorndike; *Chris Noonan*, Cyril Cusack; *Mary Madigan*, Marianne Benet; *McGrath*, John Breslin; *Cassidy*, Harry Brogan; *Sergeant*, Robert Brown; *Judge*, Lewis Casson; *Mike O'Callaghan*, John Cairney; *Clancy*, Harry Corbett; *Mrs. Madigan*, Eileen Crowe; *Captain*, Allan Cuthbertson; *Willie Cafferty*, Donal Donnelly; *Tommy Connor*, Wilfred Downing; *Eileen O'Leary*, Eithne Dunne; *Doyle*, Paul Farrell; *Terence O'Brien*, Richard Harris; *Sgt. Jenkins*, William Hartnell; *British General*, John Le Mesurier; *Michael O'Leary*, Niall MacGinnis; *Donovan*, Patrick McAlinney; *Paddy Nolan*, Ray McNally; *Sir Arnold Fielding*, Clive Morton; *Liam O'Sullivan*, Noel Purcell; *Captain (Black and Tans)*, Peter Reynolds; *Col. Smithson*, Christopher Rhodes; *Sergeant (Black and Tans)*, Ronald Walsh; *Capt. Fleming*, Alan White.

a story of LOVE and LONELINESS
...a MAN'S LONGING
...a WOMAN'S SECRET HUNGER



Together
they fought
the hate...
the lust of
the scandalous
Rambeau family,
whose shocking
secret threatened
to destroy their love!

ROCK HUDSON
JEAN SIMMONS
DOROTHY McGUIRE
CLAUDE RAINS

*The Cry that Rocked
the VALLEY OF THE SUN...*

**"THIS
EARTH IS
MINE!"**

CINEMA SCOPE • TECHNICOLOR®

WITH KENT SMITH • KEN SCOTT • CINDY ROBBINS / CASEY ROBINSON AND CLAUDE HEILMAN
SCREEN PLAY BY DIRECTED BY EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
CASEY ROBINSON / HENRY KING / EDWARD MUHL / A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
A VINTAGE PRODUCTION



Hear DON CORNELL Sing
"This Earth is Mine"

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓ COMPULSION—20th, CinemaScope: Powerful movie suggested by the Leopold-Loeb case, with Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell as the young killers. Orson Welles as their defense attorney. (A) May

✓✓✓ COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Sparkling gem of a comedy. Rossano Brazzi as a Frenchman, and his English war bride, Deborah Kerr, need uncle Chevalier's marriage advice. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, THE—20th, CinemaScope: A film to be remembered! As a tragic teenager, hiding with her Jewish family in Nazi-held Amsterdam, Millie Perkins still knows the magic of first love, the subtleties and humor of living. (F) June

✓✓✓ GIDGET—Columbia; CinemaScope, Columbia Color: Recommended for all Sandra Dee fans! Sandra's a tomboy who thinks boys are just pals—till she meets James Darren (who does his first movie songs). (F) May

✓✓✓ GREEN MANSIONS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Intent on revenge and gold in his jungle journey, Tony Perkins instead finds romance and adventure with the strange sprite played by Audrey Hepburn. (F) June

✓✓ HEY BOY! HEY GIRL!—Columbia: Winning story, with lots of chuckles and music, starring Keely Smith as a girl who loves a bandleader—and he's quite a man! (F) June

✓✓✓✓ IMITATION OF LIFE—U-I; Eastman Color: In a drama full of intense feeling, Lana Turner faces problems of love (with John Gavin) and motherhood (with Sandra Dee). Juanita Hall knows the heartbreak of a Negro mother whose light-skinned daughter (Susan Kohner) wants to "pass." (A) May

✓✓✓ MATING GAME, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Debbie Reynolds is a delight in a daffy farce, romancing with Tony Randall while her dad (Paul Douglas) struggles with income-tax woes. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ PORK CHOP HILL—U.A.: Strong, realistic war film which shows you what Korea vets won't talk about. Lieutenant Gregory Peck leads doubting men in an attack necessary even while peace talks go on. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ RIO BRAVO—Warners, Technicolor: Big, bold western puts sheriff John Wayne in a tough spot but gives him three likable deputies—Rick Nelson, Dean Martin (yep, they sing!) and Walter Brennan. (F) May

✓✓✓ SHAGGY DOG, THE—Buena Vista: What a happy romp's going on in the house next door to Annette Funicello's! Teenager Tommy Kirk keeps turning into a dog. That's right—a large, shaggy dog. (F) May

✓✓✓ SLEEPING BEAUTY—Buena Vista; Technirama, Technicolor: Disney does the beloved fairytale in magical animation—sweet, funny, scary and tuneful. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ SOME LIKE IT HOT—U.A.: Marilyn Monroe's really something special in this rollicking comedy of the crazy 'twenties. So are Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, hilariously disguised as a couple of flappers. (A) May

✓✓✓ TEMPEST—Paramount; Technirama, Technicolor: Scenes of sweeping spectacle are the chief attraction in an epic of 18th Century Russia. Tough peasant Van Heflin leads a revolution: young lovers Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano oppose him. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ WARLOCK—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Well-acted, fast yet thoughtful western. Can the law alone lick a brutal gang? Fonda, Widmark and Quinn disagree, as Dorothy Malone awaits the outcome. (F) June

✓✓✓ WILD AND THE INNOCENT, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Fun-filled ramble into a tough frontier town with Audie Murphy and Sandra Dee, naive backwoods kids. Gilbert Roland's the sheriff. (F) June

✓✓✓ WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Fascinating idea, raising explosive questions. World War III leaves only Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens and Mel Ferrer alive in New York. Each is curiously destitute among all the riches of a dead city. (A) June

✓✓✓ YOUNG LAND, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Finally released, this forceful western proves worth waiting for. Pat Wayne's every inch the lawman. (F) August '58

**ELVIS
PRESLEY
IS BACK
ON THE
SCREEN
FOR THE
FIRST TIME
IN A YEAR
IN HIS TWO
BEST!**

**ALL HIS
BIGGEST,
BIG-BEAT
HITS!**

"LOVING YOU" / "BANANA" "DON'T ASK ME WHY"
"LET'S HAVE A PARTY" "HARD-HEADED WOMAN"
"LOVER DOLL" / "KING CREOLE" / "DIXIELAND ROCK"

His terrific Technicolor musical... with a punch!

Loving You

Also starring

LIZABETH SCOTT · WENDELL COREY

A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION · TECHNICOLOR®

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Directed by HAL KANTER · Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and HAL KANTER
From a Story by Mary Agnes Thompson · A Paramount Re-Release

His explosive dramatic smash about
shook-up youth... with music to match!

KING CREOLE

A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION

Co starring CAROLYN WALTER DOLORES DEAN VIC LILIANE MONTEVECCHI MICHAEL HERBERT MICHAEL
JONES MATTHAU HART JAGGER MORROW PAUL STEWART CURTIZ BAKER & GAZZO

A Paramount Re-Release

"LET ME BE YOUR TEDDY BEAR" / "STEADFAST, LOYAL AND TRUE"
"AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU" / "CRAWFISH" / "MEAN-WOMAN BLUES"
"NEW ORLEANS" / "GOT A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO" / "TROUBLE" and more!

Now! Remarkable news from Lux Toilet Soap!

skin-tonic action

*moisturizes your skin from within—naturally
...stimulates skin to new smoother beauty!*

Exciting news from Lux! A wonderfully effective way to moisturize your skin from *within—naturally!* Keep your complexion looking fresh, dewy!

Unlike beauty preparations that moisturize your skin from the surface, Lux care has a Skin-Tonic Action that stimulates natural *inner* moisture. It's *inner* moisture that keeps your skin toned . . . makes your skin look lastingly smooth.

Every time you wash the new Lux way, Skin-Tonic Action gives you natural inner moisturizing—for radiant freshness.

4 magic seconds vital to skin beauty. Swirl on the mild Lux lather. Leave it on, and count 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4. Then rinse—and you can almost feel how the remarkable

Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care moisturizes your skin. Tones it. Makes it satiny-smooth and glowing.

See how your complexion appreciates the marvelous *mildness* of Lux care. See how, from day to day, its Skin-Tonic Action makes your skin look lovelier and lovelier.

Sparkling Shirley MacLaine says: "My complexion loves Lux beauty care! Its Skin-Tonic Action keeps my complexion fresh and clear—and marvelously *smooth*." And you can be sure—the Lux care that works for Hollywood beauties like Shirley MacLaine can work for *you*, too!

Lever Brothers guarantees your complete satisfaction with Lux Toilet Soap—or your money back.



SHIRLEY MACLAINE co-starring in "ASK ANY GIRL"
an MGM release in CinemaScope & Color

"To get the full benefits of Skin-Tonic Action," says radiant Shirley MacLaine, "I swirl on Lux lather as I would a creamy cosmetic lotion—leave it on and count 1, 2, 3, 4. I rinse, and my complexion feels toned up, alive, deliciously smooth!"



Today get mild, fragrant Lux Soap in white, or four lovely cosmetic colors.

*9 out of 10 Hollywood stars
depend on Lux care
with "Skin-Tonic Action"*

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



Say One For Me

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Put Bing Crosby back into his "Going My Way" garb, team Debbie Reynolds with Bob Wagner, and then wait for something extra-special! You won't be disappointed. Father Bing's parish is off Times Square in New York and you'll find that his show-people's problems supply enough action to keep a six-ring circus going in full swing. Debbie's got problems too—fending off Bob, her night-club boss, whose hobby is girls. How can she make him understand she's not interested? (Both pictured top left.) Right from the start, there's not a minute's dawdling as the picture bounces along, jumping from drama to laughs, to song or dance numbers, with all three stars making the utmost of their roles. Cast as a priest for the third time, Bing manages to mix spirituality tastefully with plain humanity (and fun); and Debbie shows her flair for comedy while Bob's doing what seems for him so natural—acting as a keep-'em-guessing kind of guy. Count this movie a winner.

ADULT

Shake Hands with the Devil

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Did you ever think how long it's been since you last saw a really good exciting adventure film? One where you truly didn't know what was going to happen next? Well, this is just such a film. With a cast headed by James Cagney, Don Murray and Dana Wynter, the film unit journeyed all the way to Ireland to find an authentic background for this strongly patriotic movie about intrigue in Dublin back in 1921, when organized bands of nationalists did all they could to fight off the British get-tough policy. Did your mother come from Ireland? Whether she did or not, you'll wind up rooting for the rebels, just as American student Murray does in the movie. With a complicated role, Cagney reminds us that he's still one of the screen's finest actors, skillfully making us believe at first (along with Don—they're chatting, bottom left) that he's simply just a dedicated surgeon, a quiet-spoken professor. Only later do we discover that he's the daring leader of the underground, a hero. And by the finish? Well, we're not so sure again. As a high-born English lady, Dana's contrasted with Glynis Johns who plays an easygoing barmaid; yet both girls feel a woman's hatred of wartime violence. And overall, through the wild raids, breathless chases, sudden captures and clever escapes, there's solid realism that makes this more than an expert thriller—and even after you've left the theater you'll still be wondering who James Cagney really was.

FAMILY

The Rabbit Trap

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ *Marty* is back! In this sensitive and beautifully-made picture, Ernest Borgnine has a part as lovable and believable as his Oscar-winner. It's almost everybody's story: the struggle of a man who wonders what he can do when, to keep his self-respect and his family's respect, he must risk losing a job. Bethel Leslie, a pleasing new face, plays his wife, and their son is Kevin Corcoran (the crazy kid brother in "The Shaggy Dog"). Another promising newcomer, June Blair, sympathetically presents the dilemma of the secretary who's attracted to her married boss. He's also Borgnine's boss. But he's no cartoon executive, he's real and human.

FAMILY

continued

THE MIGHTY SAGA OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN!

EASTMAN COLOR
by Pathé
DYALISCOPE

SEE heroic Hercules rip down
the Age of Orgy's lavish
palace of lustful pleasure!

SEE him crush the savage ape-
men who guard the shrine
of the Golden Fleece!

SEE the Mightiest of Men vs.
the Mightiest of Beasts—
the killer Cretan Bull!

SEE the seductive Amazons
lure men to voluptuous
revels and violent death!

Cast of Thousands...
Cost in Millions!

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS

HERCULES

STARRING
**STEVE
REEVES**

FEATURING
SYLVA
KOSCINA
GIANNA MARIA
CANALE

WITH
Fabrizio Mioni • Ivo Garrani • Arturo Dominici
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DIRECTED BY PIETRO FRANCISCI O.S.C.A.R. FILM-GALATEA DISTRIBUTED BY Warner Bros. 

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Century-Fox
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THE
ENTERTAINMENT
THAT RINGS
ALL THE BELLS
IN YOUR
HEART!

The story
of
Father Conroy
... and his
all-star flock
of
sentimental
sinners!

'SAY ONE FOR ME'

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR by DE LUXE
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

co-starring

RAY WALSTON

Produced and Directed by

FRANK TASHLIN

Written by

ROBERT O'BRIEN

SAY IT WITH
SONGS:
"Say One For Me"
"I Couldn't Care Less"
"You Can't Love Them All"
"The Secret Of Christmas"
"Chico's Choo Choo"
"The Girl Most Likely
To Succeed"
"The Night Rock 'N Roll
Died (Almost)"

MOVIES *continued*

The Rikisha Man

CORY; TOHO-
SCOPE, AGFACOLOR

✓✓✓✓ This is Japanese movie-making at its finest. You'll find here all the expected beauty of photography and settings—plus the frank emotion that many people don't expect of Eastern peoples. Toshiro Mifune (seen in "Rashomon") is not only a splendid figure of a man, husky and strong-featured—he also expresses all the violent temper, tender devotion and deep capacity for love that make his character a memorable one. He earns his living humbly, as a kind of human horse, pulling his rickshaw through the streets of a Northern Japanese city. Befriending an Army officer's widow (Hideko Takamine) and her son, he falls in love with the exquisite lady. But rigid class barriers keep the two lonely people apart. Fascinating details of an ancient way of life (dying slowly) give the movie a poetic air. Yet the characters aren't the two-dimensional shapes in a painting done on silk; they are very human.

FAMILY

Ask Any Girl

M-G-M; CINEMA-
SCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Especially, ask Shirley MacLaine, at her brightest, breeziest and sweetest in this demurely sexy frolic. She can show you the way to an evening of mad fun—on film. Shirley's out to learn the tricks of husband-hunting in New York, and what girl could ask a more delightful teacher than David Niven? He's back at his old specialty as your favorite romantic comedian, coaching Shirley in techniques of man-trapping. The big game she's after is Gig Young, as David's girl-collecting brother.

ADULT

continued

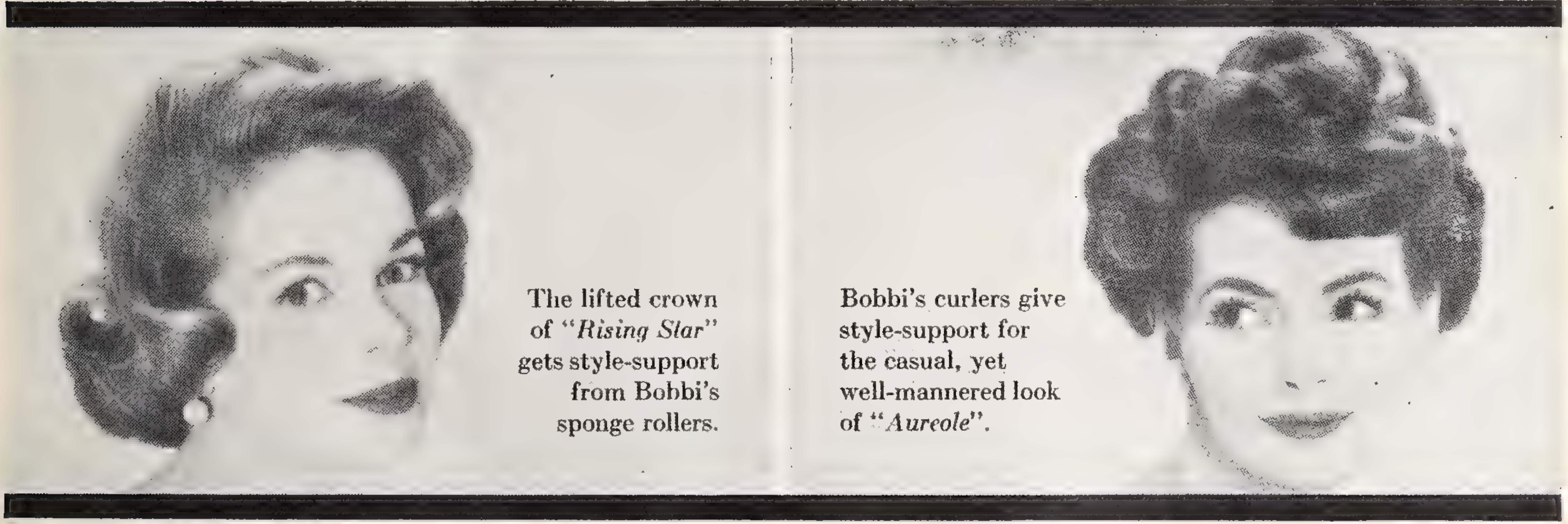
Gabin, BB: "Love Is My Profession."





Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

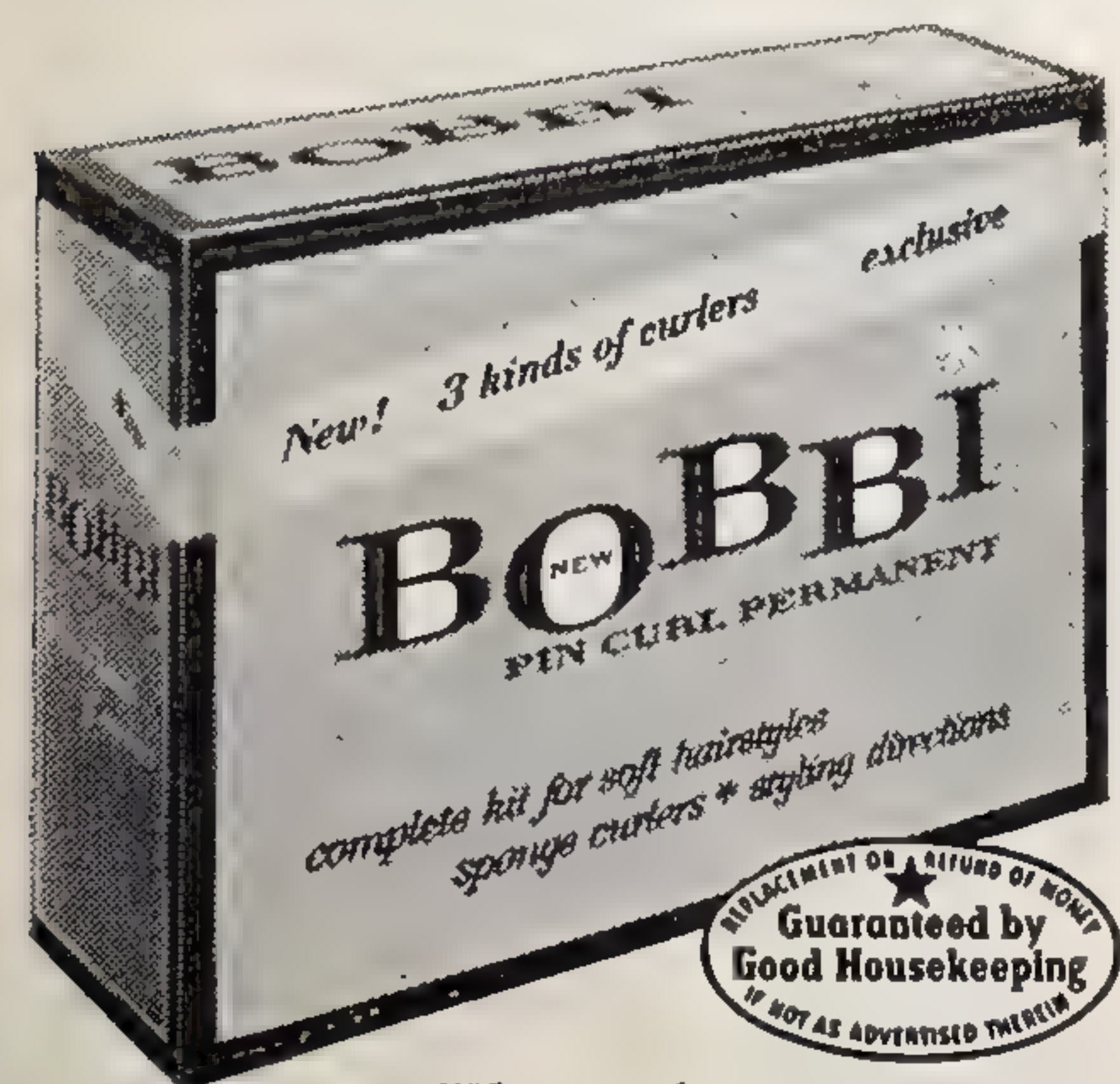
New improved Bobbi waves in *style-support* with the ease and softness of a setting



The lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers...waves in the style you want with the support it needs.

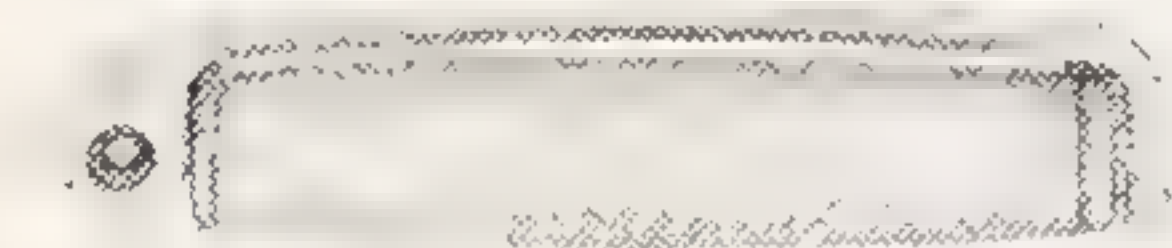


The easiest permanent to give yourself...

Style-support... the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.



Your
fragrant
veil of
freshness...

Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc...scents and
silken every inch of you
...more lastingly...
more lovingly than
costly cologne

No cologne protects and
prolongs daintiness like Cashmere
Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate.
Won't dry your skin. Will leave you
silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over
for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet,
made of pure imported Talc, be your
lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

MOVIES *continued*

The Hound of the Baskervilles U.A.,

TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ These days, the British are doing a jolly good job of scaring us half to death digging up *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and other such gruesome characters to delight American audiences. If you saw "Horror of Dracula," you'll remember tall, thin-faced Christopher Lee as the sinister "undead" count. Now Chris turns up as a live and pretty handsome guy, falling heir to a family estate—and a mysterious family curse. He wants to stay live, so whom does he call in but good old *Sherlock Holmes* (Peter Cushing). Of course, *Dr. Watson* (Andre Morrell) comes along too—still slow on the uptake, still goofing here and there. A hell-hound bays at midnight on the weird English moorland, and shadowed people creep in and out of an old castle and an abandoned mine, with death lurking everywhere. Don't see this alone!

FAMILY

Love Is My Profession

KINGSLEY IN-
TERNATIONAL

✓✓ Here comes Brigitte Bardot again, bouncing along a Paris street with a wild blond hairdo and tight skirt. As usual, she's up to mischief. Instead of sticking to her original, older profession, the tough kid portrayed by BB turns thief, but bungles the job so badly that it takes criminal lawyer Jean Gabin to get her out of her fix. Then it's Gabin who's hooked. Oddly enough, Brigitte doesn't try to glamorize the sleazy role of a girl who just likes men, and Gabin's as dependable as our own Spencer Tracy. Italy's Franco Interlenghi is handsome and impassioned as a student who—poor dope!—wants to take Brigitte away from

Chris Lee in "Hound of Baskervilles."

it all. It's a grubby sort of story, you'll have to admit, but it's reasonably well-done and quite well-acted, although we are inclined to see BB as a comedienne. ADULT

Embezzled Heaven

DE ROCHEMONT,
ACFA COLOR

✓✓ Magnificent photography of the Vatican—in color—and a moving performance by Annie Rosar, provide the highlights of this religious drama. Miss Rosar is convincing all the way as a hard-working old servant whose idea of true faith is at first distorted and selfish. She scrimps and stints herself to educate a nephew for priesthood—not because she loves the boy, but because she wants to be sure of her own place in heaven. Then she discovers that he's a worthless scoundrel who never had any intention of taking the cloth; he has simply frittered away her money. Realizing her terrible error, she does penance by taking a pilgrimage to Rome. Although the story is told in jumpy fashion, with dialogue that is too often stilted, the splendor of the closing scenes and the power of Miss Rosar's acting make this worth seeing. FAMILY

Floods of Fear

RANK, U-I

✓✓ This title with a pun heads an exciting suspense story which enjoys an ideal background: flooded farmlands where the rampaging Mississippi has knocked out communications and left many people in terrified isolation. One of them is Anne Heywood—a new and very pretty face—who is marooned in her own house with two escaped convicts and their injured guard. Still, there's hope; one of the cons is Howard Keel, and you just *know* he's been serving time on a bum rap. Too long missing from the screen, Keel makes a vigorous hero as the plot swings into the evergreen pattern of the chase.

FAMILY

Bethel Leslie, Borgnine: "Rabbit Trap."





Hair Color: BEIGE MINK DU BARRY COLOR GLO

©1959 Richard Hudnut

DuBarry dazzles your lips with...

'Snow-Ball of Fire'

The new summer excitement in red—it's icy-cool *and* fiery!

Cool deliciousness with a spark of hidden fire... that's DuBarry's new lipstick color, 'SNOW-BALL OF FIRE'. A hot-and-cold blaze of icy brilliance... it's the softest, brightest, sheerest red you've ever seen. *Maddeningly* beautiful!

And it brings out maddening new beauty in *you*, makes everything you wear *exciting*! 'SNOW-BALL OF FIRE' in DuBarry's fabulous Royal Lipstick is enriched with special softeners that silken your lips with luscious young smoothness.

Light up your summer beauty with this 'SNOW-BALL OF FIRE' and see the sparks fly!



1.50
(Click-in
refills, 1.10)
plus tax

DU BARRY Royal Lipstick



Collectors Corner

I would like to increase my large collection of pictures and autographs of famous people and movie stars from all over the world. Your help would be appreciated.

DONALD R. SIEGLER
267 West 3rd St.
Winona, Minn.

I used to collect pictures of movie stars and also movie magazines. As a result, I now have a huge scrapbook of many of the top stars of today.

Since I am a high-school sophomore, I no longer have time to collect pictures and I thought perhaps somebody could write me about it if they wanted it.

LYNN KILLEBREW
121 West Newkirk Lane
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Say, why don't you two get together!—Ed.

Fighting Father

I have just read a most heartwarming book by Daisy Amoury about Father Lawrence E. Lynch, who served in the Pacific during World War II.

If "Father Cyclone" were made into a movie, I think it would be wonderful.

LAURA FURMAN
Rochelle, Ill.

Washington Tree

Could you please tell my husband and I where "The Hanging Tree" was filmed?

MR. & MRS. L. B. GREEN
San Bernardino, Calif.

All exteriors of "The Hanging Tree" were photographed in the pine-covered mountains some 40 miles from Yakima, Washington, where the Rattlesnake Creeks meet.—Ed.

Auld Lang Train

I may not be another Robert Frost, but these few words say how I feel about TV's "Wagon Train":

With Flint MacCullah riding scout,
Seth Adams at the head,
I love to see a fast fist bout,
Or a round of throwing lead.
To Ward Bond's acting do I bow;
Bob Horton is a dream.
They always seem to know just how
To work out every scheme.
When all Auld Westerns be forgot
And they no longer reign,
Oh! we'll remember, like as not,
That great show, "Wagon Train."

VIOLA HAUTZ
Halifax, Pa.



Lost in Natalie Wood's arms is a "Kookie" somebody missed (below).

Help! Mr. Byrnes Is Lost!

Maybe you won't think I'm very hep, but I have a question to ask you. In one of your past issues you stated that Edward Byrnes played in the movie, "Marjorie Morningstar." Well, I've been racking my brain, but I can't figure out who he played.

IRIS DESOW
Detroit, Mich.

Edward did appear in "Marjorie Morningstar." He played the part of Sandy Lamm—the boy she thought she loved.—Ed.

Louis Jordan

No one will ever beat Louis Jourdan, For he's so talented and handsome a man. In "Three Coins in a Fountain" and "Julie" he starred,

Which really made his career zoom far. I saw him as the tutor in "The Swan," And also in "Gigi" in the part of Gaston. I think that in this film he acted the best, Though I enjoyed him in all of the rest. After these his fame rose still higher, As he brightened the "Chevy Show" with "Great Balls of Fire."

"Accent on Love" was really the most, With Ginger Rogers hostess to his host. Pictures and articles about him I hoard, And stick them up on my bulletin board. The rest, in a special scrapbook I store, And though it's all full now, I wish I had more.

Not only is Louis handsome, but he's smart and valiant, And besides being charming, he's loaded with talent.

All teenagers like him because he's so neat, Anyone who's not seen him is missing a treat.

And though he is loaded with fan-mail galore,

His autograph I'd give anything for. Cause I'm "gone" completely on Louis Jourdan,

And I will forever remain his loyal fan.

PATSY BAUM
Washington, D.C.

Competition for Rick?

I just had to write and say something about the wonderful new movie "Rio Bravo" and the superb acting of Dean Martin as "Dude." Good luck, Dean, and keep up the fine work.

One of your new fans,

MARTHA HOINE
Fayetteville, N.C.



Bravo to Dean for playing it sharp in "Rio Bravo," writes a new fan.

Not High-headed

I was recently in Las Vegas, and while there I went to see Johnny Mathis' show.

I was very lucky in being able to go backstage to meet Johnny, talk to him and get his autograph. I was very impressed with him—especially his sincere manner. Why, he's not at all high-headed because of his popularity.

I just thought I'd let you know what a swell guy Johnny Mathis is, in case you didn't already know.

BETH PACET
Mercer Island, Wash.

We knew—but thanks for letting everyone else in on it—Ed.



Auld-time cowboys forgot? Not "Wagon Train's" Bob Horton and Ward Bond.

continued

*vive
la différence!*

since even sisters
have different needs, there must be two dramatically
different types of hair control...

only Helene Curtis Spray Net gives you a choice of sister sprays!

one for firm control...

If you want
your set held with
windproof obstinacy...

the beauty of
no dulling stickiness,
no flaking...

if you want the only
never-droop hair spray
in the world...
magnifique! choose...

REGULAR SPRAY NET



one for soft control...

If you want
the feel of
silky-soft curls...

the confidence of
no sticky film,
no flaking...

if you want
the ease of restyling
with just a quick comb...
très jolie! choose...

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET



gowns and accessories
by Saks Fifth Avenue



continued

On Top Where He Belongs

Your spring issue was grand and I was delighted with the picture layout "Romance in the Park."

Will Hutchins is rather a new personality around Hollywood, but he's making friends fast and with such favorable publicity in your magazine, he will soon be right on top where he belongs.

LEEADA McCULLOUGH
Alexandria, La.

Kookie Talk

Does Edd Byrnes really understand that "Kookie Talk" of his?

JANE SQUIRES
Dayton, Ohio

He sure does. We'll translate some:

"Want the horses stabled?"—Do you want your car parked?

"Mushroom people"—People who come out at night to live it up

"Buzzed by germsville"—Put in the hospital

"A Washington"—A dollar

"The colors got pale outside"—The other person got bored

"What's on the front burner?"—What's the current crisis?

"Antsville"—A place full of people

"Chick in the skins"—Girl in fur coat

"Like her heels were on fire"—In a hurry

"It's real nervous"—It's good

"You're sure she's not lighting up the tilt sign?"—Sure she's telling the truth?

"Don't blow your jets"—Don't get excited

"Smog in the noggin"—Lost her memory

"Lid of your cave"—Door of your office

"Long green"—Money

"Pile up the z's"—Sleep, snore

"You make with the king's jive"—Your English is good

"You're getting the beat"—You're beginning to understand

"The long and airy"—An airplane ride

... Do you dig this?—Ed.

Casting

I have just finished reading a book called "Student Nurse." It is a novel of romance by Renee Sharr. I would like to make a suggestion as to who should be in the cast if it should ever become a movie:

Shirley Davidson—Sandra Dee

Anna Marsden—Deborah Kerr

Gerald Trent—Jeff Richards

Mrs. Bleston—Carolyn Jones

Mr. Bleston—Eddie Albert

I think they would make a terrific cast.

CAROLINE G.

San Francisco, Calif.

(continued)

fashion memo from the editor

If there's one place an adventurous spirit shows off to good advantage, it's on the beach! Even if you're strictly the gray-flannel suit type all winter long, here's your chance to show off "the real you" as a girl with sparkle!

Pam Law



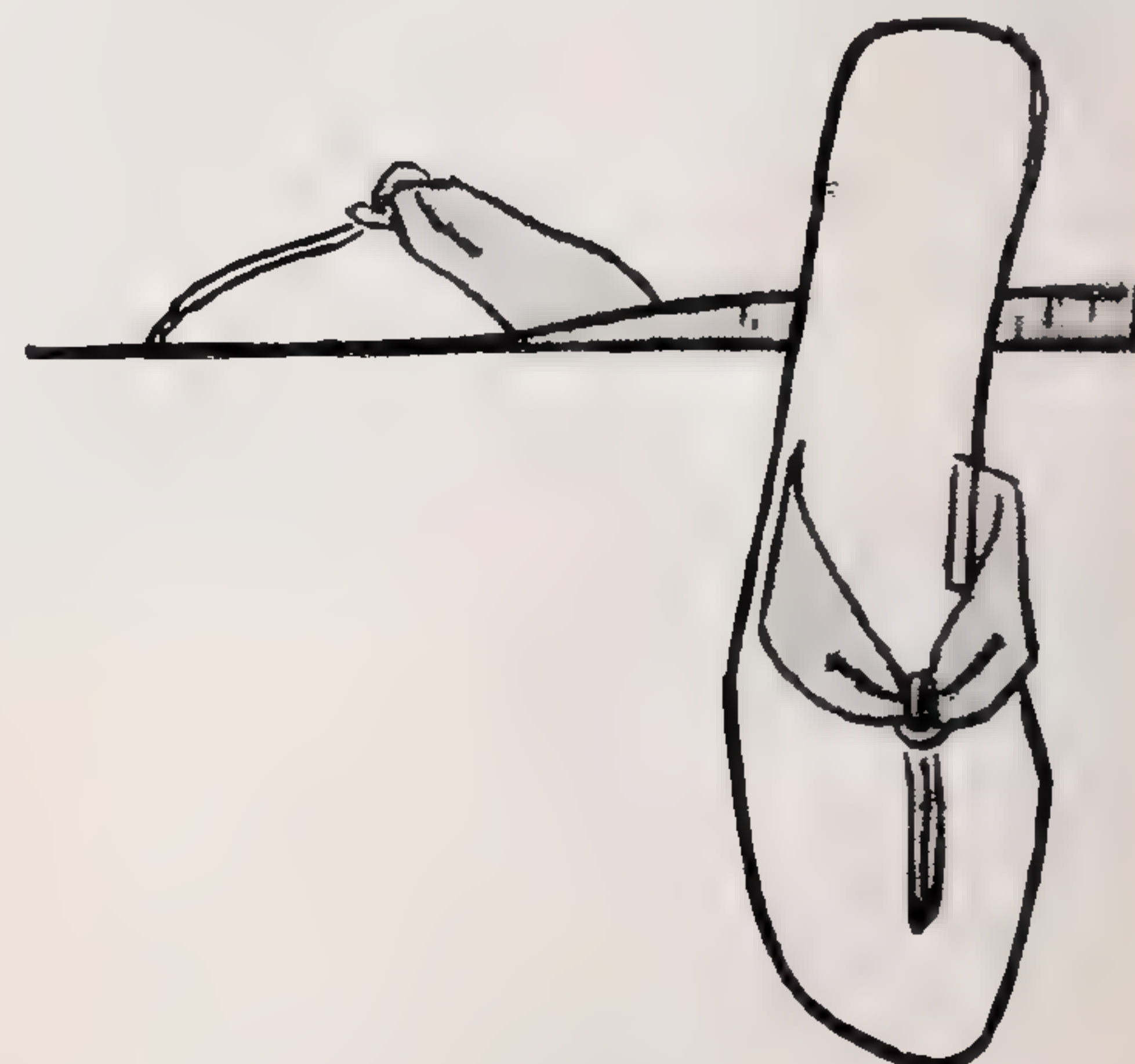
For new idea in cover-ups, striped "Poga Poncho" tops anything. Glentex, \$3.00



Kleinert's ruffled swim-cap is of drip-dry Dacron and cotton eyelet. \$7.00



Let the beach crowd know your hobby with a record satchel. Bonne Age, \$3.00



Italian sandals come in black, white or natural leather. Connie, \$5.00

Win the Magic Carpet Contest...

GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD...FREE!

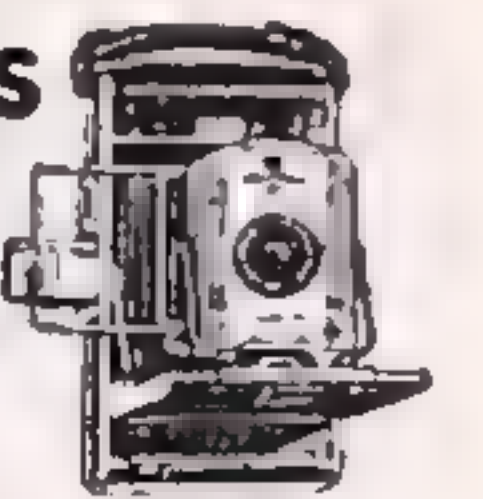


5 GRAND PRIZES:
2-WEEK ALL-EXPENSE
VACATION FOR TWO
anywhere you choose
via **TWA**

plus \$1000 spending money
plus \$1000 bonus for your
travel wardrobe if your
entry includes the opening
flap from a box of
Kotex 48's.

200 Second prizes

\$94⁵⁰ Polaroid®
Land Cameras



Where in the world do you want to go? You name it—we'll arrange it! Two unforgettable weeks for 2 persons at the place you've always wanted to see—in far-off India or exotic Tahiti—in Africa, Europe, South America or fabulous Japan—any place in the free world you choose! You'll fly in luxurious TWA planes . . . stay at a deluxe hotel . . . eat like a queen and go sightseeing . . . all pre-arranged and paid for PLUS \$1000 spending money.

Any of the 5 Grand Prize winners in this Kotex contest may take \$4000 in cash.

Judging will be based on originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest is limited to residents of the continental United States, its territories and possessions. Employees of Kimberly-Clark Corp., its advertising agencies and families are not eligible.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Magic Carpet Contest,
Box 6535, Chicago 77, Ill.

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less:

Here's why I want to go to _____
(name of place)

(use plain paper for your entry if you prefer)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Enter as often as you wish! Enclose a Kotex opening flap with each entry. \$1000 cash bonus to Grand Prize winners if flap included is from a box of Kotex 48's.

Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Aug. 31, and received on or before Sept. 8, 1959.

Exciting new horizons await you in your modern world. How comforting to know that, wherever you are, new Kotex napkins bring you much longer protection, much better protection. The secret is . . . Kotex now has the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric greatly increases absorbency, makes Kotex softer, gentler . . . gives you perfect confidence at all times, both at home and away.

New Kotex Napkins—choice of most women



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.



continued



"Lunch, sir?" asks Niven's lowly lackey—the highest-paid actor in Mexico!

Gentleman's Gentleman

Who played the valet to David Niven in "Around the World in 80 Days"?

MRS. E. DONAHOE
St. Louis, Mo.

He's none other than Cantinflas, Mexico's most famous comedian. Have you seen our story in this issue on his boss?—Ed.

Reactions to "Elvis Elopes"

... This was the best April Fool's joke ever pulled on me. It was written so realistically that I had tears rolling down my cheeks before I turned the page and saw to my relief that it was only a joke.

JEANNIE JOHNSON
Jackson, Miss.

... When I read the story about Elvis' marriage, I was with a boy at the time. I actually started crying!!! The boy grabbed the magazine to see what was wrong. He saw the April Fool's joke and showed it to me. Pul-leeze! Don't do that again.

KATHY PAINTER
Portland, Ore.

... I thought your April Fool's joke was pretty good about Elvis. But not everybody agreed with me. I told my niece (age 5½) and she started crying.

MRS. ANDY HOCKENHULL
Farmington, N. M.

... Hey ... what's the big idea April Fooling us like that? I was reading Photoplay in bed when my mother heard my screeches and screams and came dashing in to see who was murdered.

LOUISE BOUSMAN
Winchester, Ind.

Thirty Days Hath September ...

The will that Auntie Mame's brother drew up in the movie was dated June 31. Can you explain this?

BARBARA DAVERSA
Schenectady, N.Y.

No ... —Ed.

Happy Birthday

In a recent Readers Inc. you ran a letter from a friend of mine in which she requested a picture of Wayne Preston for me, since it was my birthday. Well, may I say thank you for one of the best birthday presents ever. And may I wish a very happy birthday to anyone on your staff who may be expecting one soon. I'm Sixteen.

BARBARA DURHAM
Ontario, Canada

Cartwheels on the Ceiling

I am an adult woman (it says here) and not supposed to be aware of things like, you know, sex-appeal and that sort of nonsense; but when I saw those colored pictures of Elvis in your May issue—WOW-EEE! If I weren't so dignified and reserved I'd scream, too, like the young girls do. As it was, I just did cartwheels up and down the walls and across the ceiling.

MRS. JAYNE MILLER
Montvale, N.J.

To Eddie's Mom

I'm glad to see that Liz and Eddie have a right to happiness. Life is to be enjoyed, not just endured!

Children need a happy home, full of love and laughter, not discord and tension. Think of all the people who become mentally disturbed, often because their unhappy parents stayed together when divorce would have been best for all concerned.

MRS. OWEN CALVERT
Goldendale, Wash.

Abnormal Teenager???

I am probably a normal sixteen-year-old Canadian teenager, but my classmates and friends think there is something quite odd about me. When we are asked about our favorite actors, what do you hear? Rick Nelson, Tab Hunter, Bob Wagner, etc.

But my favorites are Bob Taylor and Richard Widmark.

NICOLE MILLAS
Montreal, Canada



"Yul" never guess who's been shorn! See left for Millie Perkins' escort.

Mr. Hoboken

About 24 years ago, I lived next door to the high school Frank Sinatra attended in Hoboken, N. J.:

Mr. Hoboken, I'm not jokin', You're improving with age ... Like a rare port wine or a children's rhyme, You're really the rage. Mr. Hoboken, I'm not jokin', "They All Came Running" was great. You did no croonin', but I was swoonin', As an ACTOR you rate.

ALICE M. SCHEFFLER
Indianapolis, Ind.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

A Family Affair

Your May cover of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis with their two darling daughters was a pleasure to see.

Such a short time ago, the Fishers' "family portrait" was appearing on your cover in almost the same pose as the Curtis', and now it's past history.

May that "past history" never become "future" for Janet and Tony.

BETTY SANTORE
Killeen, Texas

Big-Hearted

So my beloved Dave, Nick and Bob are all three married! Well, although it breaks my heart that they didn't wait for me, it's really all right, because the Kingston Trio is so great. How about a feature on them, please, with lots of pictures (I'll be big-hearted—even ones with their wives)!

VICTORY VAN DYCK
Austin, Texas

Maybe you'd like to write them c/o Capitol Records, 1730 Broadway, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

Push-Pull, Click-Click

My girl's got a crush on Yul Brynner, and it makes me so sick I told her that, with the help of a razor, anyone could look like him.

When we saw "Compulsion," I rubbed it in. "Take Dean Stockwell, for instance," I said. "All he'd have to do is ..." Can you back me up?

STEVE WARNIS
Scranton, Pa.

We've done our best (see picture)—Ed.



It's New!

Neu Love

it's LOVE at first sight



with

Helen Neushaefer's

New Continental Pink

It's a glorious pink that mingles the bloom of azaleas with the excitement of summer lightning. And it has that European touch. Helen Neushaefer discovered it just for you!

Helen Neushaefer's Neu Love lipstick in the gold swivel case with the Color Teller Tip... 39¢*

by day — Helen Neushaefer's Contessa DeLuxe Nail Polish 29¢*

at night — Helen Neushaefer's Golden and Pastel Iridescent Nail Polish... 29¢*

*plus tax



look for Helen Neushaefer cosmetic fashions at your favorite variety or drug store.

new
Suave

revives hair
surely as
moisture
refreshes
a flower



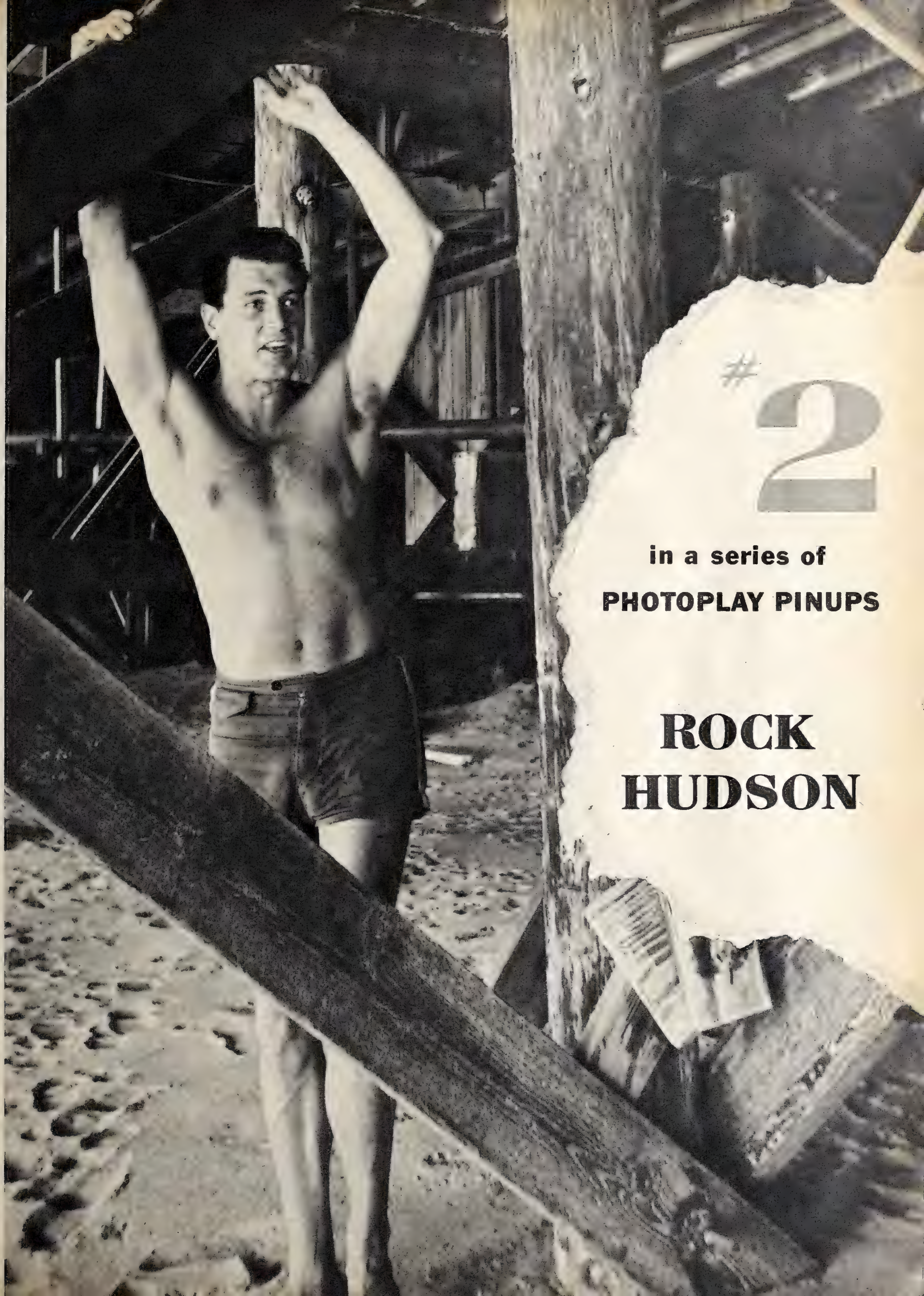
*now in
a new
package*

Just a touch of Suave moisturizes hair problems away—new greaseless way. Dryness, drabness go. Highlights sparkle. Suddenly your hair obeys perfectly, takes any hairstyle easily. New Suave is available at cosmetic counters and beauty salons everywhere.



New moisturizing
miracle by

Helene Curtis



#2

in a series of
PHOTOPLAY PINUPS

**ROCK
HUDSON**

A photograph of a beach scene with a blue torn-paper overlay containing text. In the background, there are wooden structures, possibly lifeguard stands, on a sandy beach. In the foreground, a person's legs and feet are visible, wearing a red sweater and sandals. The blue overlay has a jagged, torn edge.

HOW FAR IS A STAR?

I was sitting on the sand,
Thinking of boys and getting tanned,
When "Surely," said myself to me,
"That's Rock Hudson! Can it be?"
Who else is so tall? Six feet four
Of rugged he-man any girl would adore.
Who else is so dark and built like Adonis,
Whom no girl can resist—if she's honest.
Tall, dark and handsome wore a red sweater,
Which made him, if possible, look even better.
Only he and I were on the beach,
So there he was, within my reach.
I'd have given up sodas if he'd give me one look
But Mr. Hudson, instead, stuck his head in a book.
Later he took a stick in his hand
And drew faces of girls in the wet sand.
Me, I'm much too shy by far,
But want to know? So was this star!
Me, I'm full of hopes and dreams.
He, he does things. Still it seems
He dreams and dreams, like you or me
Of things to come, and worlds to see,
And a girl to love—like you? Like me?
And I'm still wondering, as I did that day,
If I say, "Hello," what will he say?

—by Joanie Williams, 16





**DINAH
SHORE**

Today I can smile, but do you know,
I still remember the day when I was
watching the other kids run off
without me, feeling that—
nobody loved me

When Solomon A. Shore—a Russian immigrant who was the grandson of a rabbi—and his pretty young wife, Anna, arrived in the little town of Winchester, Tennessee, they went that very afternoon to a local banker. “I want to open a department store,” Solomon explained. “A nice big store.”

But the banker cautioned him. “Don’t try,” he begged. “You’ll lose all your savings. Unfortunately,” he explained, “you can’t do anything much about prejudice. The last Jewish merchant didn’t last six months.”

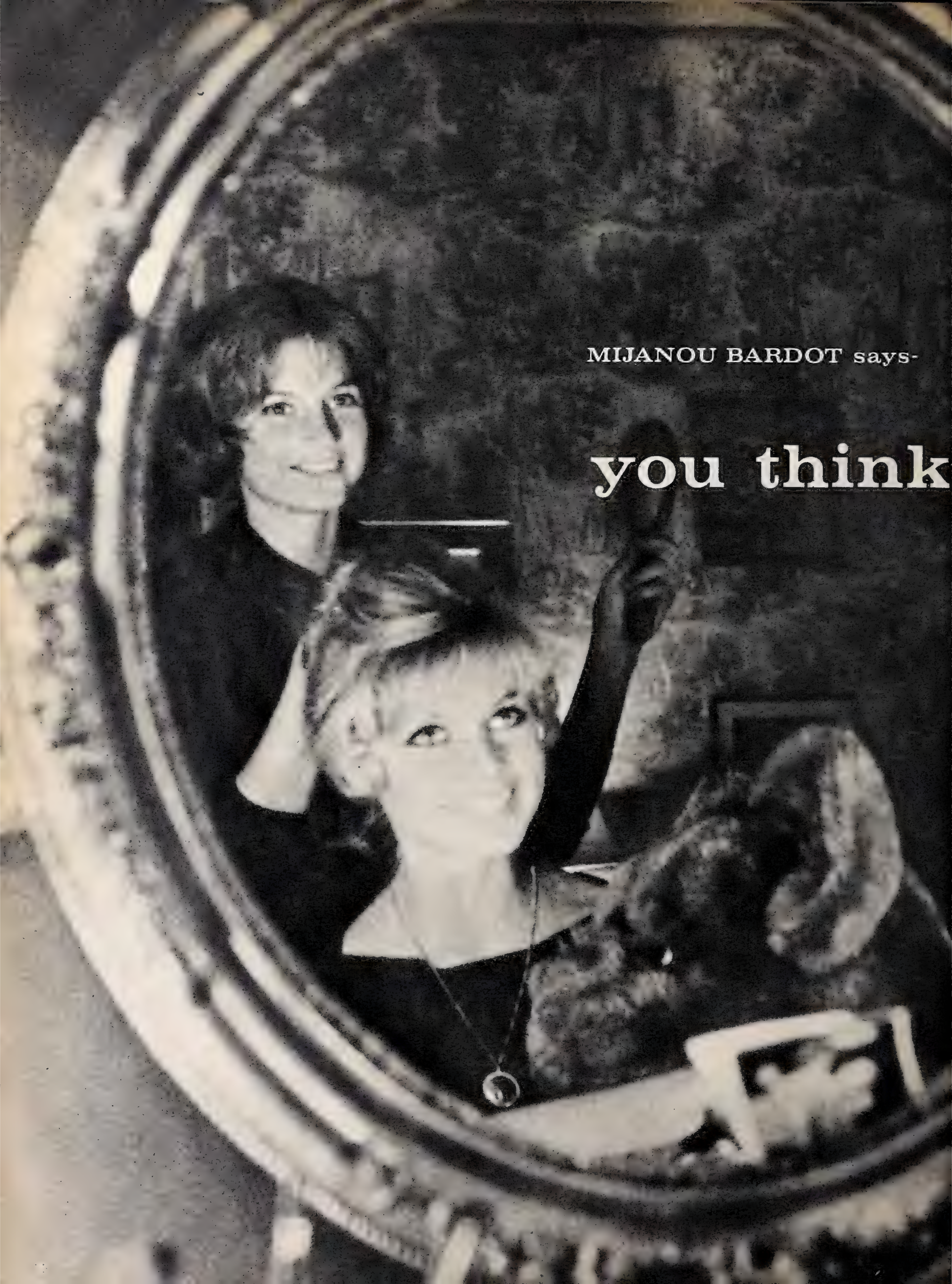
“But I plan to stay,” Solomon told the man quietly. And he did.

Nevertheless, as the only Jewish

family in the town of 2,500, they were resented at first, but by the time Frances Rose (Dinah) Shore was born, on March 1, 1917, the Shores had earned both the respect and acceptance of their neighbors. They had made good friends with the townspeople, joining many of the local cultural and civic organizations. Anna would bake her special cakes for meetings and her warmth and helpfulness won her the admiration of her friends, who finally made her president of the PTA. Solomon had meanwhile been made a leader of the Masons. The business prospered too. “I built it up by hard work and (Continued on page 88)

by TRICIA HURST





MIJANOU BARDOT says-

you think

Brigitte was always a miser!" Mijanou Bardot tucked her feet under her chair and laughed. "You don't believe me? But it's true. She was always very careful about her budget and had a little notebook in which she kept her accounts, and every night before going to bed, she went over them.

"I remember one day when Brigitte was about eight, and I was five. It was spring and we were walking through the park in Paris when Brigitte suddenly stopped, turned to me and said, 'Want to buy my chewing gum? It's practically new. I've only chewed it for three hours. I'll sell it to you for five' (Continued on page 97)



you have troubles...

BRIGITTE BARDOT

is my sister!



by MARGARET GARDNER



DADDY, ITS TOO EARLY FOR ME TO GO TO



I WANT AN  DADDY, WHY CAN'T

ICE-CREAM TALK? SNOOPY THE

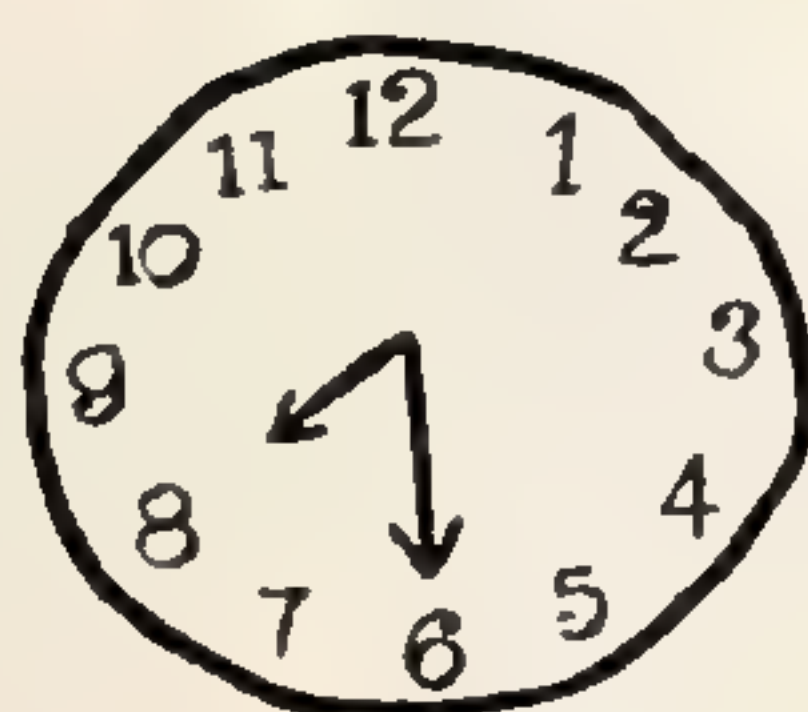


TALKS.



cries INSTEAD OF TALKS. I WAS NEVER

LIKE THAT, WAS I? IT'S



FOR A STORY, DADDY. TELL ME ABOUT A



AND

THE    AND DADDY,

LET'S TELL MOMMY

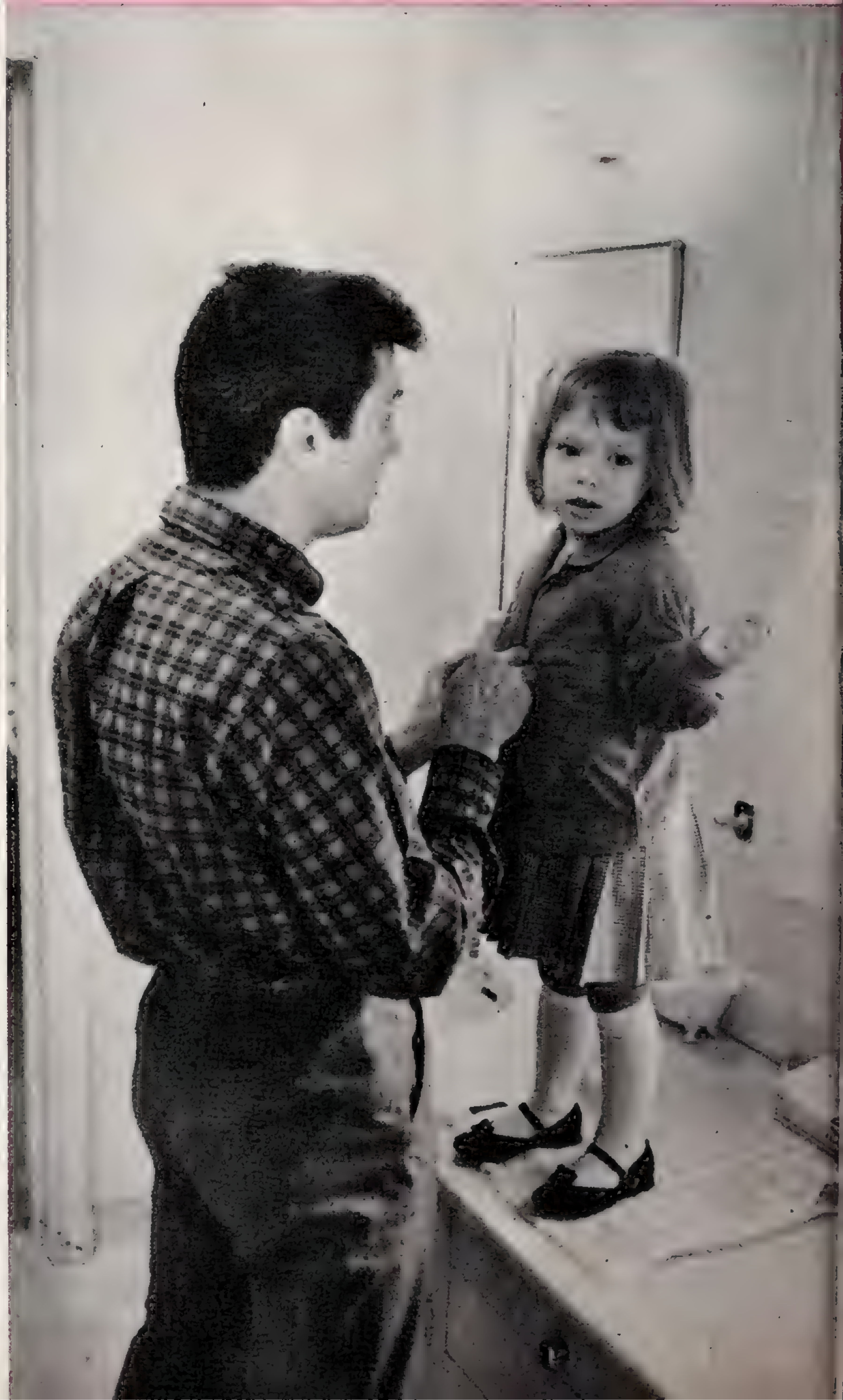
WHAT YOU SAID...

**“mommy, daddy says
God does
like ice cream...”**



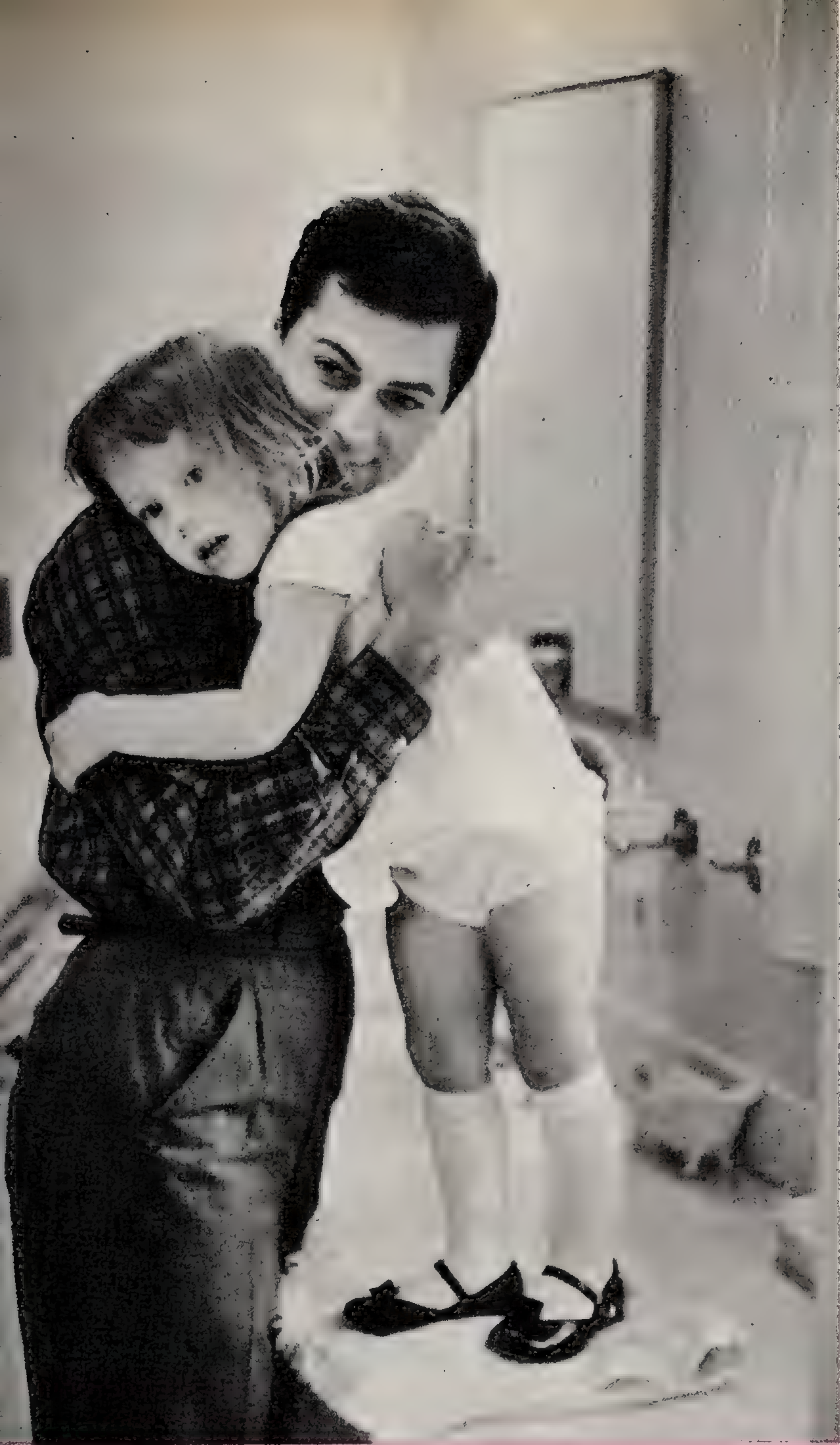
do the ☆☆☆ get
tired of hanging up there?

No, I don't think so. Why don't they? Because they eat their oatmeal and so are very strong? Well, maybe! But the stars have been hanging up there millions of years and they are used to it. Did you know that the sun is a star? It is. It looks much bigger than the other stars because it is nearer to us. And did you know that when half the world is facing the sun, the light becomes so bright that we cannot see the other stars? But at night, when our half of the world is away from the sun, we can see them.



why are you a 
and I'm a girl?

A lot of good things come in pairs. You have two eyes, two ears, two hands and feet. You also have a Mommy and a Daddy. When you grow up you'll be a Mommy; that is, if you go to bed on time so that you will grow big and strong. Now, if all children were girls like you, what would we do for Daddies? If all children were boys like me, what would we do for Mommies? That's why there are two kinds of people: boys and girls. Besides, it's very nice to be a girl. Boys fall in love with girls.



why can't  see when my dress goes over my head?

It's dark when your dress goes over your head so that when you can see the beautiful world again, it looks even better. Haven't you noticed? It's dark for another reason, too. When something is all around your head, the light cannot reach your eyes. But you should never be afraid of the dark. The dark is an important time. It is when the wise owls come out and the other birds sleep. It's nice when it's dark. Next time you're in bed and it is dark, don't be afraid: you can watch movies in your head.

do you like the  better than me?

I love you and Jamie both the same amount. It is perfectly easy to love two people the same at the same time. For instance: you love both Mommy and me, don't you? And you love Jamie? There, you see, it is possible to like two or more things as much as one another. You like ice cream and you like your doll, too. And you also like to snuggle up to me and have me tell you a story before you go to bed. See? And as you grow bigger you will find that there are lots more nice things to like and love.







Can a girl ever be really sure?

Even with Buddy's
arms holding her close,

Anna Maria Alberghetti
had to confess to herself—

**“I’M
SCARED
OF
MARRIAGE”**

A sudden gust of wind, sweeping across the garden, made Anna Maria shiver, draw her sweater more tightly around her and snuggle closer into Buddy's arms. Then she turned her head slightly, and, tracing a finger thoughtfully along the low stone wall which backed the terrace seat where they sat, looked over towards the modern, Chinese-style home behind them.

“. . . and the extra bedroom, darling, will make a wonderful nursery.” She could faintly hear Buddy's words coming to her over a sea of thought, and she nodded her head in agreement and listened as he continued. “That studio will (*Continued on page 103*)

by BEATRICE MARCH

FIRST TIME!

Jim talks about the
breakup of his marriage

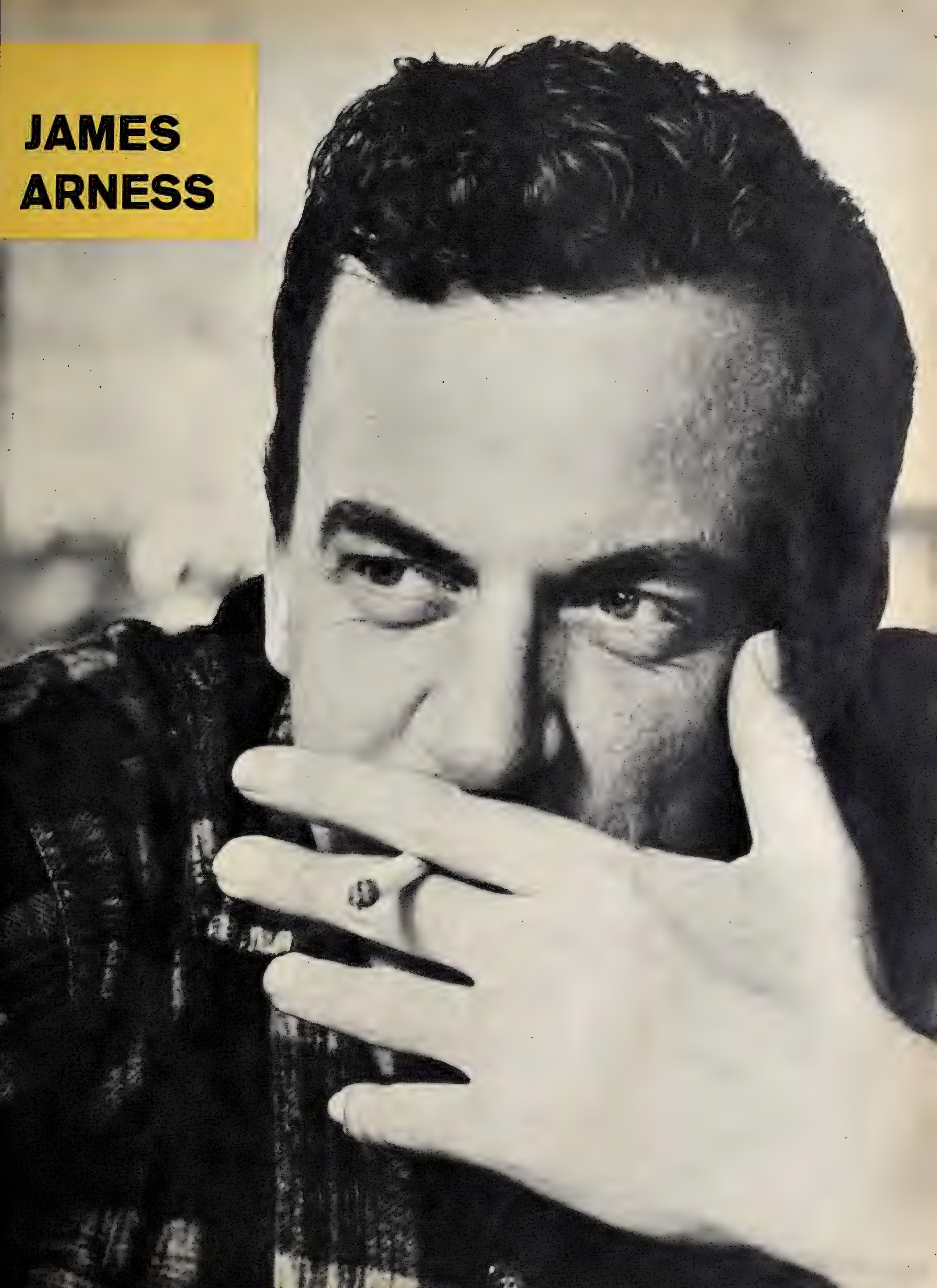
"I SIMPLY COULDN'T GIVE ENOUGH"

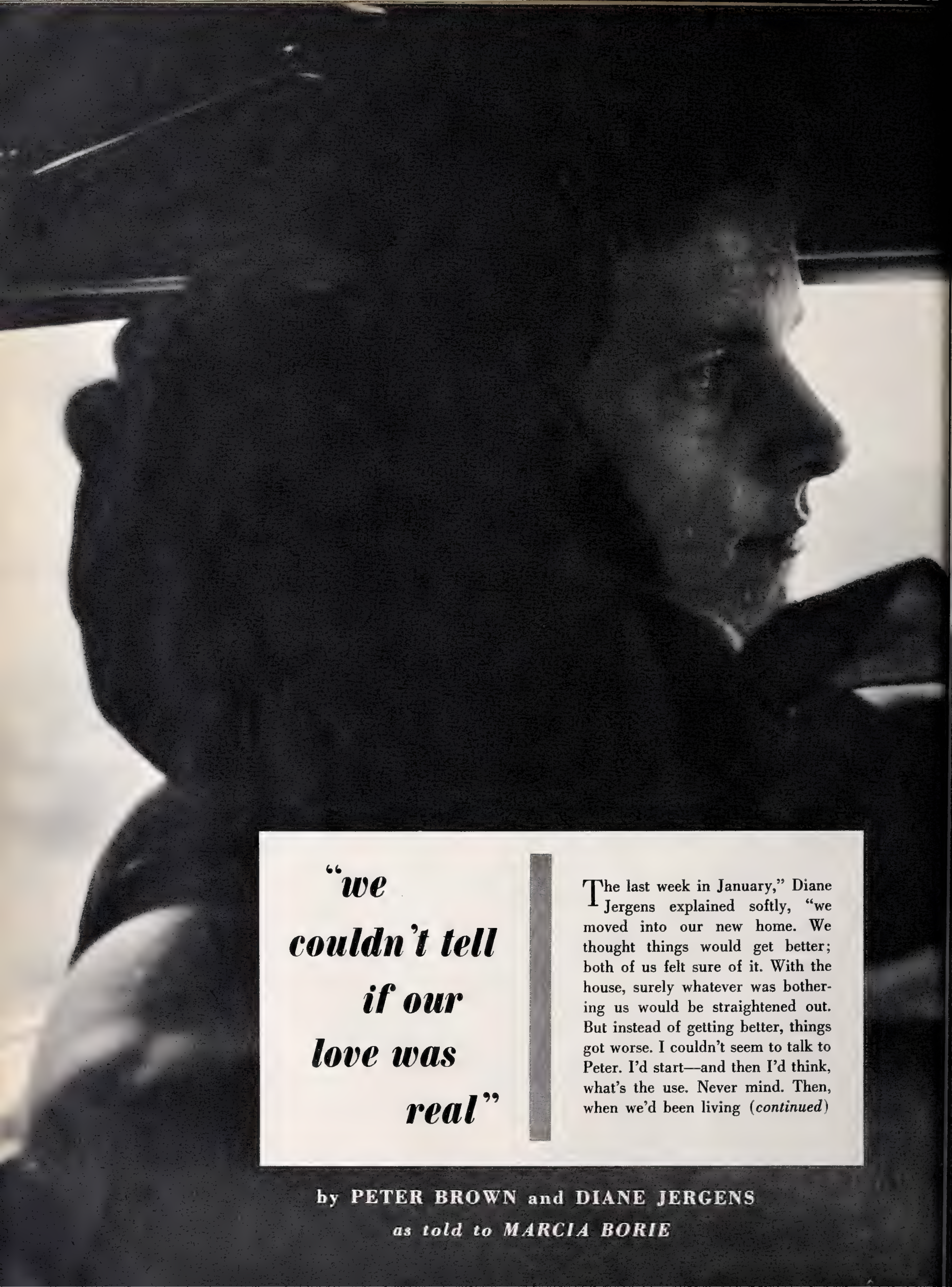
I guess . . . I guess I just couldn't give enough," said Jim Arness from the bed where he was sitting, two pillows propped up behind his head and shoulders, a blanket pulled up to his waist. The catch in his voice wasn't from the virus he had caught—but from what

he was trying, with great difficulty, to say. "I admit I often took Matt Dillon home with me. And I think Virginia objected to having Matt and not me around the house. But it wasn't always like this. In the beginning . . . when we first (Continued on page 93)

by JIM HOFFMAN

**JAMES
ARNESS**





***“we
couldn’t tell
if our
love was
real”***

The last week in January,” Diane Jergens explained softly, “we moved into our new home. We thought things would get better; both of us felt sure of it. With the house, surely whatever was bothering us would be straightened out. But instead of getting better, things got worse. I couldn’t seem to talk to Peter. I’d start—and then I’d think, what’s the use. Never mind. Then, when we’d been living (*continued*)

by PETER BROWN and DIANE JERGENS
as told to MARCIA BORIE



"we couldn't tell if our love was real" continued

in our new home only two weeks, the situation finally came to a head.

"It was late on Sunday afternoon, and Peter suddenly got up. He didn't say anything, but I watched him go to the hall closet and get a jacket.

"Where are you going?" I asked, finally.

"Out to work . . . on the arrangements for some songs . . . with a couple of the guys."

"As Peter started to go out the door, I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Peter," I said, "I can't take it anymore. I can't. I just don't know what's happening. You've hardly said a single word to me all week . . ."

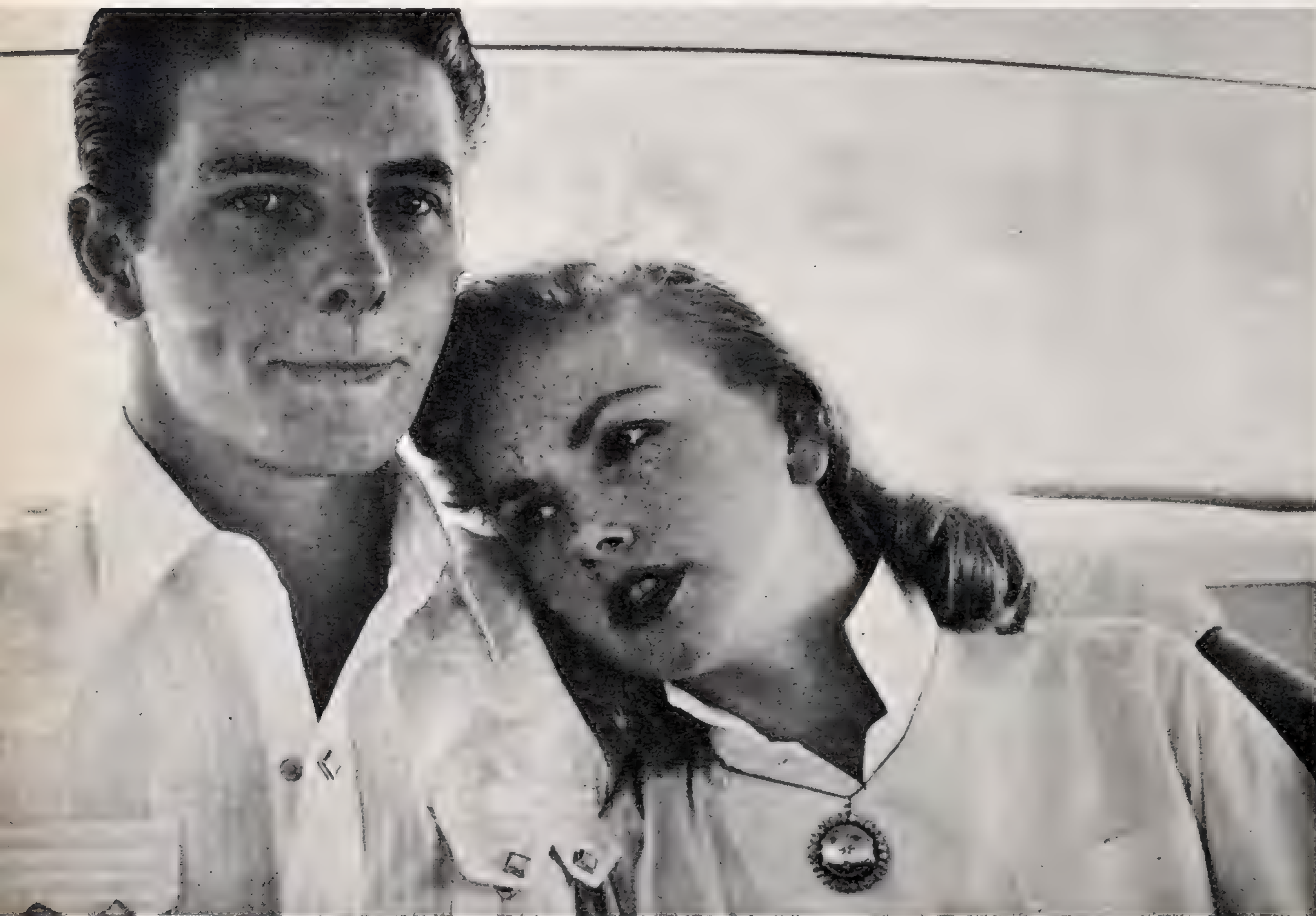
"Peter just turned around and stood staring at me." Suddenly, at this point, Diane paused, looked over at Peter, who was sitting

beside her on the couch, and smiled in a way that asked him to continue the story.

"I knew Diane was right—a hundred percent right," Peter said finally, toying a little nervously with the cigarette he held in his hand. "I'd been moody, quiet. I'd neglected her. I knew it. But I was trying to figure things out. All I knew was that I loved my wife very much, but that somehow I'd hurt her and I'd been hurt, too.

"But instead of telling her this, I simply said, 'Diane, I'm not ready to talk about it. I want to wait till I have things settled in my own mind.'

"Diane just looked at me and finally she said, 'Peter, please stay and let's talk things over.' When I didn't answer, she said, 'Peter, I'm miserable . . . (Continued on page 95)



"All I knew was that I loved Diane very much," said Peter, ". . . and somehow I'd hurt her."

by JANET GRAVES

WILL LIZ BREAK EDDIE'S HEART TOO?



As a new life began with Eddie, Liz tried not to hear the

They were leaving for Las Vegas in half an hour. In the midst of the flurry of packing, the children had been looking for Maggie, their big, beautiful Persian cat. Maggie just couldn't be left behind. Then suddenly the shouts and the running back and forth stopped as the gardener walked slowly through the house, his head bent over a furry animal he held in his arms.

Liz, who had been kneeling by a trunk, struggling to fit in last-minute odds and ends, got up as he approached her and tossed back her hair.

"Mrs. Todd, I'm so sorry," he said quickly. A few feet away her two boys—young Michael and Chris—were standing rooted to the spot, looking aghast. They could see that the gentle paws were *(Continued on page 90)*



Arriving at the Tropicana for Eddie's opening, Liz hesitated for just a moment. Somehow, she felt uneasy.



Afterwards, she hurried to kiss him and to give him a green jade ring. "We can't live by public opinion," she said.

hissed words, "She'll break his heart . . . like the others."



Eddie forgot his lyrics, then Liz heard him say, "I must really be in love."



They planned a quiet wedding, hoping it could be that way. "We'll travel as man and wife," they vowed.



I wasn't too keen on the idea of a blind date, but when a girlfriend of mine called and said she knew a nice boy—kind of shy—I was persuaded. But the minute I hung up I thought, "Donna, you've made a mistake!" So when the big day came, Saturday, I sat in my room moping, thinking all kinds of horrible things—like he was going to be about six inches too short, or maybe a wolf. I had the wild idea of calling it off, but mother insisted: "You're exaggerating. You've promised, now you must go."

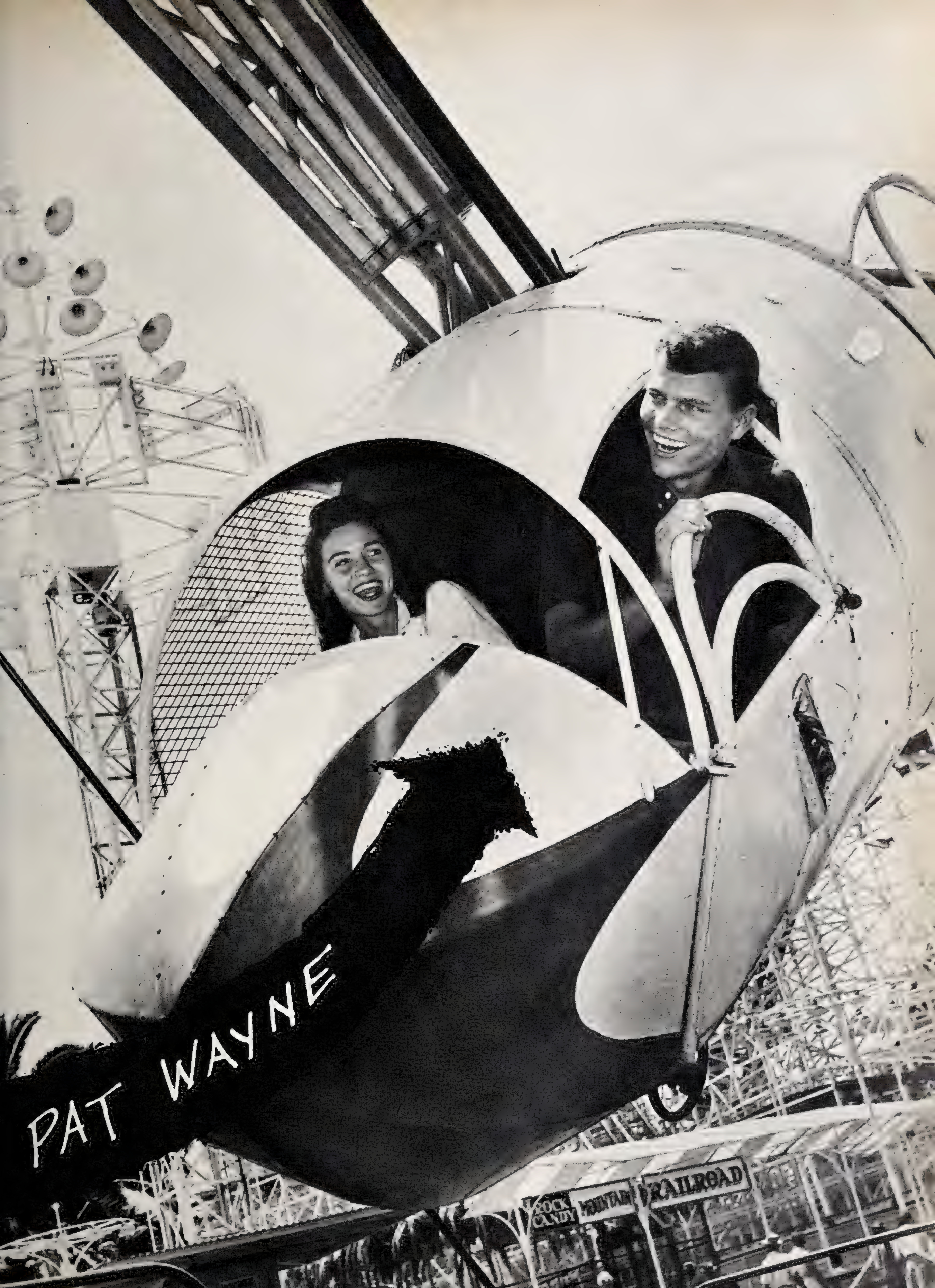
At about two o'clock I heard a car drive up. "Stop hanging on the curtains and go answer the door," Mom said. So, with heavy heart and broad smile I opened it—and nearly fell over backwards. There was Pat Wayne chewing on the end of a spearmint-gum wrapper. "Hi," he said sort of lazily, "Can I come in?" I'm glad he asked, because I don't think I could have spoken.

We talked, but I wasn't really all there until, on the way to Long Beach Pike amusement park, I told him about having come from New York and wanting to be a dancer, and that I'd even had a small part in his new Columbia picture, "The Young Land." He wasn't surprised. "I know—and ever since I first saw you on the set I've wanted to ask you for a date." He was so easy to talk to, more like the college boys I date than an actor. He loves to play chess and he's in premed at Loyola College and . . . well, I had a glorious time. Turn the page and see for yourself.

by DONNA BOICE

17, Los Angeles, California

I ALMOST FLIPPED
WHEN MY
BLIND DATE TURNED OUT TO BE



PAT WAYNE

ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

Next time you're sitting at home and someone asks you



"And I thought breaking Dad's horses was hard!" Pat laughed as we jiggled and bounced in the "Whirligig," but he wasn't dying to try it again.



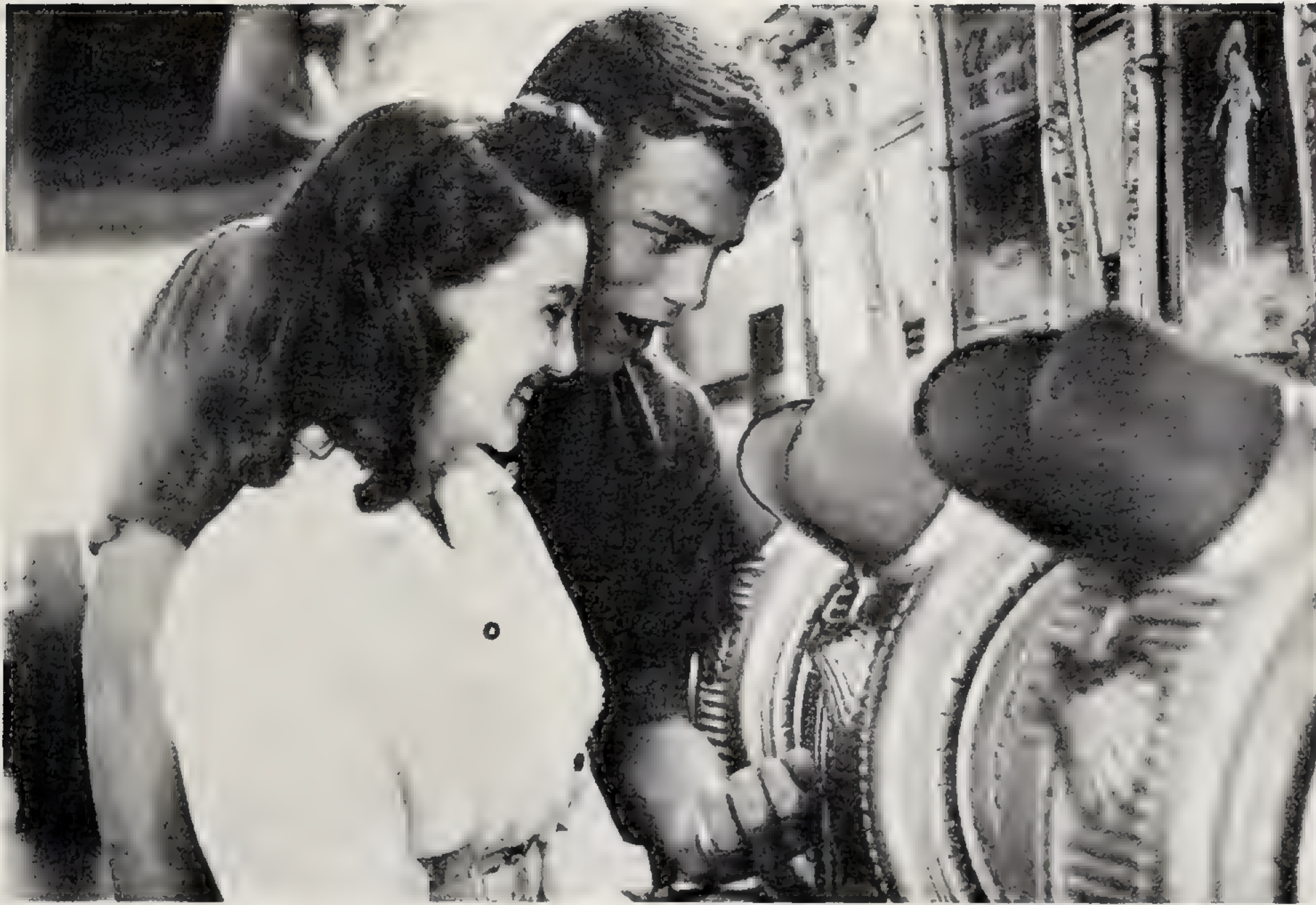
All that fresh air was making us hungry, so we stopped for cotton candy. "Let's get some real food now," urged Pat as he spied some hot dogs smothered in sauerkraut.

Back and forth, back and forth—my stomach was doing the cha-cha but my hearty date just yelled to me, "Come and see the view—it's great!" I had to take his word.

Pat was so good at "loop the hoop" the man who ran it begged him to stop. "You make it look too easy. Here, take these pandas, before you win the concession!"



to go on a blind date, remember what happened to me!



Cranking flickers: "What, none of Dad's old movies?" cracked Pat.



Maybe it was my lucky straw hat, but I got a strike in the "baseball" game and a "Hey! Not bad," from Pat. Home again (below) and a too-soon end to a perfect day with the nicest "blind date" ever.



JOANNE WOODWARD asks:

do you sometimes believe in fate?

Joanne Woodward turned her head sharply. She thought she heard a noise but, no . . . one look at the crib reassured her. She listened a moment longer, then turned back and looked out the window. All the pieces seemed to fit together. Paul . . . the new baby . . . her career. Everything fit together in such a perfect way. And yet if she had lived one hour of those days differently, she would have changed the whole *(Continued on page 74)*

by NANCY ANDERSON





DICK CLARK

in
every
issue

**Let's face it girls; you can't
get along with 'em—or without 'em.
So this month, let's talk about—**



dig
Dick
here

6 ways to change a boy



Hey there . . . hold that crowd back. We fellows didn't mean any harm. We were only trying to help you gals when we wrote "Girls, You're Wonderful, But . . ." a while back. That's no reason for you all getting your pretty young heads storming and coming after me with sharpened hat pins and .38 caliber hair-curlers.

All I did was float around the edges of some conversational sessions, picking up a few words here and there and glueing them together so we could answer that ever-burning question, "Now just what do boys talk about?" You were sure right. It was girls after all . . . But don't worry, 'cause I've been doing a little research on the other side of the fence. No, it's not a white flag of surrender I'm waving here. It's my latest batch of notes. Right here in this collection of type I've got evidence—and it's pretty up-to-date—that when the girls gather they have a favorite topic: *Boys*. And you know what else? This may come as a blow to the fellows, but the girls have been able to find a few rusty spots in that suit of armor we guys wear.

That's no surprise to you girls, is it? Well, suppose we focus our super-sensitive microphone on some pretty feminine readers and guests at "American Bandstand," and broadcast some of their top-secret confabs, which sound like this . . .

"Why is it," Mary Anne Cuff is asking, "that some fellows seem to think they are big shots even when there isn't anybody around to back them up in their opinion?"

"I was just thinking that, too," Marie Murphy chimes in. "Some fellows like to be the center of attraction no matter where they are. They always jump up and try to answer all of the questions in class, even when they're (Continued on page 86)

by **DICK CLARK**



JIMMIE'S NOT THE MAN



If you're married,
you'll want to read this...
If you're not married,
you must read it



I THOUGHT I MARRIED

The first week we were married my husband hit me over the head with a picture frame. And all because of something that hadn't even been my fault . . . but I'm getting ahead of my story.

It all really began—the picture-frame fight, I mean—because of course I had no idea that Jimmie snored. Even though our home was right smack under the Hollywood freeway, where the traffic made more noise than a jamboree, you could still hear Jimmie's snoring. No sooner would he crawl into bed than he'd snuggle over to his side with *all* the covers, close his eyes and rock the bedroom with the most perfectly modulated "Grroor—whee, grroor—whee." And he would sleep like a log. Me? Well, I just had to get used to it—but not without effort.

I remember one chilly morning, right before dawn, hearing what sounded like an overworked pneumatic street-drill coming to me over the waves of sleep. In a dream-like sort of way it seemed as though these drills were people marching towards me and I, in true dream

fashion, was unable to move an inch and, to top it all, was standing shivering in a sub-zero cold.

It was too much. So I must have unconsciously put an end to it all by waking up. And then I knew. It had been Jimmie's snoring—snoring as he'd never snored before. He'd taken all the blankets again, too. So I began my counter-attack by tugging for my share of the bed-covers, totally ignoring his sleepy protests. Then I decided to put an end to the snore—but for this I chose a more subtle approach. If he could make noise—I could, too.

So, feeling very abused, I began pounding on the wall behind the bed. "Hey," I said, "how about a break, huh?"

But no sooner did my fist hit the plaster than our marriage license (framed and hanging precariously from a thumb tack above the bed), came tumbling down—arriving on the bed by way of a bounce off the top of Jimmie's head.

He sat bolt up, looking bewildered. (*Continued*)

by MRS. JIMMIE RODGERS
as told to GEORGE CHRISTY

JIMMIE'S NOT THE MAN I THOUGHT I MARRIED

continued

"What happened?" he yelled. Then, still quite puzzled, he put a hand to the top of his head. "Something hit me," he concluded. Then he eyed me suspiciously. "Thanks," he muttered sarcastically. And right then and there he picked up the only possible offending article—the frame—and hit me with it plump on top of my head. "There," he said, evidently feeling better.

I shrieked and slapped him right back.

Then Jimmie climbed out from under the covers and walked stiffly over to my side of the bed. For a moment I thought he looked sorry and was going to give me a please-forgive-me kiss.

Instead, he picked me up, threw me over his knees, and gave me a spanking that made it painful to sit down for days afterwards.

"Fiend!" I whimpered. "*This* isn't in that contract."

Sometimes we take everything too seriously. I know I did—that time. I packed my bags, mumbled some mumbo-jumbo and said I was going home to mother. Jimmie just stood there, looking sheepish in his pajamas, and watched me pack. Then suddenly he came over and showed me the funny, egg-shaped lump on his forehead. He didn't say a word. But it melted me. I just swallowed all my silly pride and scurried into the kitchen to make a big pot of coffee. Over it, I explained to Jimmie what really had happened.

But, anyway, how was I to know I was marrying a man who snored? And who'd've thought it significant?

As a matter of fact, that pot of coffee has its significance, too. "Colleen," my mother had said, just before Jimmie and I were married, "no matter how glamorous marriage may seem to you now, no matter what dreams you may have, remember, there's bound to be some trouble. And when there is, sit yourself down with



Jimmie over a pot of coffee, and you'll find it's the best referee in the whole wide world!"

I was very young at the time, and still dreamy-eyed. Marriage seemed strewn with sweet-scented rose-petals. Then I got married and found that, well, it is . . . lots of times . . . but there are problems, too. At first it was a shock to realize we were just two ordinary people,

living together within four ordinary walls, faced with each other, a coffee pot, and just plain living.

Come to think of it, ours was a "coffee" courtship too.

The first time we dated we went for coffee—and ended up staying out all night!

Oh, I'd known Jimmie all my life since both of us grew up in Camas, Washington. We used to have fun back in grade school, with the Shetland ponies that belonged to Donna, the girl who lived across the road from me. I was Colleen McClatchey then, and Jimmie always referred to me as "that McClatchey girl." By the time I was



in eighth grade, I had a terrible crush on him. But he was a junior (he's three years older), and I didn't think he'd go for a kid with braces on her teeth. But I remembered how we'd gone horseback-riding before we became teenagers—and all the fun we'd had. Jimmie'd sing all the time, whether we were riding, or sitting by the roadside chewing quackgrass and clover-leaves or taking the horses back to the stable.

Actually, Jimmie didn't do much dating, although he did go to the high-school prom with a really glamorous girl before he enlisted in the Air Force.

But we never lost touch. When he was assigned to Korea, a friend of mine named Connie sent him packages of goodies, and a couple of times I baked peanut-butter cookies and packed them in coffee tins for Connie to put in Jimmie's packages.

"You can tell that McClatchey girl I said thanks for the cookies," he wrote back to Connie. And that was that!

By the time Jimmie came back from the war, I'd already left town. I'd gone to Hollywood for a screen-test and was studying acting at Universal-International and also playing bit parts. I couldn't get back home much. Then the studio sent me home on tour and that's when I ran smack into Jimmie at the Modern Cleaners on Fourth Street, where my mom worked.

He was lonely; I could tell. He'd just gotten out of the service, and, like most guys fresh out of uniform, was trying to find something to do in civilian life.

He asked me if I'd go out with him later that evening, and, even though I felt rather (Continued on page 82)



Beauty News—

Summer, 1959

EVER ASK-

“what
can I do
with my
hair?”

SANDRA DEE'S

HAIR SECRETS



“what can I do with my hair?”

If you're like lots of girls, you pass up hairdo's you're dying to try because you are convinced *your* hair looks well only when it's long. Or only when it's short. Not Sandra Dee. She's discovered what top hair stylists confirm, that when it comes to hair, a girl can go to any lengths.

Sandra's favorite long hairdo (opposite) and short cut for her latest picture, “The Wild and the Innocent” (following page) can flatter almost any shape of face or feature. So that you can copy them yourself, cutting and setting instructions have been provided by Larry Germaine, head of Universal-International's hair dressing department. If you're handy with a scissors—go ahead. Otherwise, take directions to your local hair dresser.

Instructions needn't be followed too rigidly. Hair may be trimmed a bit longer or shorter without chang-

ing the finished results. Same goes for setting. Follow placement and direction of curls exactly. But number of curls will depend on amount of hair and the size of your head.

Both styles need hair with plenty of body and some curl. If this doesn't sound like you, give yourself a good home permanent. For curls that are soft, yet firm and long-lasting, use a rod-type kit with large-size curling rods.

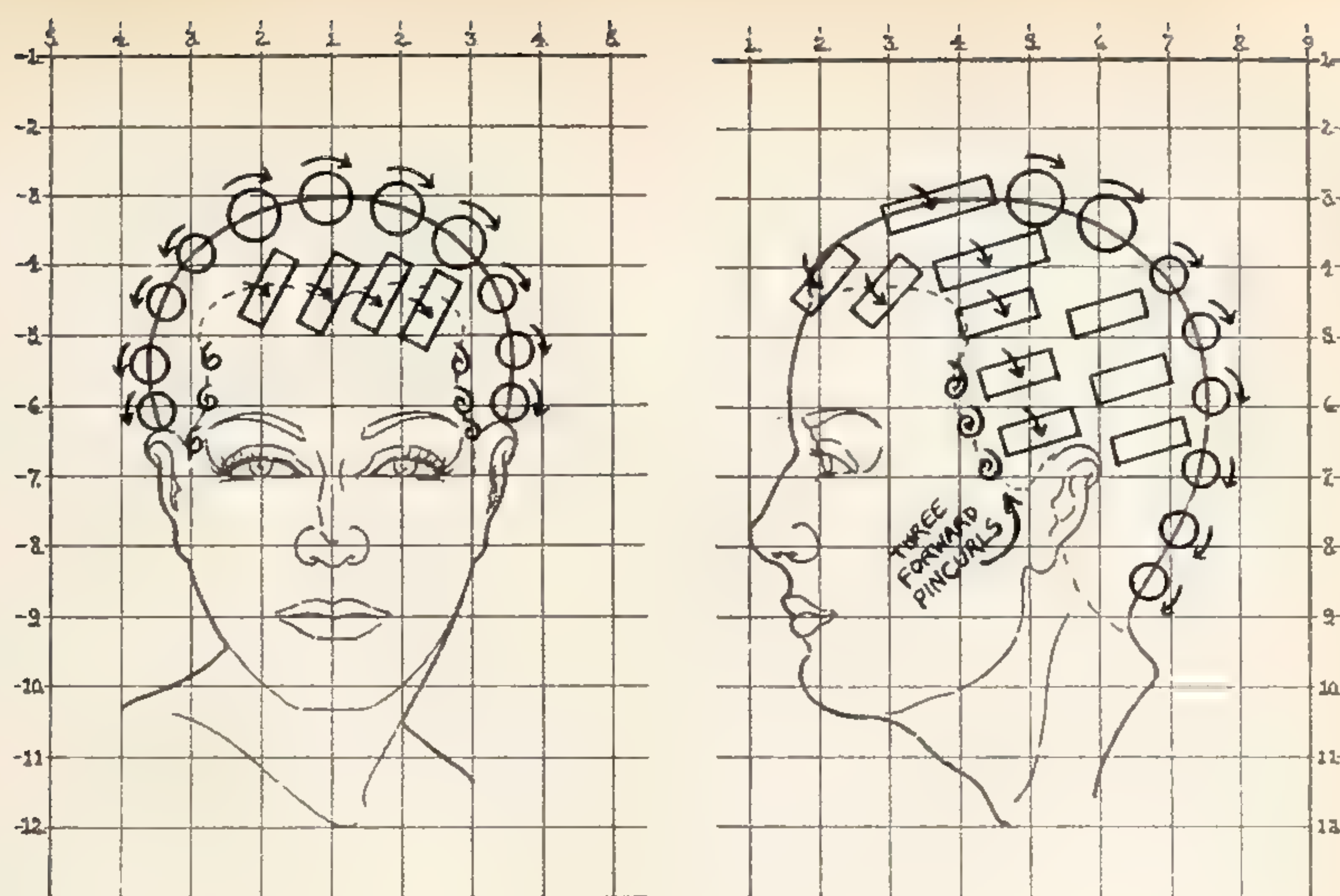
Because freshly washed hair looks twice as thick and fluffy, Sandra shampoos every third day, finishing with a creme rinse. And because hair tends to become dry and dull when allowed to remain damp and rolled up over a long period, she uses a home hair dryer. With daily brushing and a cream treatment every ten days, her hair is always in good condition, lustrous, springy and easy to manage herself.



A girl who rolls her own when she's not before the cameras, Sandra learns styling tricks from studio hair dressers, discovered that large pin curls give a longer-lasting set than small, tight ones.



Sandra's loose, casual hairdo seems to just grow that way. It doesn't—quite. Her hair is trimmed once a month: crown and sides about eight inches long, bangs three to four inches and hair at neckline three inches. While still damp after shampoo, non-oily hair dressing is smoothed over crown, distributed evenly by brushing. Hair is then parted on right. Bangs are set on medium rollers, from right to left. (If your hair is parted on the left, reverse the direction of your bangs.) Jumbo rollers are used on crown of head, medium-size for sides and back. Curls are wound away from part on top and sides, toward neck in back (see diagram). In front of rollers, three flat pin curls are wound toward face on each side. When dry, hair is brushed briskly, combed into place and sprayed lightly to stay that way all day. (continued)



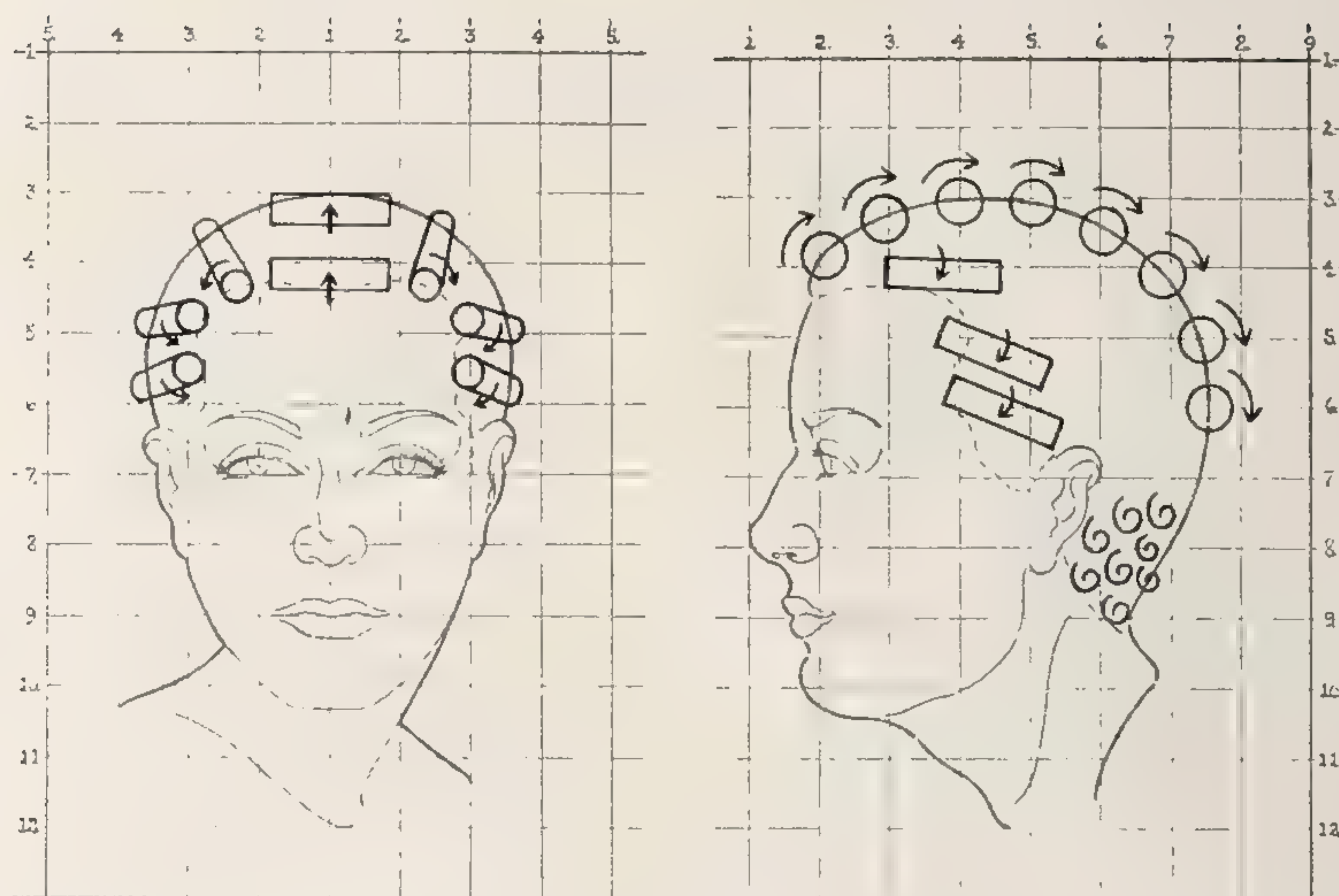
This softly waved hairdo with fluffy bangs (below) is Sandra's favorite long hair style. Setting directions are diagrammed (above) on Universal-International's makeup and hair styling chart. Diagram and complete instructions (left) were done especially for Photoplay's readers by Larry Germaine, head of the studio's hair styling department.



"what can I do with my hair?"

continued

When Sandra is in a short hair mood, she loves a frothy, bubble hairdo. Like most girls, she takes a dim view of styles that need lots of fussing and primping. "For me," Sandra admits, "constant worry takes the joy out of the most becoming hairdo." Nicest thing about her bubble cut, is that she needn't be concerned about its "coming down." Short hair, she's discovered, eliminates most of the "straggly ends" problem. For girls who need the flattery of softness around the face, Sandra's hairdo also provides plenty of fullness. More even than most longer hair styles. So you can copy her bubble cut, Larry Germaine tells exactly how it is done: Hair is cut in layers, three to four inches long on crown and sides, graduating to 1½ inches at nape of neck. (While Sandra's hair is trimmed every two weeks, this hairdo looks well at in-between lengths, too, can be trimmed as infrequently as once a month.) To set, all hair is wound on medium-size rollers. Like most girls, Sandra's hair frizzes when it's curled tightly and frizz straightens out fast. Follow diagram for direction and placement of rollers—crown and back, away from face; sides down toward ears. For extra fullness at sides, set rollers in diagonal direction, from eyebrow toward ear. Any stray wisps around ears and neckline are set in large, flat pin curls. After rollers are removed, Sandra's hair is brushed briskly for extra sheen and fullness. Hair is then combed back and waves pushed forward with side of hand. Small tendrils around face and on crest of waves are pulled loose with fingers. To give rounded look, hair on crown of head is back-combed slightly.



Sandra's short, bubble hairdo gives a fragile, feminine look to almost any shape face, any size features. To set, study chart (above) from U-I's hair dressing department. Complete instructions at left tell how to cut hair and comb out.





revealing...

the wacky private life of an English gentleman, David Niven, ESQ.*

David calls himself "a displaced Cary Grant," but the only time he ever was really displaced was the day Hjordis stole his chair. As always, David did what any British gentleman would do in that case—he married her!



David Niven reached into the side pocket of his dress suit. Yes, the lucky old regimental tie was there. Then he put his hand into the pocket on the other side, felt another tiny good-luck charm and tried the inside pocket of his jacket. A faint jangling assured him further good luck had not left him. Then he put a hand to a back pocket and a nobbly bulge convinced him that the good-luck miniature one of his sons had put there was still with him.

David grinned, and, taking out a large white folded handkerchief, patted his brow. "Hot," he whispered to his wife, Hjordis.

She smiled back, and then, suddenly, all the waiting, all the wondering was over. From the huge stage at the Pantages Theater he heard Irene Dunne announce, "For the . . ." David looked up, for a second shocked with surprise, as he heard his name. Then he jumped up from his seat, pausing just for a second to kiss Hjordis, and ran down the aisle, fairly bounding onto

by ANITA ALLEN

*everything seems quacky

the stage, like a cricket wicket-runner. "I'm so loaded with charms," he announced, breathing heavily into the microphone, "that I could hardly make it up the steps."

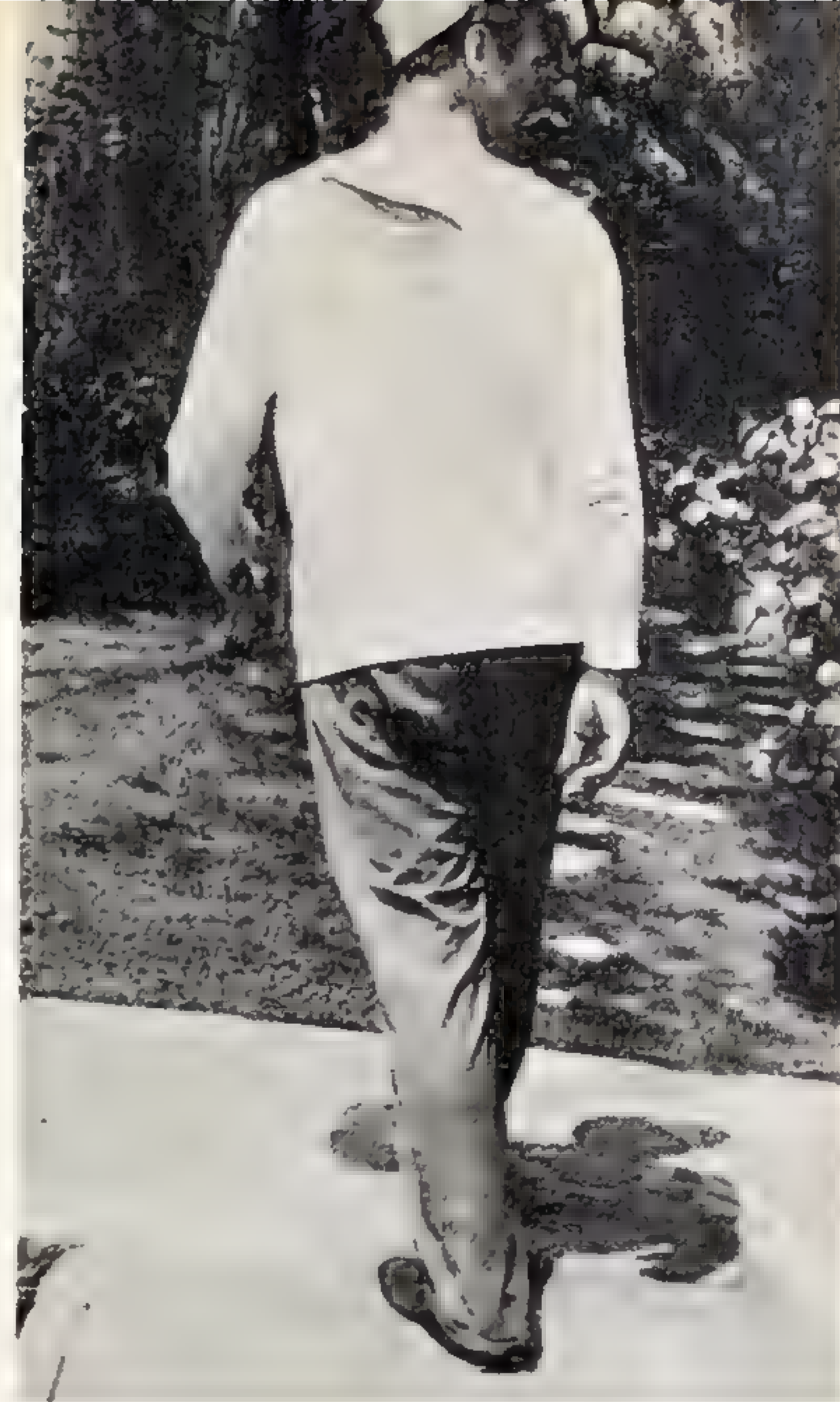
It was a moment David Niven had awaited for twenty-five years (since his first role as a sleeping Mexican in a Hopalong Cassidy movie—total salary, \$3.50). And yet, even after so long a career, it was surprising that few of the 100 million people who watched, knew much at all about him. Probably less has been written about David Niven than

about almost any other actor in Hollywood; and little is known except that he has great charm, wit and a never-failing British diplomacy in all matters.

Like the afternoon when, while lunching with friends, David was greeted warmly by a pretty red-haired woman who came over to the table and cried, "David!"

David instantly sprang from his seat, kissed her on both cheeks and cried enthusiastically, "Darling!"

Suddenly his expression changed to a frown. He (Continued on page 101)



Is this the real David Niven?

CRYSTAL

PINK

BLACK

AMBER

SHELL

SKY BLUE

Set curls in seconds with a dash of color!

USE LADY ELLEN

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Write today for 16-page illustrated booklet, "How to Set a Pin Curl." Included Free is a Klippies Code that tells you how boy friends react to certain colors. Send 10¢ to Lady Ellen, Dept. PH-77, Los Angeles 51, California.





Somehow, Joan Crawford manages to get through the long days,
but at night she knows the emptiness when there's—

no one to come home to

Joan Crawford picked up a pale blue nylon housecoat which lay draped over a low chair and, slipping it on, walked quietly through the apartment to the kitchen. Opening and closing each door carefully, she made sure not to make a sound, so that she would not wake her husband who had gone to bed, the night before, complaining he felt unusually tired.

She glanced at the white-and-black clock in the living

room—9:15 a.m. Still early, she thought, and, for an April morning, oppressively hot. She turned and walked over to a window, giving the cord of the blinds a slight tug. And, looking out over the rooftops of Manhattan, she noticed the sky was a heavy gray and the sun wasn't beating down as she had expected, but a strange dullness and heaviness about the air gave an eerie quiet that made her feel uneasy. But she shrugged (*Continued on page 80*)

by ELAINE BLAKE



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wash 'n curl

WAVING SHAMPOO

JOANNE WOODWARD

Continued from page 58

pattern. If she had acted differently on that steamy July night . . .

She was sixteen and sitting slumped in the front seat of the car, staring straight ahead, as the headlights stabbed through the thick hot South Carolina night. What's wrong with me, she thought. And she shivered.

"What's the matter, honey?" Taking one hand from the wheel, the young boy on the seat next to her reached over to tuck a stray wisp of hair behind her ear. "Cold?" he asked.

"Uh-uh . . ."

"Scared?"

"No . . . no . . . I'm not scared." But she shivered again.

"This should be wonderful," she told herself impatiently. "This is supposed to be the most wonderful night of my life. This is the night I'm going to be married."

The boy turned the car off the road and into a driveway. Fat crepe myrtle bushes on either side of the front walk almost hid the neat sign, "Justice of the Peace."

She couldn't even speak. She was still trembling. Woodenly she allowed herself to be led up the front steps, past the wrought-iron shoe-scraper, to the porch.

"I just hope," the boy continued, "that your folks will understand about this." Tenderly he squeezed her arm. "What do you think your father will say?"

Her father! She stopped suddenly. And then she knew for certain. This wasn't the marriage she wanted.

"I can't marry you," she said, meeting his eyes for the first time that night. "Not now. Not tonight. I'm not ready . . . we're not ready. I'd like you to take me home."

The boy stood quietly for a minute. "Joanne," he said finally, "Joanne, what have I done? You can't mean it."

But she did. She didn't know why.

Even today, if anyone asked her exactly why, after they'd gone ahead and bought a ring and made so many plans, she'd suddenly backed away from that teenage elopement, she would still find it hard to explain. Maybe if he hadn't mentioned her father . . .

Her father and mother were wonderful people. They had loved one another; then they didn't anymore . . . they'd separated, divorced. She tried, but she couldn't understand what had happened. If it could happen to them, couldn't it happen to her?

After her parents' separation, she moved to Greenville, South Carolina. A chubby girl, unsure of herself, she missed her father. When her mother remarried, she got along all right with her stepfather, but she just couldn't feel really close to him.

Then her Aunt Nancy Merritt, maybe hoping it would end her daydreaming, phoned the drama teacher at the high school and asked him to take a special interest in her—after all, she'd been named after actress Joan Crawford.

She daydreamed a lot then. She used to lie on the bed in her room, burrow her head in her pillow and listen to the tree toads, the late sound of farm trucks home-bound on a distant road . . .

Love? What is love? She'd ask herself over and over. Sometimes love had touched her so nearly that she could feel it. But whom could she love and be sure that was the way it was meant to be?

She sighed, remembering the past Saturday afternoon when, as usual, she and her friends had gone to the movies. That

afternoon's show featured, to strains of swelling music, Van Johnson sweeping a bride into his arms and kissing her for a long, long time. His hair was thick and curly, his arms strong. She had reached deep into her popcorn bag and scooped up a handful of puffy kernels. The hot butter left her fingers greasy and warm, but she didn't care.

"Isn't he wonderful?" The girl in the next seat nudged her with an insistent elbow.

"Mmmmm." Her heart (as well as her mouth) had been too full to answer. How could anyone talk at a time like this, she'd wondered irritably. This was love. Great Love! This was how it would be for her.

That had been Saturday. Now she wondered: "Will it really be that way? Will I ever get married?"

She rummaged in her top bureau drawer for the old blue stationery box. Lifting the lid, she pulled out a finger-marked envelope. "Darling Van," the note began, though the signature, quite formally, was "Mrs. Van Johnson." She touched each letter of the name with her fingertips. Mrs. Van Johnson . . . She'd been thirteen when she'd written letters to her friends (and to her idol) and signed them "Mrs. Van Johnson." She'd mailed some of them, and some of them she'd kept. She had stopped writing, but she hadn't stopped dreaming.

It wasn't that she didn't know any boys. The mirror frame over her dressing table was filled with snapshots stuck around it. There was the gang at the lake—rangy, grinning boys in bathing trunks and coy, bedraggled girls with wet hair over their foreheads. There was a picture of the high-school fraternity officers and their dates taken at the Christmas dance. She was in that picture, and as she studied the tall boy in the white dinner jacket who'd been her date, she thought, "That time should have been the perfect time. Why wasn't it? Why . . ."

For months before that dance she'd been misty-eyed over a student leader. He was everything, her heart and mind agreed, that anyone could want.

His manners were superb. Half the girls in high school wrote his initials on their books. And she coveted him madly.

Would he like her? Could he like her? She simply couldn't believe it. If ever she had a date with him, it would be a dream.

In spite of the fact that she hadn't been born in Greenville, and that she'd felt so inadequate when she moved there, she'd ended up one of the most popular girls in school. Through her aunt's interest and her early introduction to the drama teacher, she quickly identified herself with the dramatic club. She joined a sorority and, eventually, was its president. She made good grades.

And, to crown her successes, the dreamy

young man asked her to go to the dance. Trembling with anticipation, she dressed for his fraternity dance. Were her white gloves as they should be? She put them on and took them off half a dozen times. Other great loves had gone sour. Other Prince Charmings had been dethroned, but this one couldn't be. He was perfect.

"Joanne," her mother called from the living room, "your date's here."

"I'm glad I waited; I'm glad I waited. This is it. This is it," she whispered to herself as she danced down the hall. "There's got to be a real love—a love to last—and tonight, maybe, it's come to me."

Hours later (it seemed even longer), she walked slowly back down the hall.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" her mother called.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And is that nice young man going to call again?"

"I don't know, Mother."

And, if he did, would it make any difference? Not a bit. Her lovely dream was in fragments, like the fragile, porcelain cup she'd dropped once.

She was searching for some indefinable quality in a man that would tell her he was the one, the only one, who'd love her forever, whom she could love.

As her school friends got married, they worried, why wasn't she? Only her grandmother understood her reticence.

"Never," she warned, "marry a man unless you know you'll be glad to look at him before breakfast every day for the rest of your life."

The rest of her life . . . When she met Paul Newman, there was nothing to tell her this was it. She admired him first as an actor. Her father liked him instantly and maybe, because he was so close to her, he knew even before she did that Paul was the man she'd been waiting for.

"Thank goodness," her father had said when she'd confided to him that she and Paul were planning to be married. "You're twenty-seven years old, and I was beginning to think you'd never get married."

"Me too," she'd laughed. "Me too."

Looking out the window of her New York apartment, waiting for Paul, she felt a warmth as she saw him swinging down the street. He had a light raincoat slung over one shoulder, and his open jacket flapped in the breeze that had come up after the spring rain. Joanne tiptoed away from the window and, bending over the side of the crib, she tucked back the covers where little Nell had kicked them off. "Your Daddy's home," she whispered.

THE END

NEXT FOR THE NEWMANS: JOAN IN U.A.'S "ORPHEUS DESCENDING" AND PAUL IN WARNER'S "THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS."



Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

I Look Back: To **Eaton Chalkley** quietly saying to his wife, **Susan Hayward**, as she sprang from her seat to accept the Oscar, "I love you." And Susan's fraction-of-a-second halt to let him know she had heard. And what a story-book ending for Susan after her clamorous, unhappy, headlined life. A lesson to all who become discouraged almost beyond bearing. . . . I'm thinking back to **Ingrid Bergman's** return to Hollywood, which wasn't all sugar-pie kisses and tossed confetti. Many felt Ingrid's flaunting of conventions was too easily overlooked. But all agreed her present husband, **Lars Schmidt**, is a charmer and daughter **Jenny**, a beauty. "Will you become an actress, too?" I asked Jenny at the party given for Ingrid. "Oh no, I plan to be a nurse," she smiled sweetly. My feeling is some worthy suitor will sweep this lovely miss into an altogether different career of home and marriage. A happy home and a happy marriage, I hope. . . . I'm comparing those days when **Debbie Reynolds** was too crushed to think of dating to these happier times when Debbie and wealthy **Bob Neal** are doing the town. Debbie's and Bob's first date was dancing and dining on the Beverly Hilton's Star On The Roof room. "And guess who sat at the very next table?" Debbie asked. "No one but **ex-President Truman**. I was delighted." . . . I peer even deeper into the past to a young actor called **Robert Walker**, a forerunner of the late **Jimmy Dean**, in looks, in thinking, in sweet confusion. Like Jimmy, Robert met death quite suddenly on the very threshold of more wonderful things to come. Robert's two sons by his former wife, **Jennifer Jones**, bear such strong resemblance to their father that people in Hollywood stop to stare and mourn again the passing of this fine actor, who lives again in his TV movies, made years ago. Jimmy and Robert! How odd their names have never before been linked in memory and regret.

Party of the Month: With three stamped and sealed letters attached to my party dress, I sashayed off to the birthday party director **Walter Lang** and his wife "Fieldsie" gave for **Sol Siegel**, executive



People wonder: Will Jenny's life be happier than Ingrid's?

producer of M-G-M. "Come as one of Sol's movies," the invitation read. So, all done up as "A Letter to Three Wives," I drove down with the **John Negulescos**, each wearing three coins and toting a small erupting fountain, John, of course, directed the Siegel hit movie, "Three Coins in a Fountain." Dancing up a storm when we arrived were **Ginger Rogers** as "High Society" and **Cesar Romero**, with a lighted candle on his silk hat, as "Man on Fire." At one point Cesar all but set fire to **Shirley MacLaine**, who was wearing **Dean Martin's** famous hat from the Siegel production of "Some Came Running." And it's strange about Shirley, who can be so bubbly before an audience and so quiet in homes. And this gay evening was no exception, with Shirley sitting off in a corner playing gin rummy all evening long with producer **Bill Perlberg**.

Rory Calhoun and his cute wife Lita, "yacht" happy as "On the Riviera" characters, chatted with **Fred McMurray** and **June Haver**, riots as "Dizzy" and "Henry" of the early "Henry Aldrich" series. **Clifton Webb** and that so-in-love couple, **Nanette Fabray** and husband **Ran McDougall**, done up as "Fourteen (continued)"



It wasn't all tossed confetti, but Tony and Janet were there.



Kim, Desi Arnaz and Kirk Douglas last seen in a mad huddle.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Hours," danced and clowned while Shirley played on. Even the "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" over lovely **June Rogell**, wife of the Twentieth Century-Fox production manager **Sid Rogell**, failed to rouse her. And June, in the exact gown worn by **Marilyn Monroe** in the movie "Show Business," was a sight worth viewing. "I think," said a prominent guest, "Shirley is deeply unhappy with her husband **Steve Parker** living and working in Japan." And who can blame her? At any rate it was *the* craziest party of the month and one the town is still talking about. Another thing the town's talking about is how surprised it *isn't* over the **Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell** separation.

TV Jottings: Such commotion! Such comings and goings as TV swings into its full summer session and the old pros take off for other climes. The western stars are flitting in and out of out-of-season chores while re-runs take over. **Jim Arness**, for instance, took off for Europe before his movie "Alamo" with **John Wayne** and next season's "Gunsmoke." **Dennis Weaver**, of the same series, elated with the success of his first platter, "Girls Wuz Made To Be Loved," cut a few more before joining the **Robert Montgomery** movie, "The Gallant Hours," with **Jimmy Cagney** as a star. Truth is, I'm not a bit surprised at "Chester." Everytime I pop by the "Gunsmoke" set, the producer and writers assure me **Dennis Weaver** is one of the best actors in the business. . . . **Clint Walker** alternates his new series with the movie "Yellowstone Kelly," while **James Garner** and **Edd Byrnes** leap into the movie "Cash McCall" before creating new episodes for their



The way Shelley and Tony Franciosa fight—kookie!



Lana Turner always looks happy when she's with Fred May.

"Maverick" and "77 Sunset Strip" series. . . . **Lloyd Bridges** rose dripping wet from his undersea show, "Sea Hunt," to sing, yet, in "Guys and Dolls" on tour through the New England states. . . . **Barbara Stanwyck** began shooting her new series in which she'll play a role at times and act as mistress of ceremonies at all times. "How's it going?" I telephoned Barbara. "Great, I love it," she said. And a great girl, this forthright dame. . . . **Sandra Dee** became so enamoured of TV after a session on "Juke Box Jury" with **Rick Nelson**, **Dwayne Hickman** and **Annette Funicello**, she's hoping to do more. But not when she's toiling in a movie. Otherwise welfare workers frown on outside activities for a teenager. . . . **Frankie Avalon** gave up TV appearances for a spell in favor of the movie "Guns of Timberland," with **Alan Ladd** and **Jeanne Crain**. "How do you like movie acting?" I asked Frankie. "Scared?" "Only stiff," he grinned. . . . Up in San Francisco, **Shirley Temple** is studying hard with **Johnny Mathis'** former vocal coach, preparing for her new fall series. And out at Twentieth Century-Fox, the boys call that new doll, **Luciana Paluzzi** of the "Five Fingers" TV show, "La La" Paluzzi. You'll understand why when she flashes across your set in the early fall!

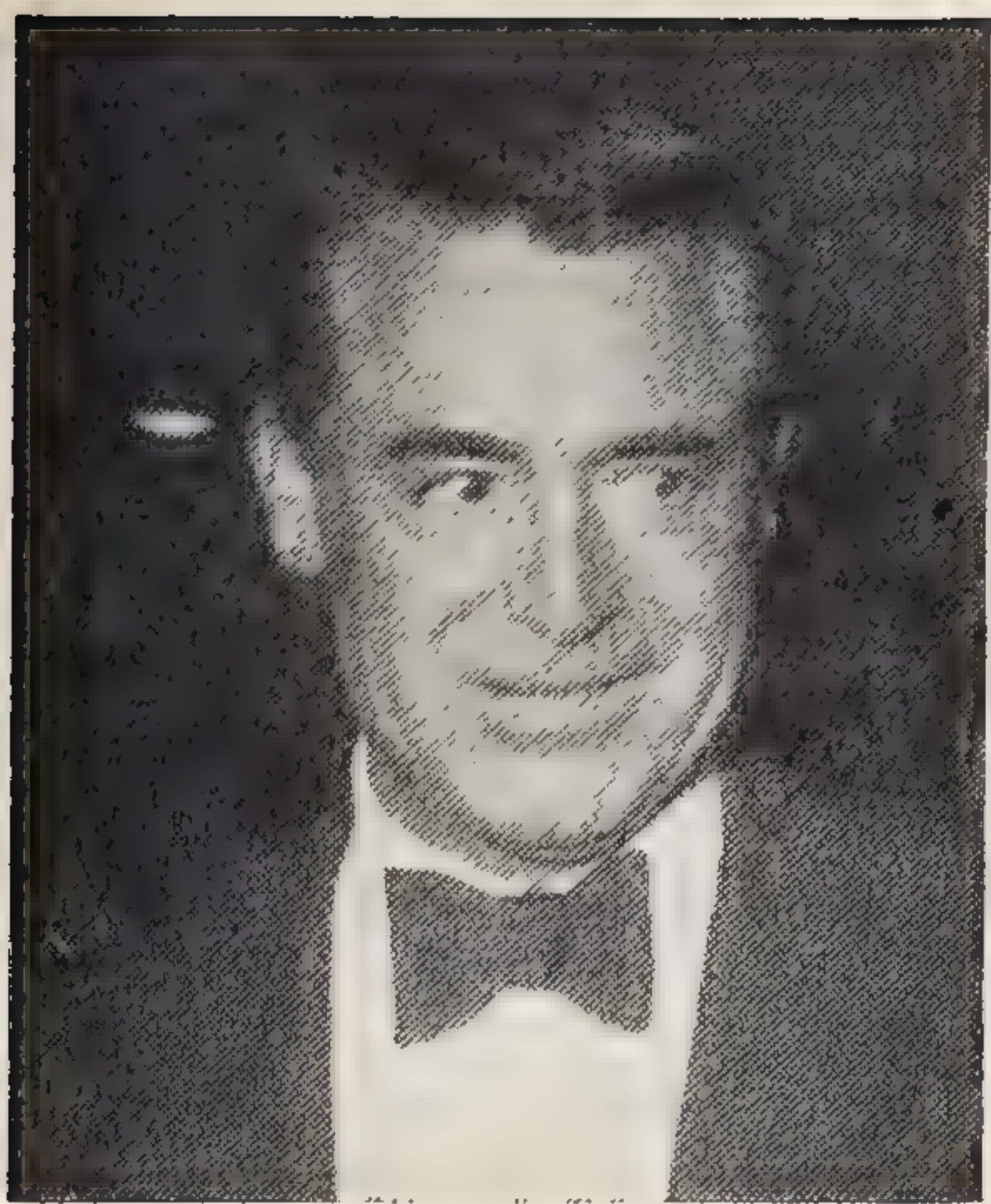
Lunch Date: **Sal Mineo** looked a mite glum when I joined him at the studio for lunch. "King Hussein of Jordan stole my girl, **Susan Cabot**," he grumbled. "His Majesty is a fast worker. In town three days—and out of my life goes Susan." Bouncing in like a French waltz, petite **Christine Carere** joined us. "No, no, no," she assured Sal. "The King did not take Susan. She grabbed him. I was at the party where it happened. All evening she kept him off in a corner to herself." Dipping stalks of crisp celery into a carefully blended concoction of oil and vinegar, she smiled sweetly at both of us. "This is supposed to cheer me up?" Sal demanded—but secretly we both knew he was far from heartbroken.

"Movie acting is not for girls," Christine suddenly announced. "The work is too hard, too demanding." I sympathized, thinking of all the pretty young things who make their way to this Mecca each year, only to find a starlet's life isn't the breeze they'd imagined it to be. Sal agreed heartily. "I cured my sister Sarina of wanting to act," he said. "I forced her to get up at five one morning, go with me to the studio, sit there all day until six, then go right into a meeting with the producer and director until late that evening. When we finally got home, she'd had it. I never heard another word."

It's astounding how amusing and gay Sal has become. His imitation of an exaggerated Bronx and Brooklynese accent had me in hysterics. "Who talks like theese?" Christine demanded. "A lot of people we know," Sal said, winking mischievously at me. Sal and his brother-manager have taken a house in Laurel Canyon while he's making "A



Dino had fun, but Coop seemed tired. Is he working too hard?



What will happen if Cary sees Kim at the Cannes fete?

Private's Affair" with Christine, Terry Moore and Barry Coc. "But you should see my home in Westchester, New York," he said. "It's on an island with fifteen other homes and it's beautiful—built by Mary Pickford when she lived there. Now look, Sara, there's one thing I want you to promise," he insisted. "When you visit New York again, you telephone me right away and I'll come and get you and take you up for a visit with my family. Is it a deal?" "It's a deal," I agreed.

Everything Is "Kookie" (pronounced Edd Byrnes): It's the newest catchword in Hollywood. For instance, Millie Perkins' wonderfully flat voice in "The Diary of Anne Frank" is kookie. So's Jayne Mansfield's silver eyebrows for evening; the way Tuesday Weld wears small corsages tied to her wrist and Edd Byrnes' pompadour hairdo in "77 Sunset Strip." All are kookie. So's the pastel pink, yellow and blue hose that teenagers are wearing with their summer dresses; Jane Powell's open sursey "with the fringe on top"; and the town's wholesale crush on Fabian—all kookie. So's the great big polka dots tiny June Allyson is wearing on summer evening dresses; the way Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa fight and make up, with harsh words and costly gifts; and Sophia Loren's preference for wearing her diamond brooch as a hair ornament—kookie, delightfully kookie.

The Truth Is: While Liz Taylor embraced Judaism, Gary Cooper became a Catholic, the faith of his wife Rocky and daughter Maria. Which proves, in both instances, movie stars are seeking the Way through the faith of their own choice. . . . Nancy Sinatra is the loyalest, most wonderful ex-wife this or any other town ever knew. "Frank is good to me and the children," she assured me recently at a party. "He never forgets our birthdays. He comes to see us and to care for us." I determined, because I love Nancy, to see and to know the good in Frankie. It has to be there to earn the loyalty of a woman like Nancy. Anyway, his warm welcome to Gina Lollobrigida, her husband Dr. Milko Skofic and son Milko Jr., was most gratifying. Gina, who co-stars with Frank in "Never So Few," declared right off there would be no feud with Sophia Loren. Whatever the two may have felt about each other in Rome, in Hollywood it's to be love

and kisses. And just to make sure, Sophia and her husband Carlo Ponti took off for Europe shortly after Gina's arrival. . . . The feeling is Janet Leigh couldn't care less whether she ever makes another movie or not. This once ambitious actress has relaxed into contented wifehood and motherhood. Besides, husband Tony Curtis earns enough fame these days to do the both of them. . . . Bing Crosby, who recently made that rather plaintive confession that he'd failed his boys as a parent, will become a daddy for the sixth time in the early autumn. "I've stopped talking about wanting a girl," he told me. But Kathryn confided they're both praying quietly for a little Mary Frances. In the meantime, his four grown sons flew to their dad's defense in his self reproaches, creating a warmer, more friendly relationship among the Crosby clan, which is as it should be.

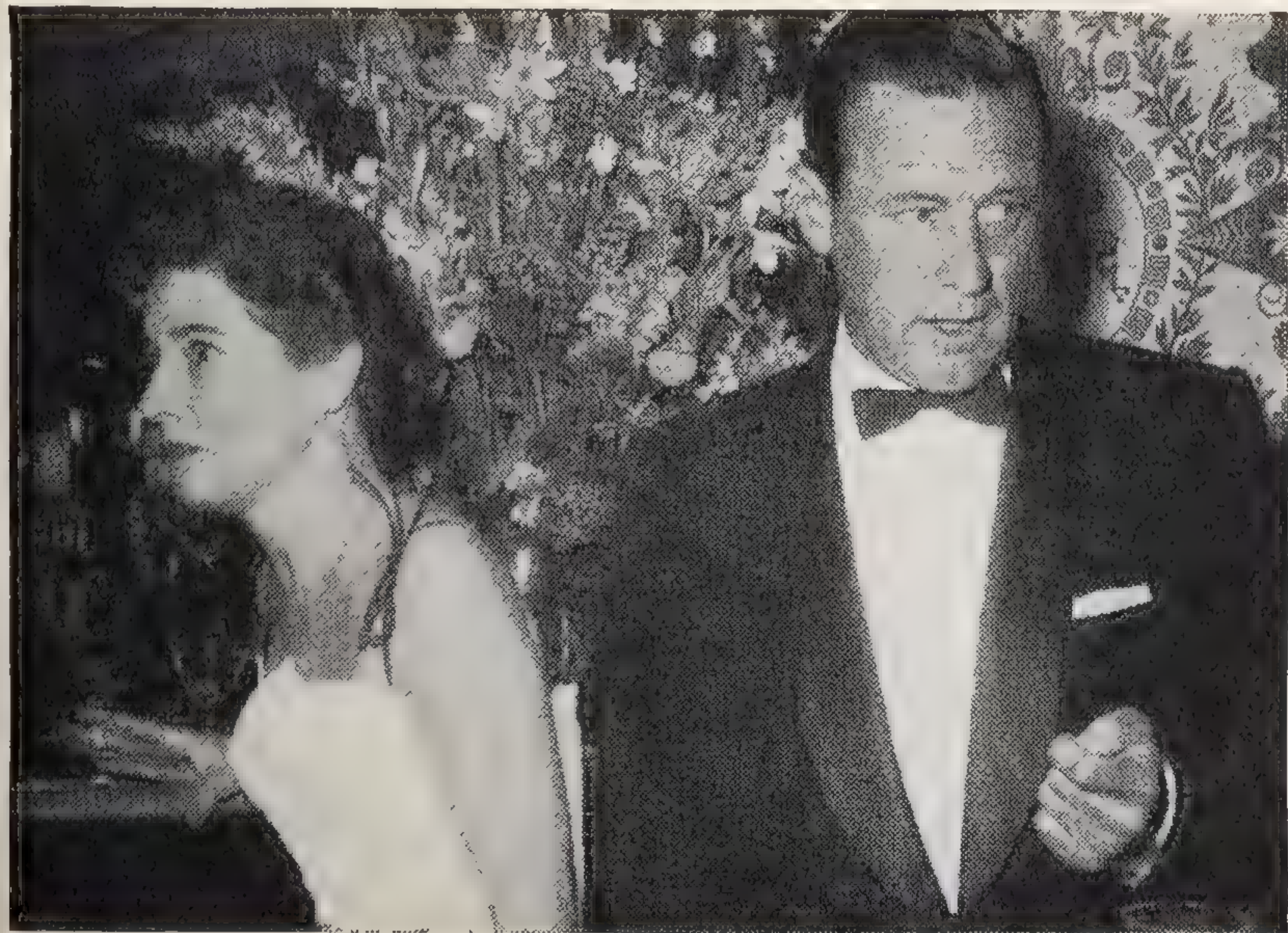
New Boy In Town: Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley and Warren Berlinger were rehearsing a scene when I crept onto the "Blue Denim" set. "Quiet" was the order of the day. But the instant the scene was finished, Brandon and Carol came by to say hello, before he dashed to the schoolroom on the set, and Warren and I sat down for a chat.

Right off, I think you're going to be crazy about this nineteen-year-old lad who made his movie debut in "Teenage Rebel." He's been a part of the entertainment world for eleven years, attending Children's Professional School in New York in the morning and rehearsing and performing in radio and TV shows in the afternoon. Evenings, he'd scoot over to Broadway for roles in such hits as "Anniversary Waltz," "A Roomful of Roses" and the stage version of "Blue Denim," which is the frank story of teenagers trying to be independent of their parents—even when faced with an illegitimate pregnancy.

"I wasn't pushed into acting," Warren says. "I wanted to do it." And he still wants to. "I've been going with the same girl, Betty Lou Keim, for five years," he told me. "I met her in the movie 'Teenage Rebel' when I was fifteen and there's never been another girl for me. She's level-headed and wonderful." We watched as the next scene was being set up. "I hope parents flock to see this picture," Warren said. "Maybe they'll find out things about their kids they were too busy to notice." (continued)



The jeans set could take a cue from chic Joan Bennett.



Bill Holden, despite recent ill health, came with Ardis.



Bob Wagner looks quizzically! Nat Wood seems unperturbed.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Looking Back: She was Hollywood's first golden girl and I look back now to her blond beauty, frank quips and generous heart with a nostalgia we all feel at the mention of Carole Lombard's name. There was a surface vivacity about Carole that attracted everyone who knew her. And there was an inner sadness only those who knew her best could sense. As if she knew the fate that lay ahead; a fate that snatched her up in the time of her greatest happiness as Clark Gable's wife and left her dead on a western mountain side. An air crash victim on her way home from an eastern bond rally, Carole was and still is mourned by all of us who knew her. Born Jane Peters in Fort Wayne, Indiana, she came to Hollywood with her well-to-do family while still very young. It was only a step later on to movies and stardom. And what



Carole Lombard was the fore-runner of the modern girl.

a bright comedienne she became, tossing her hair and letting fly her devastating observations. She was the original *modern* girl—open, generous, frank, free. I recall the day she surprised us by marrying Bill Powell; I remember, too, the day she first met Gable and found a new way of life; and when it all ended. Though I tried to say goodbye, I couldn't. . . . The flame burns on in memory. —CAL YORK

Lunch at Universal: "Peter Gunn" walked into the Universal studio dining room and off in a corner someone softly whistled his TV theme song. With a smile in that direction and a friendly wave toward us, **Craig Stevens**, who is "Peter Gunn" of course, sat down to lunch. I had expected a quiet hour of newsgathering in the dining room and instead met up with a banquet of males. Handsome **John Forsythe**, a very old friend, greeted me with a kiss on the cheek. John is again shooting his TV "Bachelor Father" series. Producer **Ross Hunter** stopped by our table with "happy talk" over his latest movie, "Anyway the Wind Blows" with **Rock Hudson**, **Doris Day** and **Tony Randall**. In the next instant, Rock himself, in his shirtsleeves yet, sauntered in. With a "Do you mind?" he sat down with me and studio publicist Betty Mitchell to eat his cottage cheese with pears, to swipe the hard boiled eggs from Betty's plate, to sneak forkfuls of my chicken salad and to scrape the gooey icing from Betty's cake and eat it all. "This is the Hudson diet method?" I asked. "I only eat because I'm so nervous. Let's you and I stop smoking," he suggested to Betty. "I smoke two packs a day," he told me, "and I've got to cut down. First thing I do in the morning is reach for a cigarette. The minute I step out of the shower, I reach for the lighted cigarette that's waiting." Betty was a little dubious but finally the contest was agreed to, with me as referee.

At this point, another coatless and equally handsome gentleman, **Cary Grant**, strolled in, took a second glance at the three of us, and came over, instantly getting into a discussion with Rock on boats. Rock told us he's renamed his boat. "I used to call her the Lady Claire," he said, "but I found the new name 'Khairizan,' in a book. Later I discovered that it's an Arabic word meaning 'Luck and Good Fortune.'" After the discussion, Cary asked, "Are you going to the Cannes Film Festival?" Suddenly I remembered that was precisely where **Kim Novak** was planning to be. And remembering the way Kim had nestled up to Cary on the dance floor a few evenings before, I began putting two and two together and came up with two—Cary and Kim. And what a handsome pair! Coming out of my dream I listened to Rock explain his near-future plans to Cary. "The minute this picture is over, I'm getting on my boat, crossing to the island of Catalina, tying up for a few weeks to just read and listen to music and sleep." "And eat," I suggested. "And eat," Rock agreed.

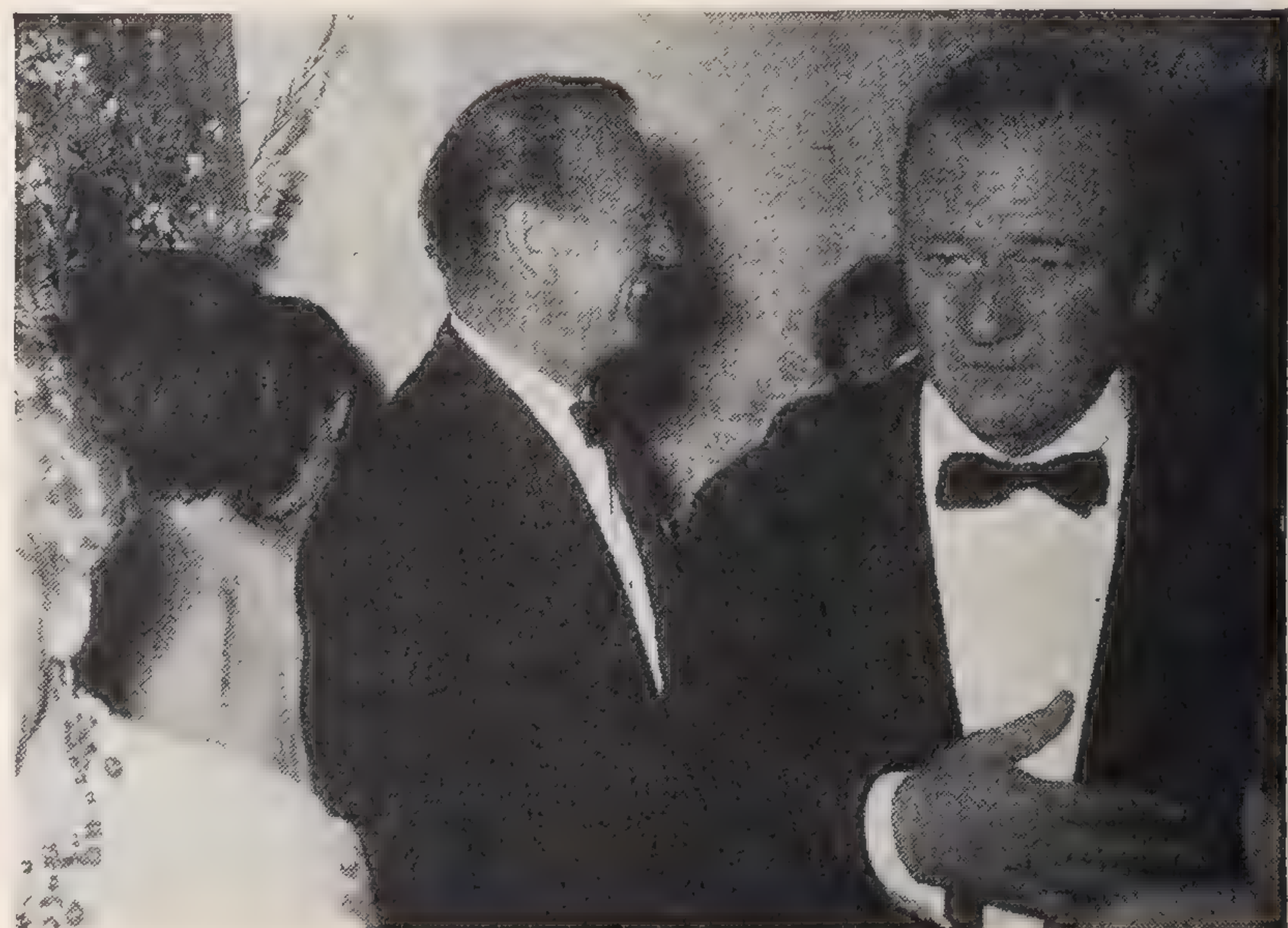
Across the room **Sir Laurence Olivier** and **Peter Ustinov** were having their tea. **Tony Randall** waved on his way back to the set. **Tony Curtis**, who grows handsomer day by day, especially since his dark hair has become silver-tipped, came by to say goodbye to Cary, his co-star in "Operation Petticoat." His role in the film had been completed that morning and he was off to join his friends **Kirk Douglas**, Olivier and Ustinov in "Spartacus." And then it was time for both Rock and Cary to return to their sets.

As for that no-smoking contest, "Betty smoked first," Rock told me later. "I didn't have one cigarette," he added proudly, "till evening!" And that's what the stars've been saying to

—SARA



Shirley MacLaine looks sad—till Steve (left) comes home.



Big Boy and Duke Wayne made us women feel so-o-o little.

Cal York's Jottings:

It's good to see such familiar faces as **George Raft**, **Joe E. Brown**, **Frank McHugh** and **Jack Oakie** in movies again. . . . Those business "tycoons" **Cliff Robertson** and **Jeff Hunter** are doubling in plastic these days. Cliff, between movie chores, is promoting his plastic surf boards and Jeff his plastic boats. . . . It's fun to watch **Millie Perkins** driving down Sunset Boulevard with an ice-cream cone, oblivious to stares from those who recently had no idea who she was. . . . **Vic Damone** won no friends with that court order restraining his ex-wife **Pier Angeli** from taking their small son to Europe where a job awaited her. What will happen to Pier, who mistakenly disobeyed the order, is a worry to her friends. . . . **Inger Stevens** and composer **Jimmy Van Heusen** are a twosome. . . . **Ronnie Burns** scared everybody, himself included, while he was cleaning his Colt .45 at home. The gun went off accidentally and the slug went through an open window, bounced off the drapes and landed on the living-room floor of George and Gracie's next-door neighbor. . . . **Jane Wyman** and her ex-husband **Freddie Karger** have been having dates, but friends don't expect a reconciliation. Jane says they're just friendly. . . . Not for **Kim Novak** the upkeep of a lavish home. She placed her new manse on the market and will batch it at the beach in the simple style she prefers. Incidentally, though Kim came to the **Dirk Bogarde** party with her secretary, she went home with director **Richard Quine**. . . . The final decree is in the records of Superior Court, ending the marriage of **Esther Williams** and **Ben Gage**. Is this a cue for **Jeff Chandler**? . . . Sue and **Alan Ladd** have one of the busiest families in town. Have you heard young **David's** disk of "Can I Carry Your Books?" and "The Sad Horse"? He's going to wax another soon. His beautiful sixteen-year-old sister, **Alana**, joins father Alan, **Jeanne Crain** and **Frankie Avalon** in the movie, "Guns of the Timberland," so off she goes on a career of her own.

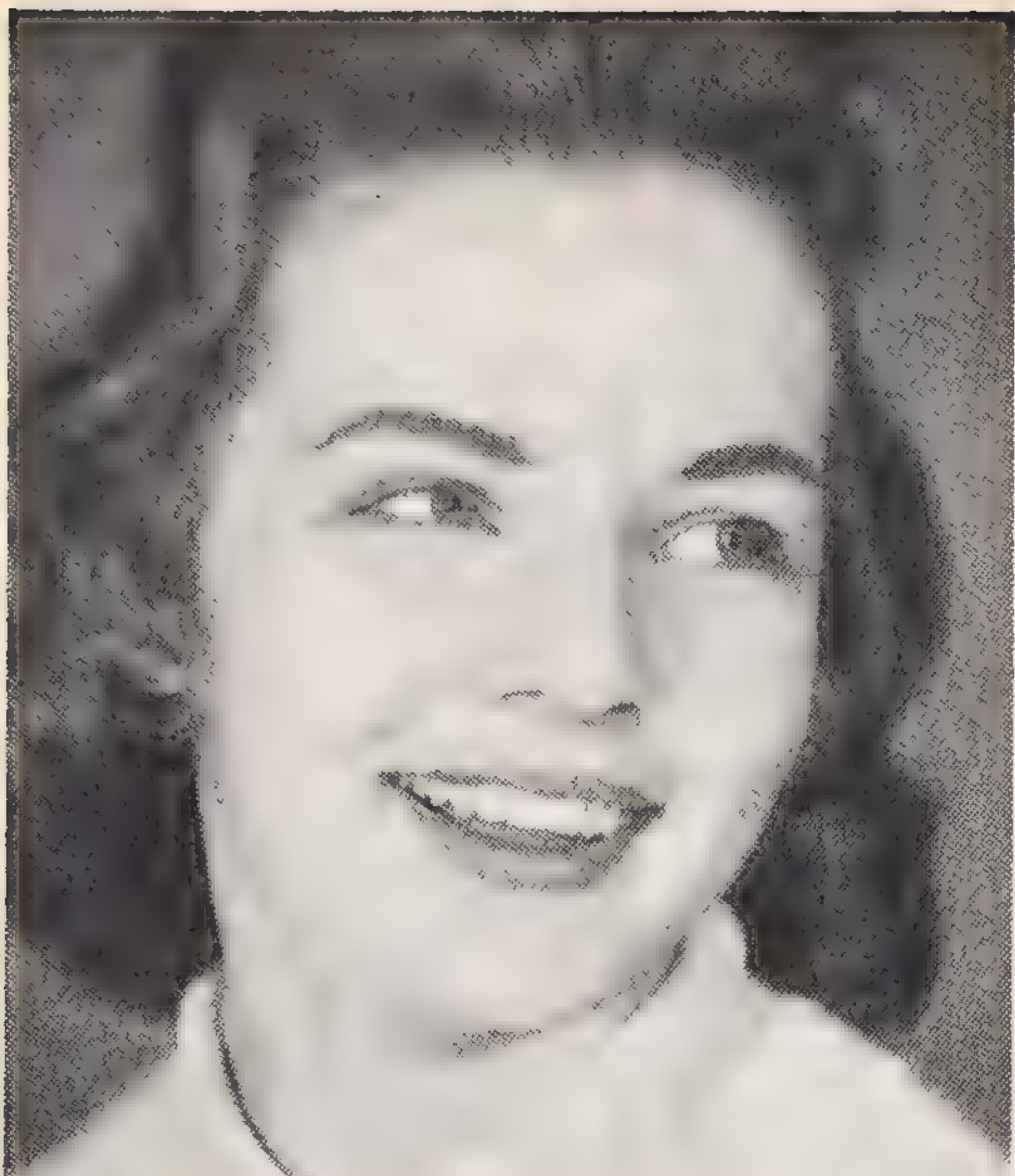


Ingrid's husband Lars charmed us all.

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ON THE WIND • SPICE 'N' ICE • FROSTY MIST Three refreshing moods in fragrance . . . crisp, spicy and floral cool. Each in a towering 6-ounce decanter, beautifully gift boxed. Matching cologne stick and cloud-soft, dreamy dusting powder, **EACH 1.00**. And for the first time in these summer fragrances, new Spray Cologne to spray with the lightest touch of your finger. **ONLY 1.50**.



ALICE PAULSEN, Flushing High School, Flushing, N. Y., says:

"I had never had a pimple before . . . and it *would* happen just a week before a very special dance. I was really worried! But my mother told me to try Clearasil. I took her advice and it worked like a dream."

Alice Paulsen

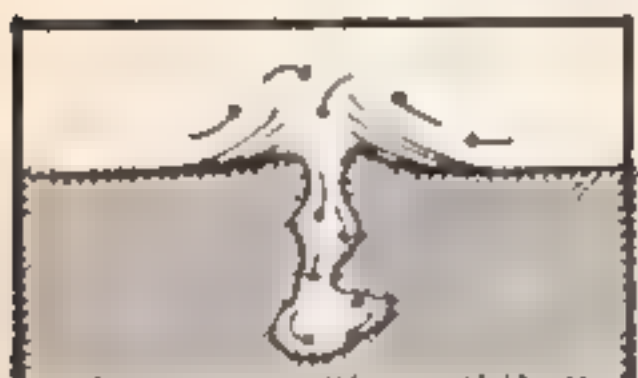
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'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. Penetrates pimples. 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimples outbreaks!



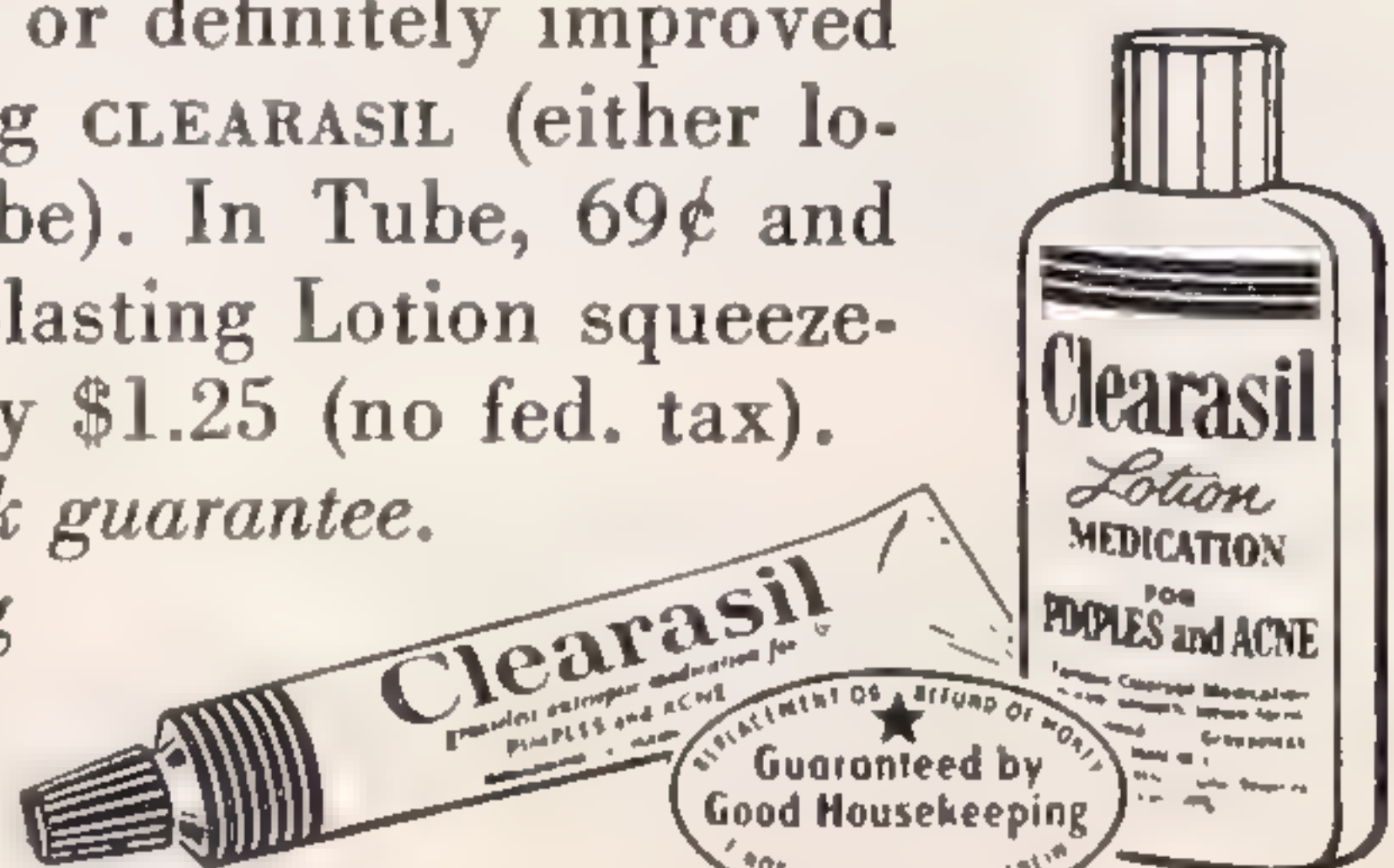
3. 'Starves' pimples. Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

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JOAN CRAWFORD

Continued from page 72

it off—it's always still, so early on a Sunday, she thought.

She moved away and walked into the kitchen. Gently opening the door of the refrigerator, she took out a pitcher of orange juice and filled a glass which was standing on a nearby enamel-topped table. Then, picking it up, she drank a little and then walked slowly back towards her husband's bedroom.

She paused at the door, seeming to wonder whether to wake him. He'd been extremely tired the night before, but even so, had insisted they play a round of gin rummy before bed. And with a goodnight kiss, she'd left him and retired to her own room. It had been a good evening . . . they'd had dinner on trays by the fire, watched Perry Como on TV, and then Joan had done some last-minute packing for their Jamaica holiday.

Now, as she opened the door, she was hesitant. "Al," she called softly, into the darkened room. Then, as she opened the door a little further, a look of horror crossed her face. The bed was empty, rumpled and twisted, and suddenly she let out a terrible scream . . . because he lay quite still on the floor.

She ran over to him and, crouching down, touched his forehead. And then, as she started to feel his pulse, she was already breathing heavily . . . because *there was no beat from it at all*.

She put her hands to her face and began screaming . . . screaming uncontrollably. Tears were running down her cheeks.

It was more than ten minutes later before she became calm enough to go to the telephone and call a doctor. He promised to be right over. But she knew that it would be ten, even twenty minutes, maybe, before he arrived . . . minutes to wait, to wonder . . . Yet already she knew the answer.

Turning from her husband's bed, she walked slowly back into the living room and sat down on the edge of the couch, crouched over, her head resting in her cupped hands. And she began sobbing quietly. . . .

They'd shared so much together, even in those few short years—years which had brought her more happiness than she'd ever known in her life before. And now? She was scared, very scared . . . scared of the loneliness, the emptiness,

the knowing . . . that there would be no one to come home to any more.

The droning of a plane overhead made her look up as though she could see it through the ceiling of her apartment. She puckered her forehead a little: wasn't it a plane—because of a plane, that it had all begun? The memories were confused now, but that noise reminded her of a special one, one so clear because it had been a part of her wedding day. . . .

But you know I'm afraid of flying," she'd been saying to Al as they had been sitting in Romanoff's, in Hollywood, discussing wedding plans one evening.

"You just say that," he chided. "I know you're not really." He picked up a spoon and stirred a cup of coffee vigorously.

"Okay," she had laughed. "So I'm not." "Then prove it to me by flying to Las Vegas tonight and getting married."

"Tonight? Oh, Al. Be sensible."

"Why?"

"Well . . . you're supposed to be sensible. One of the country's top businessmen and you talk of eloping?"

"Yes." He put an arm around her and kissed her very lightly on the cheek. Then he looked at his watch. "There's a plane that leaves for Las Vegas just after midnight. I'll call for reservations."

"Al?" She looked at him, not quite sure what to say. "We . . . you . . . well, all right then . . ."

"Knew you'd say yes. I won't be a moment." And suddenly he was gone, disappearing through the clustered tables and out of sight before she could say another word.

An hour later she was already sitting in the plane, and safe though she felt with Al, she found herself tensing a little and clinging to him as the engines roared and they left the ground.

"It's . . . it's beautiful, isn't it, Al?" she said, still a little dazed. "Look! Look at the way the moon's shining on the wings."

He leaned over and looked out of the tiny round window by the side of her seat. "Yes, it is. And it's even more beautiful at dawn and at sunset. You'll see. We'll make many, many more flights."

"Al—to think it all happened so suddenly. And me—still in my dinner dress." She looked down at the black and gold lace dress she was wearing and pulled her mink stole a little tighter around her shoulders. Then she laughed. "I'm sounding like a high-school girl who's just been to her first prom."

They were silent for a while. Then she put her hand in his and said softly, "I'm

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going to make you the best wife in the world."

And from that moment on she worked to keep her promise, to build a home, a warmth, a feeling of love between them that would grow and last.

There had been this apartment . . . and she smiled a little as she remembered the tremendous fun and pleasure they'd had in choosing it and decorating it and picking out furniture and little objects for it.

"I feel as though I'm back in California," she'd laughed to Al as they stood in the living room and looked around them—at the wide, mirrored wall, the dazzling white carpet, the sun-yellow sofa and the flowering dogwood tree that stood in the corner. "It's the dogwood tree that does it," she concluded.

"You and your dogwood," he'd chided. And they'd found themselves laughing.

"And whose idea was it for a mirrored wall?" she'd tossed back.

"And how long is that carpet going to stay white?"

"We'll have people take off their shoes when they come to see us," she'd said.

"Okay. At least it will give them something to talk about!"

Yet even the long, tiring business trips—the times away from their home, had been good, too, she thought. For the first time in her life she'd played just a single role: that of a wife. As Mrs. Steele, she had followed him around the country—even around the world—helping to make his life happier, warmer . . . to be just a wife and want nothing more.

"He's the most wonderful man who ever lived," she'd told a friend just recently.

But now it was all over . . .

She got up and walked over to the window. It was still oppressively hot and cloudy. Yet she was shivering . . . shivering as she had been every one of those awful times in her earlier life when she'd had to face a judge and say, "I want a divorce . . . he made unreasonable demands on me . . . I couldn't live a normal life," when in essence she was saying, "My marriage has been a failure. Maybe I'm just not able to make marriage work."

Now fate had taken a cruel stand.

Joan turned away from the window. On a low table she noticed some colored travel pamphlets picturing the West Indies . . . We would have been there in a few days, she thought, picking up the one marked "Jamaica" and then dropping it back on the pile. There was a hopelessness, a finality about her gesture.

It was to have been their second honeymoon, a rest from the tiring, endless business trips Al had been taking; trips which had exhausted him but which had made him known as one of the finest businessmen of the day. And two young people who had just been married couldn't have been looking forward to anything as much. Now she knew they would never make it.

The sound of the doorbell made her start. At first she didn't move. She just stood, looking towards the bedroom. Then, finally, when it buzzed and buzzed again, she walked weakly over towards the door. And opened it.

"I got here just as soon as possible," said the elderly man with a black case who stood in the doorway.

"I know, doctor," she said quietly. And she followed him as he walked toward the bedroom. But she did not go in with him.

And a few minutes later when he came out, she knew she had to face for certain what she'd feared all along.

"I'm sorry," was all he said.

And then she began to sob, to cry like a child . . . there was nothing left . . . There was no one to come home to now.

THE END

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here . . . exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢
plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

JIMMIE RODGERS

Continued from page 64

annoyed with myself for becoming suddenly so excited over just a simple date, I accepted instantly and then suggested maybe he'd like to come over to the house—about eight.

I changed into a white angora sweater and pale blue skirt, and when he arrived he told my folks, "We're going downtown for some coffee—just for a little while." Well, that little while lasted until six o'clock the next morning! We drank dozens of cups of coffee at a little place Jimmie liked, and talked about everything from Camas to Korea. At midnight I called home and said, "I'm still with Jimmie. He's singing now, and I just can't leave." I was seventeen then, and funny as it sounds, I was quite at ease sitting alone at our table while he sang to everybody in the club.

But the thing that scared me—yes, really scared me—was that we got along so well together, as if we'd been going steady for years. This can't happen, I told myself. Everything can't be so perfect on our first night out. I kept waiting for something to go wrong. But nothing did. And when Jimmie brought me home in his second-hand car, he turned towards me, put his arm across the back of the seat and asked me for another coffee date the following Sunday. I accepted. "You know that on Monday I'm due back in Hollywood," I said softly, realizing, even after our one date, how much I'd miss him. Jimmie smiled his slow easy smile, and I felt a chill run up my spine. "It's wrong," I told myself, "for me to feel so funny. I've known Jimmie for years."

I watched from the doorstep as he revved up the engine of the car and started off slowly down the road. And when I went inside the house and finally got to bed, I started twisting and turning, completely unable to sleep a wink. I must have thought about Jimmie for hours and hours and finally gave up trying to sleep, going downstairs for a cup of coffee. Everything in my mind seemed to pivot around our Sunday date.

But that Sunday, May 10th, I had my accident. In one split-second my face was ripped apart as I crashed through the windshield of our car. A siren-screaming ambulance carried me to Longview Hospital while I pressed my torn lips together and tried to hold my broken nose in place.

For months I didn't know what I'd look like. And the doctors couldn't promise much, although they said they'd do everything they could, and Dr. Ray, the dental surgeon, sewed my lips together a number of times because the lip-line was uneven. He gave me such confidence. "We're doing everything we can," he'd say, "to make things just right!"

It was Jimmie, though, who gave me the most confidence of all. Jimmie understood my feelings. He knew I didn't want to see anybody during those first few days of agony. So he wrote me pencilled notes, always ending them with "... say, don't forget, we have another coffee date ..."

Well, many months had to pass before I could leave the hospital, and, when I did, I wore a white surgical mask over my whole face because the doctors couldn't begin the plastic surgery until my scars were completely healed.

Jimmie came to visit me every day and sometimes, when my head throbbed with pain and I couldn't sleep, he would come over at two in the morning, after he finished singing at one of the nearby clubs, and he'd read to me. Or we'd go for a drive in the cool countryside—I was still

hiding my face under a mask—and I'd breathe the clean air and feel better.

Throughout seven long months of painful plastic surgery, months of doctors sanding deep down into the nerve-tissue of my face to dig the scars away, I kept thinking I could never marry Jimmie. It wasn't fair. Why should he spend his life with a disfigured person?

Then, one morning, after months of waiting, I had my dentures fitted into my mouth. I felt strange and uncomfortable. I was convinced I looked ugly and no amount of glances in the mirror or reassurances from the doctor could convince me otherwise. I was afraid to go outside into the doctor's anteroom where I knew Jimmie was waiting.

"He's going to hate me," I found myself whispering over and over as I stared in the mirror at my puffy, blotchy face.

"Of course he's not," said the doctor quietly.

I gently ran the palm of my right hand over my cheeks. "No," I said firmly. "I just can't—not like this." And I turned around and started looking for the white mask I'd been wearing now for these many months.

I found it rolled up on a surgical table in a corner of the room. I picked it up and tied it across my face and then, with fists

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clenched and my heart beating a thousand times faster than usual, I opened the door that led to the waiting room.

Jimmie stood up as I entered the room. There were just the two of us—alone. For some reason I felt rooted to the spot as I watched him walk slowly toward me. Then he stopped and looked at me, and I couldn't even find the words to protest when he put his hands up to my face and began untying the mask. All I could do was close my eyes tight as though it would stop him from seeing.

"Do you . . . do you really . . . want to see it?" was all I could stammer.

"Yes, I do," he said quietly.

It was off. I stood before him, my face as white as chalk—I could see it through the mirror at the far end of the room—and the splotchy-red scars seemed to scream out from my skin.

And suddenly I found that he had put his arms around me and he was standing quite still for a moment. Then gently, for the first time since I'd known him, he kissed me on my lips. "You're beautiful," he said. And he held my arm as we left the room.

We had a cup of coffee in a luncheonette around the corner and all the time I could feel people staring at me. It's a small town; everyone knew us. I'm sure they were wondering how I'd been since the accident, and if my face would ever be completely normal. All I could do was to thank God for giving me Jimmie to stand by me through it all . . . through the most frightening moments of my life.

It was on my birthday, August 22nd, that Jimmie called me up for a ride, and, in the midst of a traffic jam, gave me my engagement ring. He tossed it into my lap. "If you're going to throw it at me," I teased, "then I don't want it."

We went to tell his folks and mine. My mom, standing between us, her face bright with excitement, didn't say anything at first. At last she spoke up, "Will you have her?" Jimmie nodded yes.

Then she said, "Will you have him?" I nodded yes. It was almost like a wedding ceremony, and we all began to cry.

On January 4, 1957, we eloped to Portland, Oregon, because so many folks kept saying we shouldn't get married—that Jimmie should wait for me to be completely well.

We spent our first "monthiversary" in Hollywood, where Jimmie was trying to find work. Reports came to us from back home that people thought something was wrong because we'd rushed off into marriage. But we were learning not to let small talk bother us. Of course, we had awful responsibilities facing us when we said our "I do's." Jimmie didn't have a steady job; he picked up what he could at the clubs. There was a lot of surgery still ahead for me, and my parents had already mortgaged their home to pay hospital expenses.

I was terribly anxious about Jimmie's career. I wanted him to begin making records. It was only when we were down to our last dollar that he was first asked to audition for a record company in New York. After he told me the news, I just stood still and bawled. I cried so hard I almost—literally—broke my stitches.

"We came to New York on a shoe-string," Jimmie often says, "and we had more guts than brains." And in many ways it was true. We drove nonstop to Flagstaff, Arizona, then nonstop again to Nashville, where we slept for two days. We had three blowouts. When we got to New York, we lived on baked beans and sardines. Our money was running out, so we bought three cartons of Tootsie Rolls and lived on them for days. We knew some executives at the record company, but were ashamed to ask for money. Whenever Mother would write us, she'd always slip a dollar-bill or two into the envelope, and it saved us more than once. Her letters always came on the days when we were down to our last cent.

We kept waiting for the record people to make up their minds about Jimmie's audition. Finally, I submitted his name to Arthur Godfrey's program, and I got a hundred dollars for being a talent scout.

We lived at a little hotel near Times Square because it was the cheapest place we could find. Sometimes we'd pass the hours counting cockroaches on the wall to forget how hungry we were. Honestly—whoever counted the most cockroaches on the wall nearest him got an extra bite of a Tootsie Roll.

Finally, after days of starvation and prayer, when our hope was running out and we were already thinking of returning to the West Coast, Roulette Records signed Jimmie and advanced us some money on his recording of "Honeycomb."

It became a national hit, and our dark days ended. We were able to buy our own home in Granada, California. We love it, of course, but, as I've already told you, when two people live under one roof, they learn to expect the unexpected.

One afternoon, soon after we'd moved in, Jimmie began hunting around for his music. He'd been away on tour and hadn't had a chance to get it all together. "You must know where it is," he accused. "You just don't want to tell me." He's always particularly nervous after the strain of a tour.

"I haven't seen it—honestly," I said, shaking my head. And I began helping him look for it. In the next room a gust of wind suddenly (Continued on page 84)

NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

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New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses . . . so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!



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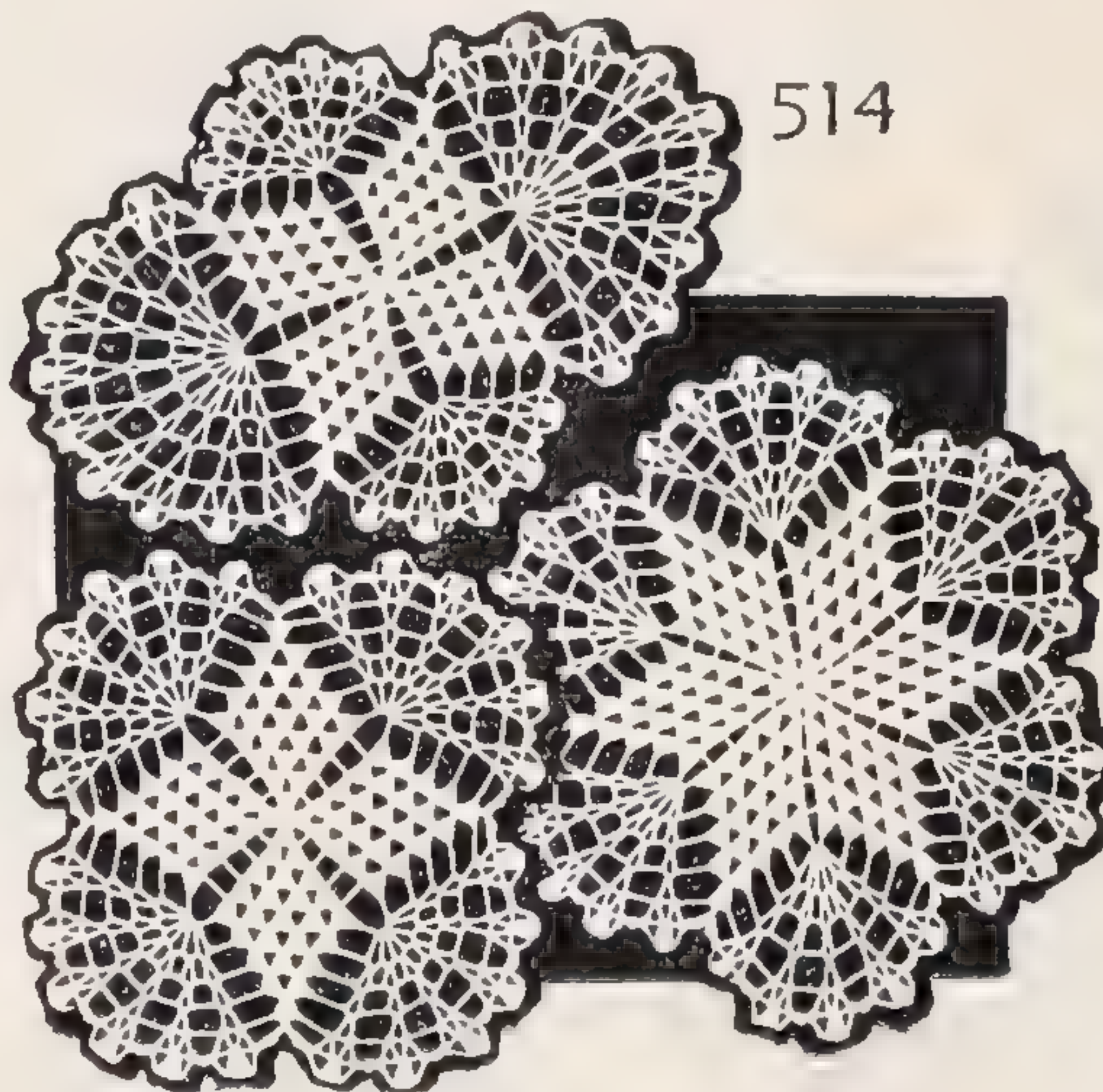
Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.



Beautiful Columbia newcomer Yvonne Craig, now being seen in "The Young Land," sews her gifts.



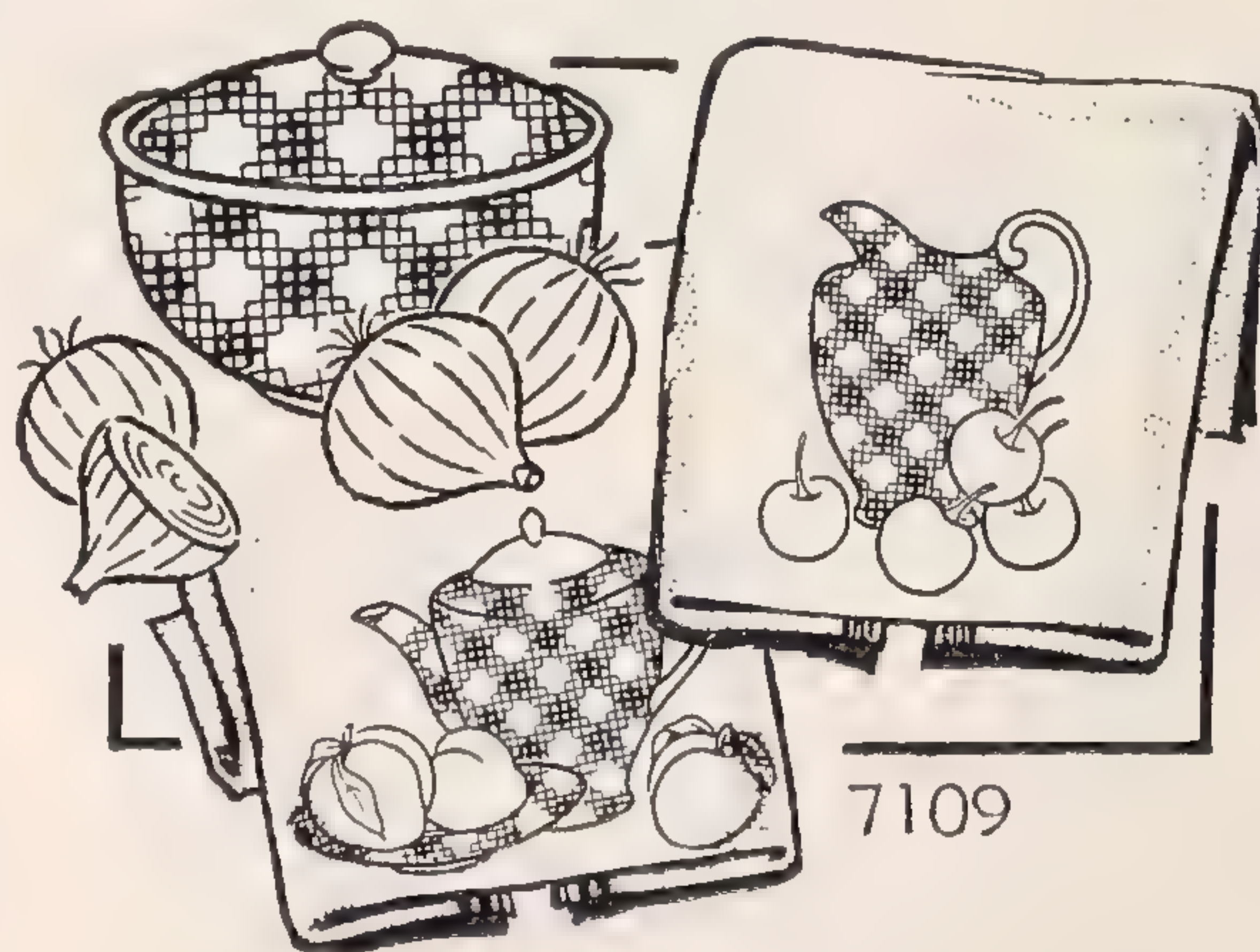
7300—Easy-to-sew maternity tops. Just one pattern piece plus embroidery floral transfer. Maternity sizes 10-16.



514—Crochet directions for doily trio: 9½-inch round, 7½-inch square, 11-inch oval in No. 50 cotton thread.



7395—Delightful gift for new mother is a baby sampler. 16x19 inch transfer, 60 names, color chart, all included.



7109—Simple cross-stitch kitchen accessories look like gingham appliqué. Six 5½x6-inch motifs on transfers.

(Continued from page 82)

swept past me and slammed the door shut before I could catch onto the handle.

"Don't slam the door at me!" Jimmie shouted, from the music room.

"I didn't..." I began to protest. Then I noticed the doorhandle was jiggling around, and I went up to it and turned it. But nothing happened. The door was jammed.

Jimmie must have been really mad because the next minute there was a loud crack and his foot appeared right through the door-panel.

"Say—why did you do that?" I said. "It was only the wind."

"The wind?" he repeated, puzzled.

And then we began to laugh. That door still hasn't been repaired.

Usually, at the beginning, you want to have everything just perfect. But it isn't. Not too long ago, I remember feeling foolish at a small party we had for some important people, and Jimmie kids me about it to this very day.

An executive and his wife had dropped over to see the new house, and I asked them what they'd like to drink. "Martinis—with onions—for both of us," said the executive.

Now I don't drink, so I checked our handy bartender's guide. I mixed the gin and vermouth, but when it came to the onion I didn't know what to do and I couldn't disturb Jimmie because he seemed so busy talking. The book said nothing about it. So I went into the kitchen and took a big Spanish onion, chopped it up real fine and sprinkled it all over the top of the drinks.

I thought the couple gave me strange looks when they took their glasses, but it wasn't until I noticed them both contorting their faces as though they had bad tastes in their mouths and as though something was stuck in their teeth, that I really knew something was wrong. Nevertheless, still acting as a good hostess, I asked if they'd like more. Both instantly said "No! No, thank you."

At this moment, Jimmie tapped me on the arm and beckoned me into the kitchen. "Do you know what you've done?" he said, half smiling, half mad.

"No?" I answered, wide-eyed.

"You've made those Martinis all wrong. You're supposed to use tiny pickled cocktail onions, silly, not chopped pieces."

I should have been mad at him for making me look such a fool but all I could do was stare at him in wonder. My Jimmie suddenly seemed to have twice the social know-how I'd ever given him credit for.

"Don't stare at me like that," he said sharply. "At least try to be a good hostess."

I made a joke of the whole thing when we went back inside and afterwards I kept telling Jimmie, "But how was I to know?"

"You can take a girl out of the country," he would tease, "but it seems you can't take the country out of a girl." He thought it a great joke.

That day I didn't laugh, but I've since learned to tease him right back.

But—speaking of the unexpected, we were in Washington, D. C., once, when I went into our hotel room to wash up, and I could have sworn I saw a movement behind the shower curtain. Jimmie was downstairs in the lobby with some fans, and I wondered if maybe I wasn't imagining things.

I kept going out of the bathroom and coming in again in the hope that the dark shadow might disappear. But it didn't. And one time it even moved. My heart started to pound. Thieves! Burglars! Hold-up men! It could have been anyone.

Finally I mustered all the courage I could, and, umbrella in one hand, I

marched into the bathroom and pulled at the curtain in one quick sweep.

"I'm only a fan," squeaked a tiny voice as I drew it back. And there stood a small, thin little girl who looked quite soulful, the top of her head wet from the drip-drip of the shower. "Don't be mad," she added, looking up at me out of enormous brown eyes.

"Jimmie's downstairs," I said. What else was there to say?

"I know," she answered, still speaking in a small voice. "I sneaked in when he went down and left the door ajar"—my preoccupied husband! I thought, he'll never remember to shut a door—"and," she went on, "I thought I'd wait till he got back—just to touch him, Mrs. Rodgers. I hadn't meant to frighten anyone."

Then, like a terrified rabbit, she scurried to the door and disappeared before I could say another word. But seconds later she was back. Peeking her head around the hall door, she said, "Mrs. Rodgers?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Could I . . . could I have a souvenir?"

What could I give her? There was an old sock of Jimmie's lying nearby on the bed. So I grabbed at it. "Is this all right?"

"All right?" Her eyes lit up. "Gee—Mrs. Rodgers. How can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, don't mention it," I said happily.

I forgot all about the girl and the sock until two hours later when Jimmie and I were dressing for a dinner party we had that night. "Where's my sock?" he began mumbling, first to himself, then to me.

"Sock?" I said, surprised, for a moment forgetting its fate. Then I remembered and told him the story.

"But it's my only pair of black socks," he wailed. "Can't we get it back?"

"Oh—Jimmie, be serious," I scolded. "How can you ask anyone to return a sock?"

He looked really hurt.

In many ways our marriage has given us both a great deal of insight. One thing you learn—and learn fast—is that nobody's perfect. Sometimes you'll say something you don't mean, and the other person takes offense. And before you know it, the coffee pot's boiling again.

But during our marriage I've grown watching Jimmie grow—as an entertainer and as a human being. Before we married, Jimmie couldn't cry. Now, when he feels things deeply, he's not afraid to show his emotions. When his father, Pop Rodgers, drowned suddenly on a fishing trip at Lackamas Lake, Jimmie cried. He wasn't afraid to let himself go.

And when we were home recently, one of my friends and I had a long talk, and I'll never forget her saying, "I don't know why, but I figured you just couldn't be yourself and stay married to Jimmie. I expected you to lose your personality. But you haven't. You're still Colleen to me."

I like to think this ability to be ourselves is what has made our marriage so wonderful. We love each other very much; yet we have understanding and consideration for each other's feelings and differences. Jimmie enjoys fried chicken, for instance, and I love steak, but there's no law in the world that says because we're Mr. and Mrs. we have to think alike.

Fans have told me they envy my having such a perfect marriage. It isn't so. It's not perfect. It's something we both have to work at to make grow, to make better. Marriage is never perfect, but if you want to, every day you can both work at growing more closely together, at understanding each other a little more and so forming a more complete and happy partnership as the years go by. THE END

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DICK CLARK

Continued from page 61

the wrong answers. He has to be heard."

Carole Gibson adds, "Then after class they walk down the corridor as if they should be teaching the rest of the students."

"They burn you up," Mary Anne Cuff remarks. "Even if a boy is real handsome, a terrific dresser, or a swell dancer, that's still no excuse for thinking he's better than anybody else."

A small voice (mine) interrupts to ask: "But are all fellows conceited?"

"Oh, no," the girls answer, "but enough are to make you mad."

Barbara Magolon makes a point, "For instance, if you are at a dance and a 'Ladies Choice' comes up, you walk up to some fellow and ask him to be your partner and he just looks down his nose at you. You think you're being friendly and what do you get? A real cold stare."

"Most of the fellows just stand around anyway," an anonymous voice (not mine) assures me.

"Well," I ask, "how do you break them of this conceit?"

Mary and Barbara voice some ideas they've tried: "Use the direct approach. When a fellow thinks he's too good for you—and for everybody else—let him know it takes more than looks, clothes, or being a good dancer to make the girls fall for him."

Carole agrees, "There are a lot of nice fellows who become popular on their personality, even though they aren't the best-looking ones around." Marie Murphy has another point to make, "That's another reason why a fellow shouldn't be afraid to go up to a girl and ask her to dance, even if he doesn't look like a movie star."

Peggy Wheatley of Los Angeles brings up something that's been annoying her: "I hate it when you get dressed up and go to a dance and the fellows are standing around as if they are having a club meeting."

"The only thing you can do to stir things up," offers Carole Gibson, "is to mingle with them and try to hint you'd like to dance."

"That might work sometimes," Barbara Magolon thinks, "but some fellows don't go for that at all. You try to join in and all you get is a blank stare."

"It takes time," is Carole's advice, "but sooner or later they sort of get the hint. That is, if you feel like waiting."

"If it's a dance or a party where most of the gang knows each other," Barbara suggests, "then maybe the host or hostess should start a game or special dance so everybody has to join in. You know, where maybe the last one without a partner has to dance with a broom."

"That might do it," Peggy agrees—"if the host isn't in the huddle himself!"

Almost as bad to the girls is the fellow who makes a date and then proceeds to forget all about it. "When that happens, it's best to forget about him," Barbara Magolon advises. "That is, unless he's really got a good excuse."

Breaking off with a fellow can give the girls a pain in the neck as well as the heart. The girls report that after a fellow has gone steady with a girl for a while and then they break up, the fellow usually won't talk to the girl any more.

Barbara says, "Most of the girls are still willing to talk, but the fellow gets stubborn and thinks it means he's giving in if he talks to her."

Carole is inclined to let the fellows off easy here: "Perhaps his pride is hurt, even if he's the one who broke things off.

A smile might let him know there aren't any hard feelings." That's true even when the girl feels she's the injured party, my friends tell me. "That way he's bound to keep a good opinion of you. Who knows? If you really like him it might catch him off-guard and make him wonder if it was right to break off."

Say, look at the lively group over by that camera. Let's wander across and find out some more of the secrets the girls have managed to discover about the guys.

Pat Molittieri is wearing a new checked skirt and a slightly pained expression. I wonder if she'd think I were prying if I asked her what the trouble was. Oh, I'll ask her anyway. "It's boys," Pat groans. "I'll never understand them." And Frannie Giordano and Rosanne Silver echo her. The reason? "Well, fellows never seem to pick the right time for compliments. You spend the afternoon and evening getting ready for a date, come downstairs thinking you look terrific, and he says 'Hello.' And that's it. A few days later you're running back from an errand hoping nobody will see you with your hair up, wearing pedal pushers and your brother's shirt. There he is at the corner and he says 'Hi, you look great!' What's a girl going to do?"

Rosanne thinks that's just part of the game. "Boys are rare with compliments anyway." From the side, I hear one of the girls passing by suggest, "That's because they think they're the ones to be complimented." I was about to protest that wasn't so, when I saw several heads nodding in agreement. I decided to bide my time. After all, it's the girls' turn.

Dolores McCann thinks fellows could do a lot more to make a dance successful. So does Anna Marie Andreozzi: "When girls go to a dance, they know the only way it can be fun is just to get out and dance. More fellows should realize that." "Even when you manage to get them on the dance floor," Mary Hill joins in, "you often have to start the conversation—and keep it going."

"That's right," Rosanne adds, "either a boy can help keep the conversation going strong, or else he can stop it by just saying 'yes' or 'no' to everything you say."

Pat Molittieri steps up to add, "Maybe the boy thinks he'll convince you he's the strong silent type, so he becomes real quiet. Some boys think that overpowers a girl." "Does it?" I dared to ask. "NO" was the answer, in chorus.

Well, suppose a guy does unbend enough to impress his partner and begin to take her out. Does that mean all will go smoothly? Not according to what I heard. Frannie Giordano reports on one trouble spot. "That's when he calls you up to ask where you'd like to go. You tell him," Frannie says, "and then he comes around and takes you where he intended to go in the first place!"

"If you have a quarrel over this," Pat

comments, "you get the blame for it. But then, girls usually do get all the blame for the fights."

"That's true," Rosanne tells me. "For instance, if you're at a dance it's okay for boys to dance with other girls, but don't you try dancing with other boys."

"The same thing can happen when you're out for a ride or a walk together," Frannie confides. "If you say hello to another boy, then you're flirting. If he says hello, it's just being polite—even when you're in a car and he honks the horn at some girl on the sidewalk. If you tried it he'd want to lock you in the trunk."

If there's one place a girl doesn't appreciate horn-tooting, that's in front of her house, when a fellow comes a-calling. "He should get out of the car and come to the door, instead of just sit in the middle of the road honking his horn," is the rule that Doris Graham would set for big wheels.

There's another fellow who doesn't rate high in the gals' affections, either. He's a fellow who you might say has a real tricky sense of humor . . . but let Rosanne tell you about him.

"You're sitting watching television (or reading Photoplay) and the phone rings. After letting it ring a few times, so you won't look anxious, you answer it. It's a fellow you've already been out with several times, and when he asks 'What are you doing Saturday night?' you think he's asking you out."

"You mean he isn't?" I asked.

"Nope," Rosanne set me straight, "he's just building up to tell you he'll come over and spend the evening at your house!"

I think I get the point. "You mean a parlor date?" "Right. And believe me, when he says that, you really don't know what to say," Rosanne assured me.

"Maybe you could have a prepared answer for calls like that," Mary Hill suggests.

"One time I told a fellow I was going out with my mother," Frannie Giordano relates, "and when he came by the house, my mother and I had to go out and ride around and around in the car until he left."

Anna Marie Andreozzi suggests, "Tell him you might be going out with your girlfriends when he asks what you're doing. That way, you'll have an excuse for nipping any parlor date in the bud. And if he does ask to take you out, you can always say your arrangements with the girls could easily be changed."

Andy Schwartz and Barbara Levick are having a quiet little session over by the autograph table, and Andy thinks boys who are always talking about their ex-girlfriends should find something else to discuss if they want to impress their present dates. Barbara agrees: "Everytime there's the least bit of an argument, whoom, up come the names of his former



Anna Marie Andreozzi, Rosanne Silver, Mary Hill, Frannie Giordano talk to Dick.

steadies." This is supposed to make you believe they can go back to those girls and leave you heartbroken. But it doesn't work. The girls don't believe it at all.

Almost as annoying as talking about ex-girlfriends is all of the chatter about cars. At least that's what Janie Hagan and Thelma Mechin feel. "Even at dances you run into it," Janie reports. "Two or three fellows get together and right away it's cars . . . cars . . . cars!"

"Sports, too," Barbara Levick chimes in. "Most girls don't know that much about them and really feel left out. How would it be if we just talked about clothes or hair? The guys would run off screaming."

Most of the girls feel that many fellows forget that girls don't study up on these subjects the way they do. "It's too much to expect a girl to know all of the batting averages of the Yankees or Braves," Claire Kenny protests. "And while I'm willing to pretend I'm interested, just to be agreeable, I think it's too much to have to go through an entire evening putting on an act. A fellow should at least try to find some subject that interests us, too."

"Sure, how about records, books, television shows, or even what might have happened at school?" Maryann Gaynor suggests.

But what can a girl really do about it when there are things about a boy that drive her mad? "Change a boy?" moaned Frannie Giordano. "Who can?" Well, since we boys have to live together with you girls, somebody's got to try. Let's dig up some rules to start by:

1. If you're going to change him, never let him know you're trying.

2. If he acts like he's too good for you, remember that behind that superior air may lurk an inferiority complex. Try to understand what makes him act like that.

3. If you don't like the way he fumbles, help him become more sure of himself by praising the little things about him that made you first go out with him.

4. If he's jealous, think back to the time the two of you ran into that other boy. Did you just say a friendly "Hello," or did you gab on and on about things that made your date feel left out? If you can honestly say it's not your fault that he's jealous, then take a long long look at what's wrong with your relationship.

5. If all he ever wants to do is come on over to your house, it may be because he's short on his allowance. Next time he calls, put on your sweetest, friendliest manner and say something like: "Mom and Dad say that even if I have company, they don't want to watch 'Maverick.'" Then suggest something that won't cost too much money, like walking over to the "Y" to see what the gang's up to or having a look at that great new ride over at the amusement park.

6. If you think you'll flip your wig if he says one more sentence about baseball or sports cars, just look interested and hope that he'll grow out of it. If he doesn't, then keep doing your best to share his interests. Look at the brighter side—you can get a great tan watching a drag race.

After all, girls, I'm pretty sure you'll find that the fellows aren't too bad. That's just about the way the fellows have it figured out about you, too, if memory serves. Boys really like girls and girls really like boys—and isn't it nice that it worked out that way?

See you next month—if I don't hear from you before.—DICK

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DINAH SHORE

Continued from page 36

fair dealings," Solomon would always say. And in only a few years he had built up his store into a prosperous concern, even establishing branches in two nearby towns.

But Frances Shore never quite had that feeling of belonging, at home or in the town. "I felt disgraced," Dinah remembers, thinking back over her early years. An attack of poliomyelitis at eighteen months had left one leg slightly weak, an affliction which lasted only a very few years but enough to cause her concern and worry. "I was painfully self-conscious," she says now, "and I never told anyone about it until I was grown. I thought that the rest of the kids would shy away from me if they knew. And at home it was a forbidden subject."

This was particularly so because her mother was an extremely athletic woman, and it seemed to Dinah that she didn't want to sympathize with her handicap. Like that afternoon in the park. . . .

It was a pretty, warm spring day and Dinah had been taken out by her mother for a ride on her tricycle. She had wheeled it through the streets until they had reached the safety of the park, where, away from the danger of traffic, her mother had said she could ride. "I'll just sit here for a while," her mother said, spotting an empty park bench under the shade of a low, spreading tree. "It's a quiet path here, so you won't have to worry about running into anyone. Go ahead—climb on."

Lifting a leg over the center of the machine, Dinah clambered on, hugging tight to the handlebars. Slowly she pressed one of the peddles with her right foot, then the one on her left. But the tricycle hardly moved. She pressed a little harder—but still it only rolled forward very slowly. Ten minutes later she was only about six yards further on.

"Come on," shouted her mother, annoyed. "Pedal up. Your foot's all right."

Two small children, playing with a ball nearby, stopped to listen, looking teasingly at Dinah. "Come on—pedal up!" her mother repeated. And Dinah had to struggle forward.

Then, there was also the crisp winter's day when she was playing hopscotch with friends a little way down the street from her home. Thinking her mother was busy inside the house, she began to favor one foot, now and again looking over her shoulder to make sure her mother wasn't anywhere near to see. Then suddenly, just as she had rolled her stone into almost the last square, and was hopping along toward it, a voice shouted, "Frances!" She stopped quite still. Even her playmates, busy arguing over whether one of them had cheated, stopped their chattering at the sound of the commanding tone. "Frances!" the voice repeated. She turned her head and saw her mother standing just a little way off. "Frances," her mother repeated a third time. "What have I always told you about that foot? What do you think your friends will think of you? You ought to be ashamed!"

Dinah didn't answer. She just looked from her mother to her friends and then back again, wishing that the ground would open up and she could disappear. "Sorry, Mommy," was all she finally murmured. Her mother turned and walked back home.

"You must hate me," she said quietly to her friends, a few moments later, noticing their cold stares. "Maybe I should go home?" And she began walking away.

"Don't be stupid," another small girl

pipied up. "My mother's always telling me off about something. Come on, let's finish the game. It was your turn, wasn't it?"

I often think of that day now," Dinah says, "because I learned something very important. It was that as long as you dislike or are afraid of accepting yourself as you really are, people won't be ready to accept or like you. You don't have to be perfect for people to like you . . . you just have to be yourself."

"And I also know now that my mother's refusal to be very sympathetic with me and her insistence that I join in sports which involved a great deal of exercise, were not because she was ashamed of my handicap but because she was determined that I shouldn't find a psychological crutch to lean on."

Actually, Dinah's limp was not noticeable at all, as the polio attack had not been too severe. Yet in every game she played after that, she concentrated on her stricken leg although it was much easier for her to hop and skip with the other one. Above all—she wanted to be one of them. So she began to study dancing . . . and then singing.

And then came her teenage years, which, for Dinah Shore, meant another plunge into the fear of not being wanted or loved.

"The boys I liked," she says now, "didn't even seem to notice me. And only the ones I didn't care for seemed to want to date me. I knocked myself out trying to change into something I wasn't, the type I thought the ones I liked would go for . . . but somehow it never came off."

She was attending Hume Fogg High School in Nashville at the time. And there was one special boy.

He was tall and dark-haired, good-looking and the captain of the football team. And they would meet on their way to school each morning, for he lived just on the next block.

Dinah knew he left his house at exactly ten after eight every morning and each day she would make sure she turned the corner of his block at the very minute he left home.

"Hi!" he would say each day, jumping down the front steps two by two. "You again," he would laugh. And they would walk along to school together, Dinah feeling very proud as they passed the other kids, particularly the girls, because he was the most sought-after boy in the school.

"Coming to the football game on Saturday?" he would ask her almost every week during the winter. And she would nod her head yes, hoping he would ask to meet her at it. But he never did.

Then one rainy morning he saw her turn the corner, raincoat flapping, splashing through the puddles as though a pack of wild animals were at her heels.

"Hey—steady!" he called, catching her arm as she reached him. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing—really," she spluttered, breathless from her run.

"You come running around the corner as though your life were at stake, and with your eyes all red, and you say it's nothing."

"My eyes aren't red."

"Oh yes they are. You've been crying."

"No I haven't!"

"Well, don't say I didn't ask what was wrong," he shrugged.

"It's that . . . that . . . I . . ." she began, hugging her schoolbooks tightly against herself as though for confidence. "It's that since I started cheerleading this winter my voice has gone all husky from shouting and my singing teacher—remember I said I was taking singing lessons—says that I can't do both. So I had to make a choice. And I decided to give up singing. And this morning . . ." she paused and sniffed . . .

"this morning my mother was mad at me. She said I should have stuck to singing."

"Why didn't you?" he asked, guiding her across the street.

"I . . . well . . . I prefer cheerleading," she lied, not intending to tell him the truth, which was that cheerleading gave her a wonderful chance of being near him on Saturday afternoons, so that he would have an even better opportunity of getting to know her . . . and perhaps, she hoped, one day ask her out.

From then on, each week, she would go with the cheerleaders through their performance right in front of the players' bench where her idol sat. The new plan seemed to Dinah to be working well, for she knew she looked particularly attractive in the short circular skirt and white sweater she'd gotten when she'd joined them.

But then came the day when it all went wrong. . . . It was a crisp, clear, winter's day and the first major game of the season. A large crowd had turned out to see it, and it seemed to Dinah that that day her hero could do nothing wrong. He outmaneuvered and outran almost every one on the field, making an impressive number of touchdowns. Dinah glowed more and more as the game went on. And screamed louder than ever when it came time for the cheerleaders to go on the field. Somehow, that day, he seemed to her more desirable than he'd ever been.

Then, at the end, her heart seemed to skip a beat as, after the final whistle, he came running straight over to the bench where she was sitting. Me . . . she thought, as she watched him run across the grass . . . he's coming straight over to talk to me. In front of all these people. She smiled at him, and stood up as he arrived.

"Great job, old gal," he said, giving her a friendly slap on the back. "That was a great job you did today, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if you didn't have the loudest voice in the South."

"Thank . . . thank you," she stuttered. But her joy was too swiftly turned to shock as suddenly she saw him walk quickly away and over to a petite and demure little blonde who was sitting in the bleachers.

And she felt herself going quite numb as she watched him kiss the girl tenderly on the cheek and walk off the field with his arm around her.

"That day," Dinah says now, "I made up my mind it just couldn't work—I couldn't get anywhere trying to be the sort of person I wasn't, and certainly not by staying around a football field and chasing an illusion. If I were going to be liked and loved, it would have to be for myself . . . for me as I really was."

Yet that year of cheerleading had done a great deal more to change her life than Dinah realized. Because it had changed her voice as well as her outlook. By the end of the season her original soprano had altered to a contralto. And with a new contralto voice and a determination to compete on every level (a hangover from the days when she strove to keep up with the kids so they wouldn't pity her), she started on the road to becoming the Dinah Shore of today.

"When I first started singing, I tried to be everything but myself. I had my songs over-arranged and while at the beginning I was never fired, I was just never hired."

"I was so unsure of myself that sometimes I'd go home from an audition feeling there was nothing left in the world to sing about."

Nevertheless, Dinah didn't give up, and she kept on auditioning for jobs until finally they began to give her chances . . . and she was on her way.

When Dinah finally clicked as a singer, Hollywood beckoned.

"They should have saved themselves the trouble," Dinah grinned. "To put it nicely—I bombed as a movie star. I failed for a lot of reasons.

"The most important was that I'm not particularly photogenic. Besides, I played such sweet, icky, good-girl parts that made me feel sick, and I think the audience felt the same way, too.

"Yet when I finally came into television I was still sure that I wanted to be one thing if nothing more. I wanted to succeed at being *me*." And she did.

One story is told about the first day Dinah arrived at the studio for a hair, makeup and lighting appraisal. "Dinah," ventured the makeup expert, "about your mouth. . . . Well, maybe we should . . ." The question went unfinished, but Dinah understood.

"Yes, I know," she agreed, in a resigned tone of voice.

"And about your eyes. They *are* beautiful, but perhaps in front of the camera we should . . ."

"I understand," came the reply.

"And perhaps here around the nose we could add a little shading?"

"Naturally."

The makeup man deftly worked away and finally, standing back, he admired Dinah's new face.

Dinah took a long look in the lighted theatrical mirror in front of her and then, turning to the makeup man, said smilingly, "Beautiful, just beautiful."

And with that, and much to the amazement and horror of the man, she walked over to the wash basin in the corner, lathered her face, rinsed it, and returned to her chair in front of the mirror.

"Now let's take it from the beginning and this time let's not try to kid anyone," she said. "I'm me and I'm stuck with it, so I guess you are, too. We'll never fool people the other way and, honestly, I don't want to." She put her hand to her face. "There's my mouth, those are my eyes and that's my nose. Let's go along with them, okay?"

And when she went out on the set to make lighting tests she looked great. She didn't look like Lana Turner, she didn't resemble Joan Crawford. And you certainly couldn't identify her with Marilyn Monroe. Yet she was terrific—beautiful. And like—Dinah Shore!

"It was a great lesson to me. But one I had to teach myself. Standing out there in front of those cameras I kept repeating to myself—if they like me this time it's because they like *me*, what they see and what they hear. Not something I'm pretending to be. And they did like *me*."

"Then the most amazing thing happened. All of a sudden I had enough confidence in my appearance to stop thinking about it."

"When I married George in 1943, well, I know it sounds like a cliché, but it was truly the luckiest day of my life. My career was progressing, but Dinah, as a person, wasn't. Because above all, I also wanted and I needed love. Everything else seemed pretty second-rate. And I know that if it hadn't been for George, I would have been finished in two years."

"I think it's true that above all, we all need to be loved and feel loved, not for something we pretend to be, but for ourselves as we truly are. And I'm grateful for so many people liking me the way I am. It's nice to feel wanted . . . because I know that it wasn't always this way, I remember the time when I was a little girl . . . and I'm thankful." THE END

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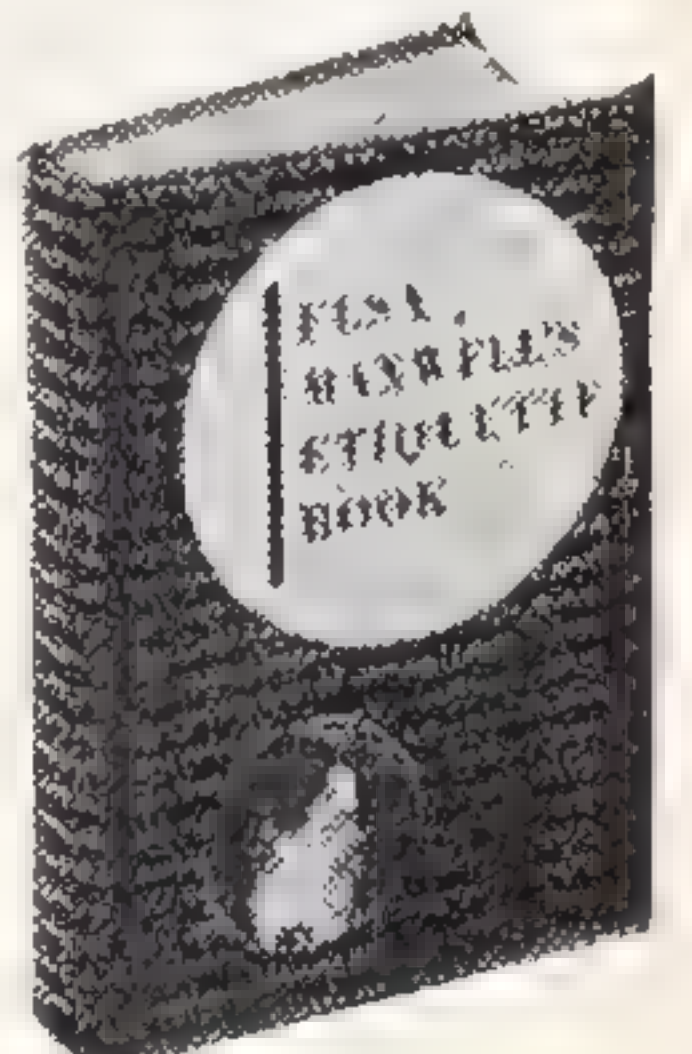
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LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 52

hanging limp, that the long, silky fur was stained with blood.

"She was at the side of the road. Must've been a hit-and-run driver," he mumbled.

Then Liz said softly, "How can people do such things? An innocent creature that never hurt anybody!"

An omen of bad luck? It almost seemed so. It seemed to represent all the unhappiness that was being left behind in that house on Copa De Oro Road. Resolutely, Liz stood up straight, and began to busy herself with final packing details, bustling the boys and the baggage into the car. Then she went inside for the baby—Liza—bringing her out to the car. And finally they were all settled in. As the car swung around the curves of the road, up and down hills, past the exquisite landscaped estates of Bel Air, she made sure she looked only directly ahead.

The trip was a pleasant one and ended several hours later where the road ran flat and straight across parched desert country. Ahead they could see the ranch they had rented, only a mile from the airport, only five miles from the 'round-the-clock razzle-dazzle of downtown Las Vegas; yet Liz felt a glorious remoteness and freedom in the calm space around her. At an intersection, a signpost flashed by. They were traveling along Paradise Road! Take that for a lucky omen. Somehow, these days, she saw omens in everything.

As they slowed and turned off the highway into its grounds, a man stepped into the middle of the dirt road and halted the car with a raised hand. Before the driver could speak, the man spotted Liz. "It's okay, Mrs. Todd. Just checking." The guard waved them on, and Liz settled back, reassured. As the owners of Hidden Wells Ranch had promised her, she would be safe from intrusions here; her privacy was being well protected.

The main building looked secluded, set in a grove of juniper trees. Still farther from the road was the cottage where she and the children would stay. It was hardly luxurious, a modest-sized white frame house with vines creeping around the screened-in porch. But it had a peaceful, comfortable look, with lots of play area outside for the children.

"There was a pool!" Michael said excitedly, as they climbed out of the car. "I saw it!"

"Swimmin' pool," little Chris exclaimed, hanging onto his older brother's hand.

"Did we bring our trunks?" Michael went on. "Can we go in?"

"Tomorrow morning," Liz promised, "we'll all go to the pool. But right now it's nap time for everybody, or you'll be too tired to eat your dinner."

In her arms, Liza stirred and murmured, in her sleepy baby-talk, words that sounded like "Maggie" and "went away." The tiny girl didn't know about the family pet and the hit-and-run driver, of course; the idea of death was too much for even her half-brothers to fully understand. Maybe too much for any of us, Liz thought, as she leaned over and touched her lips to the baby's dark hair. Her own mind was thinking back to a far deeper tragedy. Its pain had receded; rather, she had learned to live with it and to look again to the future. Yet there seemed to be a strange look on her face as she saw Mike Todd still alive in his daughter's small features.

The children had napped and been fed and played with and tucked away for the night before Liz began dressing for her own dinner. She would be taking her

meals over at the main building. Feeling oddly listless, she chose a bronze chiffon dress. No longer new, it was cut full in the Empire style. After she'd put it on, Liz scarcely glanced at herself in the mirror. She wandered into the living room and stood idly by a window. The quiet she had longed for suddenly seemed oppressive; the dark sky, in spite of the brilliance of stars over the desert, suggested looming emptiness.

Moving to the opposite window, she saw the stars blotted out and the darkness lightened by a pink-tinted glow rising from the north: the gaudy flare of Las Vegas' neon-lined main drag. She could sense the gaiety and music in the night clubs, the tension hot and crackling around the gambling tables. But it was all more than five miles away and suddenly she felt cut off from everything, suspended in air, aimless. Where was she heading?

Yet in a split second, her restless mood changed. All it took was the sound of familiar footfalls on the wooden steps leading up to the porch. The screen door creaked open and closed gently, and then he was across the porch and into the living room and his arms were around her and everything was all right. She smiled at him and slid her hand across his hair, long but brushed back neatly.

"We'll be at home here," Liz said softly. "It's going to be a wonderful rest."

Eddie had brought with him, into the room, the exhilarating gambler's spirit of show business, and Liz was swiftly caught up in it. His opening night had to be a complete triumph. It just *had* to be. She had faced with him the uneasy atmosphere of his TV show's closing night. Oh, he had put on a terrific performance then; the columnists had saluted his showmanship and courage. Ship had gone down with colors flying.

"We've got just the right line-up of songs, I think," Eddie was now striding up and down the room, "And the boys in the band are great. I've got a feeling—the Tropicana's lucky for me."

"You mean you're lucky for it. You were its very first star."

Eddie had scored a hit at the hotel's opening, two years before. People in Las Vegas remember the occasion sentimentally; one woman says, "Debbie came up while he was here. She brought their baby, and Eddie brought them out on the stage. It was real nice then." Yes, Debbie had turned their suite at the Tropicana

into a nursery, with lots of furnishings from home, even a rocking chair for Carrie's lullabies. But this time Eddie's suite at the Tropicana was reserved in his name alone.

"I think I've learned a lot since then," Eddie said. "Singing—acting—whatever it is, the important thing is to keep on learning."

Liz looked at him. "Hmmm," she said, her head on one side, waggling a finger at him. "There's something there, all right." Eddie knew in a second who it was that she was imitating, who it was that she was quoting.

"I'll never forget Mike saying that." The name was never long absent from the conversation whenever Liz and Eddie were together. Now they could talk about Mike Todd happily, grateful to remember the man they had both loved, as husband and as friend. "First time I met him," Eddie had told her once, "I was only seventeen, the greenest kid you ever saw. But Mike gave me one chance after another at that audition. No favors, mind you—he did turn me down in the end. But he believed I'd make it some day."

He crossed the porch in quick, springy steps, charged with nervous energy. Eddie would need that for his opening show, Liz understood. Who could forget the surging vitality, the drive that had made Mike Todd a master showman? Eddie had that energy, too, she was sure.

The next three days were lazy days for her. Michael and Chris seemed to be in the pool as much as they were out of it. Whooping and splashing, paddling around with superb confidence, they made Liz laugh, they made her happy. Liza played in the sun, gaining strength and new life under its warmth, which gradually made her mother forget the frightening days of the little girl's illness, only a few months before. Tenderly, Liz shielded her from any overdose of the desert heat.

Whenever Eddie had time between rehearsals, he came out to the ranch, and on each visit he seemed full of buoyant optimism. Yet Liz could feel the mounting tension as Monday went by, Tuesday, Wednesday, with the minutes ticking closer to the opening that night.

Fortunately, there was one experience she did not share; it was kept from her until the day after it happened, when the ugly facts hit the papers. On Wednesday afternoon, Eddie left his room and arrived downstairs at the Tropicana entrance to see a line of pickets outside, four men and a woman, parading up and down with

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- (2).....
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crudely lettered signs. As if the words were brutal fists, they struck his eyes with their printed jeers: "Liz Go. Home . . . Eddie Fisher is unfair to bachelors . . . Liz is unfriendly to photographers . . . Go Home, Eddie . . . Keep the marriage vows, Liz—leave town."

"How long have they been there?" he asked the doorman, shifting nervously from one foot to the other.

"About fifteen minutes, Mr. Fisher."

"They can't do that!" Seething with rage, he was about to plunge through the glass door when the picket line suddenly broke up.

One of the marchers, not even seeing Eddie, thrust casually past him into the hotel, remarking to nobody in particular, "I might as well have another drink." There was no point in arguing with such a character, Eddie realized in disgust. But would Liz hear about this? "I must be with her when she does," he thought. A glance at his watch showed Eddie that he'd have time for a quick trip to the ranch before he changed clothes for the supper show.

When he got into his car, an oblong bulge in one pocket spoiled the hang of his jacket, but that hardly mattered. And then, as he drove through the entrance to Hidden Wells Ranch, returning the guard's friendly wave, he almost forgot the pickets and their sneering placards as his mind became concerned with a more personal concern, a seeking for the right way to go, the way out of indecision and inaction.

Liz's parents, who would attend the opening with her, had already arrived; and as he came up to the house he saw they were sitting with Liz and the children in a tree-shaded spot near the pool. Liz was vigorously scrubbing little Chris with

a towel. "Just play here for a while. You'll be water-logged!" She was telling him. Then, just at that moment, when she saw Eddie, she whirled around in delight. "Why, Eddie! I didn't think we'd see you again until the show."

"... I thought . . . I thought I'd take a breather before I change." He hadn't been able to answer for a moment, because she had quite stunned him. Dressed in a play outfit, a gay Guatemalan print, Liz looked magnificent. With no makeup but lipstick, her black hair tousled, and tiny leaf-shadows darting across her face, she had never seemed more beautiful.

"Suppose we just walk awhile." She linked a hand in his. "I'm not going to ask you whether you're nervous," she said softly. "There'd be something wrong with you if you weren't! In a few hours it'll all be over but the cheering. Let's look farther ahead. London . . ."

"I'll be playing the Palladium, and you'll be busy with the picture."

"Oh—Sam Spiegel's office just called. Monty's going to be in it, too."

"That's fine." Eddie squeezed her hand. He knew how much Monty Clift's friendship had meant to her.

"Then at the end of July the company moves to Spain to wind it all up—just one week, and then . . ." She flung her arms wide, swinging one of his along. "Vacation! There's a castle in Spain—well, a tremendously big house anyhow, in Torre Molinos. The children will have a ball exploring it. And then—all of Europe, and . . ."

Eddie spoke in low tones. "I want us to be married by then. All those items in the columns whenever we go out together—I've had enough of them. If we were just Mr. and Mrs. Fisher . . ."

Liz had waited once before like this. Two years earlier, in Acapulco, Mexico,

her wedding plans had hung fire. Then Michael Wilding had flown down to help his estranged wife speed the divorce. Even after that, it appeared for a while that Mexican authorities would refuse. Again Mike Todd exploded in fury. But finally it all worked out, and the newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Todd had celebrated in an evening of fiesta gaiety.

Now Eddie Fisher paced the desert sand. "I could get a divorce in Mexico," he said. "There, you don't need the consent of . . . of the other party."

The sun had just slipped behind the mountains to the west, and to the north, gaudy neon lights began to rival the sunset colors. "Eddie, you'd better get back. There's a little matter of a show—remember?"

"Okay!" As he swung around, the box in his pocket bumped against him. "Almost forgot—here's something I want you to wear tonight."

She fumbled to open the box, then gasped as she saw a magnificent diamond bracelet. "Oh, Eddie—it's so beautiful!"

She flung her arms around his neck, and he murmured, "It looks pretty dull compared to you."

"I have an engagement present for you, too, but I'm going to save it till after your first show."

Arriving at the Tropicana that night, Liz hesitated for just a second before going into the club. She hadn't heard about the picket line, and yet . . . she felt uneasy, even though she was surrounded by dozens of friends, in a party that included her parents and Burl Ives, her genial co-star in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." And still . . . Drawing a deep breath, she entered the club, radiant in white chiffon, the bracelet sparkling on her tanned wrist, and at her throat a splendid diamond

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necklace. This had been one of Mike's gifts. Every head in the crowded room turned her way. And then, as she heard a rising tide of warm applause, she felt calmer.

Another burst of applause, loud and long, greeted Eddie's entrance. And he sang as he never had before, sweeping the audience along with each change in mood. But then the sound of two women's voices, speaking almost in a whisper at an adjacent table made Liz start a little, and want to turn her head.

"... break his heart. She'll break his heart just like the others," she heard one of them say.

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"Surely you remember?"

"No?"

"The others... the others before Eddie... right back to that first fellow—Glenn Davis, the football player."

"Didn't she break her engagement to him after just a few weeks?"

"Yes—and she did the same to that ambassador's son, Bill Pawley. And then there was Nicky Hilton and her next husband, the English actor, Michael Wilding. Don't you remember—she left them both."

"I guess Mike Todd was her only match." The voice was sarcastic.

"You're so right. So you see, she's bound to break Eddie's heart too. He's so weak compared to her—almost a boy. She thinks he's Mike, but one morning she'll wake up and realize he isn't."

"You really think so?"

"Sure..."

Liz could listen no more. It made her sick. She looked across at the stage—at where Eddie was singing, seeming to sing to her alone. She smiled across at him, trying to ignore the snarls and hurtful words. Then suddenly, for a moment, she found herself holding her breath. He seemed to forget his words. But nothing could shatter his poise that night. He just shrugged lightly and confided to the audience, "I must really be in love!" and then picked up the lyric again without missing the beat.

Although she hurried to his dressing room immediately after the supper show, he was already the center of admiring crowds. But well-wishers made way for her as she pushed through. Then seeing Eddie, his hair mussed, a wide grin on his face, she ran over to him. "You were wonderful, darling!" she whispered, throwing her arms around him and giving him a long kiss. Then she slipped a small box into his hand and, opening it, Eddie found a green jade ring inside. First, he tried it on the third finger of his left hand, then he slid it neatly onto the little finger, thanking her with a kiss.

And everyone knew. "Yes," Liz said, caressing the blaze of diamonds on her wrist, "this is Eddie's engagement present to me. We're going to marry—in six weeks, if we can."

The babble of questions rose, and the couple's answers were swift and spontaneous. "We are very much in love... We'd like to travel as man and wife... I will ask Debbie for her consent again."

The nagging question crept in: "What about public opinion?"

Tightening her grasp on Eddie's hand, Liz said, "We respect public opinion, but you can't live by it. If we lived by public opinion, Eddie and I would have been terribly unhappy during all this turmoil. But I can shamelessly say we have been terribly happy. We have been accused of being indiscreet—but then, we haven't tried to cover up anything. We have been honest in what we have done."

... As she spoke, Debbie's plane, still many hundreds of miles away, was winging homeward from Europe...

Over the desert, the sun was high the next day before Liz woke from an exhausted sleep. The house seemed quiet, but then the cook-housekeeper would long since have given the children their breakfast. Michael and Chris would be at the pool, Liza playing nearby, in their nurse's charge. The clock said eleven. Debbie, Liz thought, should be at the Los Angeles airport by now, just arrived, and going through Customs perhaps. (Actually, the plane was still on the way, delayed two hours by bad weather.)

Sharing brunch in the main building, Liz and Eddie didn't talk much. A smile exchanged, a quick clasp of hands—nothing more was needed to express their happiness. Then, late in the lazy afternoon, the telephone rang inside the house. They didn't stir from their chairs; the housekeeper would answer it.

"It's for you, Mr. Fisher."

Eddie went in, and Liz heard him say, "I don't want to talk to any reporters."

"I know, but this one said he had a message from—from Mrs. Fisher."

Leaping to her feet, Liz ran into the living room to find Eddie at the phone, listening. His face was taut. Her hands clenched in suspense, Liz tried to hear what was being said at the other end of the wire. The voice was speaking loudly enough for her to catch a faint murmur, but she couldn't make out the words.

Suddenly, Eddie's expression changed to one of unbelieving surprise, and he smiled a wide happy smile. He said into the phone, "Real great news—the greatest I've ever heard! Thank you, thank you, thank you. Wait!"

He clutched the phone to his chest and spoke directly to Liz. "They told her right at the airport. She said 'Yes!' Oh Liz, she's given her consent!"

She went into a little skipping dance, all around the room. "Liz is flipping!" Eddie shouted into the phone. "She's so excited. I'm so grateful to Debbie for this."

Snatching the phone away from him, Liz cried into it, "I'm so happy I almost passed out. I knew all along that Debbie would consent... Here's Eddie again."

"Hello? Yes, go on... She said what?... Well, we wish her that, too. We wish her the same happiness this has given us. She should find her happiness, and I pray she will."

So began the time of waiting. Relaxing in the desert sun through the long days, Liz thought that life would settle into a routine while the six weeks ticked away. But it wasn't so simple.

At first, they just circled the first day after the sixth week on the calendar. "It will be May 10th," Eddie said. "But we can't be married here, not in Las Vegas."

"No," Liz agreed. "It must be a very quiet wedding. Nobody else will know a thing about it till it's all over."

Then somebody reminded Eddie that May 10th was a Sunday; the Nevada courts would be closed. All right, they would make it May 11th. But that, somebody else said, still fell in the period after Passover, which the Jewish religion considers part of the holy time, not suitable for marriage ceremonies. "According to Orthodox

traditions," Eddie pointed out. "But we belong to the Reformed branch."

And there was the day when Eddie told Liz, "I—I hate to say this, but maybe I haven't really established residence, with just the hotel suite I'm living in now."

"Oh Eddie, what can we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'm thinking about," he said with a boyishly secret smile. "Buying a ranch in Nevada. Nobody could argue about that. I like it here, don't you?"

"It's wonderful!"

"And my contract with the Tropicana runs for five years, so we'll be coming here every so often in any case." And Liz smiled as his mention of the Tropicana reminded her of more good news she'd heard that day—the management had just extended Eddie's stay to six weeks, at \$25,000 a week. The total contract was a \$1,000,000 deal. And there was even talk that NBC was considering a new TV series for Eddie, to start in October, when all the publicity uproar might have died down. "Everything's going to be fine," Eddie promised.

But there was one thing she hadn't told him about. She'd been suffering from a chronic sore throat, but had tried to ignore it—there were so many more important concerns. And when she finally did consult a doctor, she was told that parts of her throat were so inflamed they must be cauterized; it would mean a few days in the hospital. Eddie looked so downcast when he heard, she had to assure him, "It's nothing serious. You wouldn't even call it an operation. I'll just go to Cedars of Lebanon..."

"I'll commute from here for those days," Eddie said. "I'll spend every minute I can with you."

"Darling." She leaned on his shoulder.

Her hospital stay over, Liz returned to the quiet round of days and nights in the desert country. She was happy, she insisted, and yet the waiting told on her nerves. So she busied herself—first making up her mind as to a wedding gown, finally ordering one in moss-green from Jean Louis. She dozed in the shade too; she rested in the sun; often wandering idly over to the main ranch building to twirl the radio dials in search of romantic music and to flip through the magazines. But names would leap out at her—"Liz and Eddie... Debbie, Eddie and Liz." And she would push the magazines aside.

For public opinion was still there, and it wasn't always so friendly as it had seemed to Liz on Eddie's opening night at the Tropicana. If you'd strolled the streets of Las Vegas during those weeks, you'd have heard rude remarks.

One woman tourist, eying the advertisements for the show, said, "I wouldn't walk across the street to see Eddie Fisher."

Another woman pulled her date toward the Tropicana, giggling, "Let's go in 'n' thumb our noses at Eddie Fisher."

Toward Liz on her appearances in town—at the Tropicana to watch Eddie's act, at the Variety Club convention—the first reaction was almost always admiration of her striking beauty. But then you'd hear whispers: "Seems spoiled, doesn't she?"

Eddie was the target of the same sort of criticism from some Las Vegas residents: "I liked Eddie when he first came up here. He was so easy to talk to, so nice to everybody. Now you can't touch him. You can't get to him. He's changed so much."

But Eddie and Liz tried to ignore this criticism and seemed secure in their shared happiness. For they were living in the same hope, looking forward to the moment when they would hear the rabbi's voice uniting them, the day when they would seal their union by sipping wine from the same cup.

THE END

LIZ'S NEXT: "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER" (COLUMBIA), "TWO FOR THE SEESAW" (U.A.).

**AUGUST
PHOTOPLAY
ON SALE
JULY 2nd**

JIM ARNESS

Continued from page 46

met . . . things were so different then . . ."

A friend had driven Jim over to the Pasadena Playhouse to see a rehearsal of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." As the car pulled up in front of the theater, a pretty dark-eyed girl was standing by the curb. And she watched in amusement and amazement as the lean and lanky six-foot-six young man wriggled out of the small car. First came the size twelve feet, next the long, long legs, then the upper part of the body, and finally the head, a handsome one with bright blue eyes and brown curly hair.

She couldn't help smiling; because, as she said later, "It was such a long, lanky boy who pulled himself out of that car—he never seemed to end! . . . And he was so sweet." She smiled at him and he smiled back. Then his friend took care of the formal introductions. "Jim, I want you to meet Virginia—Virginia Chapman; Virginia, this is Jim Arness." But their smiles had already made them friends. Friends, and yet something more than friends.

And it was the memory of her smile that tore him away from his carefree surfing, skin-diving life at the beach at San Onofre and sent him running to the theater where some of his pals had told him that the actor who was to have played Dr. Morrell opposite Virginia in "Candida" had given up the part. He tried out for the role and got it. But then the trouble started.

He just refused . . . he just couldn't . . . kiss Virginia in the love scenes. He was

fine in all the other scenes, but those love ones. Murder.

Now what could a fellow do? He couldn't blurt out to the director, "Look, I can't kiss her because if I do I'm hooked for good. No more beachcombing. No more freedom. Once I kiss this girl I'll want to marry her." And he couldn't say to Virginia directly, "Look, I'm crazy about you. I'm fighting against it, but it's no use. Maybe it's silly, but I want our first kiss to be in private. Not in front of all these people."

So he stood in the center of the stage like a goof whenever the script called for him to kiss her. And the director had to coax him, cajole him. He felt like a big ninny, a high school boy on his first date; he just couldn't take Virginia in his arms.

At the end of the day's rehearsal, the director took him aside and gave him an ultimatum. "You kiss her tomorrow, or else . . ." Jim hung his head despondently and then went out to his jalopy, an old 1936 Buick touring sedan, and prepared to head back to the beach. But when he opened the car door, there was Virginia, waiting for him.

"Wonder if you'd mind driving me home?" she asked, relaxing back deep into the low-slung seat. "I'm beat."

"Sure . . . sure," he said. "Glad to." And he started the car and drove towards her place. Neither of them said anything. But he adjusted the rear-vision mirror a little so that he could get a glimpse of part of her face. Her eyes were closed, and suddenly he realized she was fast asleep.

He edged the car gently towards the curb, pulled the brake and leaned over to kiss her. She looked up at him and smiled, and her smile was exactly like it had been the first moment they'd met. Except now, she was blushing.

Then she began to speak, slowly and very softly. "I wanted you to kiss me in the play, Jim, not just because it's in the script . . . but because I wanted you to want to. And when you didn't . . . I figured you didn't like me."

He tried to speak but she put her fingers to his lips. "No, wait," she said. "There's something else. When I put my head on your shoulder just now, I was faking. I wasn't really asleep—"

She started to draw her hand away from his mouth, but he wouldn't let her. He kissed her fingers, and then he kissed her again. She closed her eyes, but this time he knew she was wide, wide awake.

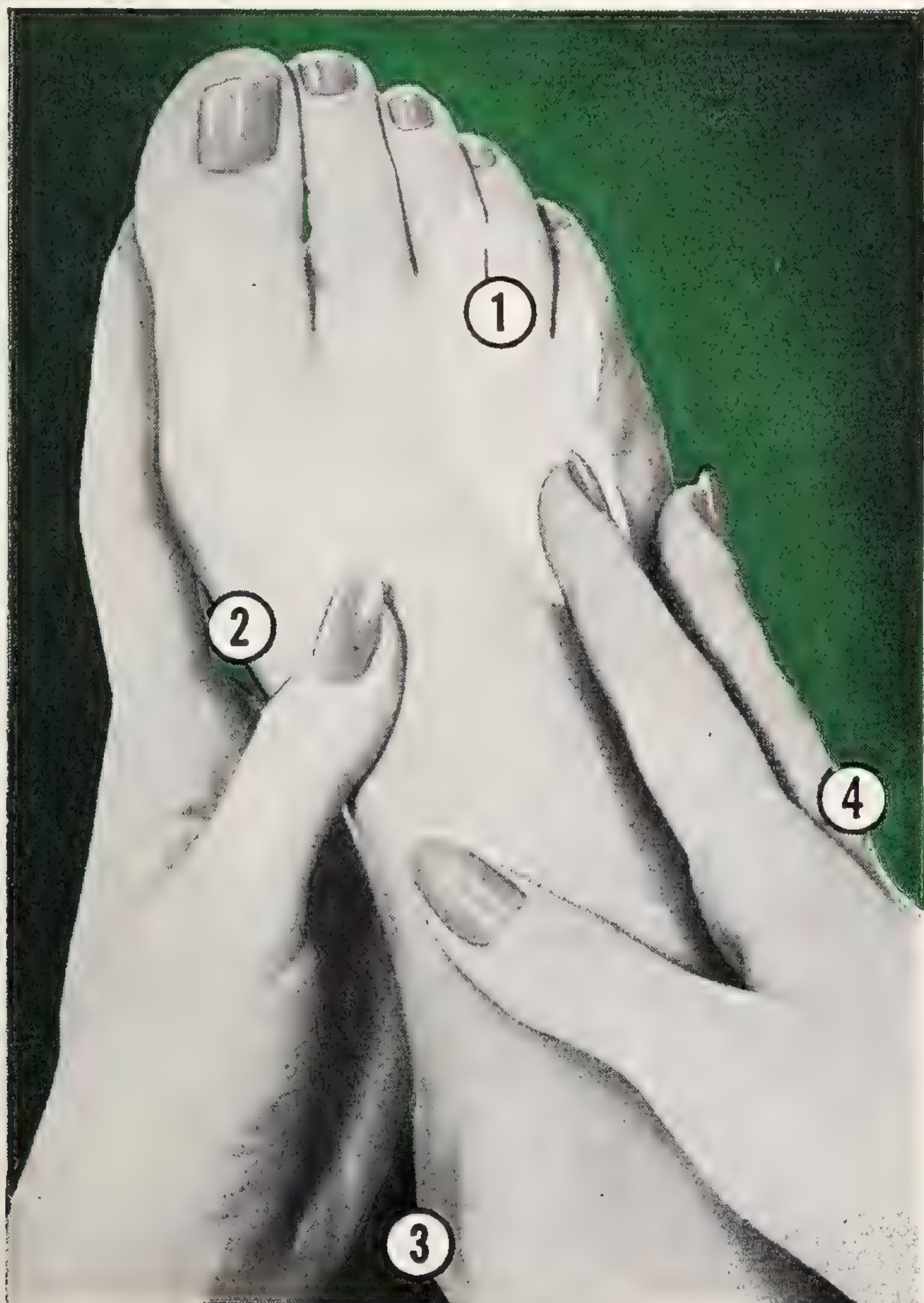
On the following day at rehearsal, when the time came for Dr. Morrell to kiss Candida, the harassed director leaned forward, rested his chin on the seat in front of him, and waited. There was no problem. The kissing scene was perfect.

"I'm sorry," Jim Arness said, bringing me sharply back to the present, back to his bachelor apartment in the Regency apartment hotel at 7940 Hollywood Boulevard, back to our interview. "Now what were we talking about? Oh, yes, about Virginia not wanting Matt Dillon around the house."

"I guess it's ironic, in a way, that Marshal Dillon can keep peace in Dodge City but not in his own home. You get so you can't escape from the pressures. They keep building up—and then—well, that's it. Often I used to get home too late for supper with the children and Virginia. Then Virginia and I would quarrel and . . ."

The telephone rang. Jim said "Darn" and picked it up.

I got up and stretched my legs. For a second I looked out of the full-length picture window that opened on to a bal-



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cony overlooking a swimming pool. Evening shadows crept across the water.

I began to see how difficult it must have been for Virginia. In addition to the phone in his hand, there was another phone on one of the two night stands that flanked his bed. That was the one which Larry Kurzka, the manager of the apartment hotel, had told me about when I'd asked for Jim at the desk. "He says for you to come up," Larry had said, "but he's busy on the phone." And he had added, "He's got another private phone installed up there. Unlisted. And only three people have *that* number—his wife, his agent, and his secretary."

Jim put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to me, "Sorry, it's business. . . ."

And I remembered the other times I had interviewed Jim and Virginia at their Pacific Palisades home. There'd been no telephones there. That was part of their agreement. At home, business stopped . . . pressure stopped . . . and living started.

That's where I'd watched Jim frisk in the back yard one afternoon with his three kids—Craig, eleven, Jenny Lee, eight, and Rolf, six. There, behind the house they'd christened "Tobacco Road," Jim seemed the happiest kid of them all, as they climbed in and out of the tree houses he'd built, swinging on a thick rope and hanging from another tree, like Tarzan and his family, and wrestling with Lady, their German shepherd. Virginia would bring out milk and cookies for everyone. And I remember how she would repeat, "It's nice to have you home, Jim."

But Jim's work was intruding more and more—like the time he packed the whole family, and some of the neighborhood kids besides, into a trailer loaded with sleeping bags, tents, and saddles, and made a long trip to Monterey. It was a trip they had been looking forward to for weeks. But even without a phone, a message had been sent out to him from his agent, telling him to return to Hollywood immediately for retakes on one of his Matt Dillon episodes. So he'd packed up the stuff he'd just unpacked, tried to make jokes to the long-faced kids and returned to his job. But to top it all, when he left his disappointed family and their friends at his home and rushed to the studio, he was told the retakes had been called off.

And there were many more such times. Just a few minutes before, Jim had been telling me about "pressures" and I knew what he'd meant. After all, I'd seen him on the set. Once the camera rolls and he's Matt Dillon, he's calm. But before that time he's as jumpy as an unbroken colt. He'll stand, pace, hop around, jump up and down on one leg, hum, whistle, sing out loud—all the time clicking the trigger of his revolver without letup.

"During the past year my relations with my wife got worse and worse. Marriage is give-and-take, and, as I said before, I just couldn't give enough.

"All during the day at the set I'd have to be good-natured about everything. Dozens of people would visit and all have to be talked to . . . And somehow I'd take my problems, my pressures, home. What she wanted, what Virginia wanted, was more companionship . . . more love . . . more home life. But I couldn't meet those demands. Not as well as I should. There was the job and the constant pressures from the public."

The phone made that funny plip-plip sound it does when an operator is trying to check a line. Jim hesitated for a moment, then picked it up. He talked to the operator for a moment, and then to a caller on the other end.

"Pressures from the public . . . the job." I remembered what Virginia had said about

these pressures, and this job, which had begun to take her husband away from six in the morning until eight or nine at night, day after day, nine months of the year . . . which even ate into his weekends when, on Friday nights, he flew out to state fairs and rodeos and made personal appearances, shaking hands until he felt his arm would fall off . . . And this, in only one year, had made him fly 30,000 miles and spend countless hours away from her and the kids.

"Jim would come home so tired," Virginia had said, "that he couldn't even say a word. He would look doped with fatigue . . . Half the time he'd be so tired he'd be asleep before he could eat . . . And I never seemed to manage to catch up with the things our life demanded of us. I sometimes felt as though I was running down the track ahead of the locomotive, and it was gaining on me faster than I could run."

Jim put down the phone; then he picked it up again and told the hotel operator not to put through any calls to him. I started to say "pressure" to cue him as to where we'd been in the conversation, but as I mouthed the word we both looked at the telephone. That was a pressure.

"Could this pressure be relieved," I asked, "by cutting down on your acting and personal-appearance schedule, or by taking breaks in between?"

"Maybe," he said. "And we may be able to work it out."

"Will you be leaving 'Gunsmoke'?"

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't know, but I don't think so. . . . It's a thing that can go either way. . . . And the same thing is true of a possible reconciliation. We may get back together again."

"But how about the kids?" I asked. "Isn't separation hard on the kids?"

He ran his hands through his hair. Then he leaned back on the pillows and stared up at the ceiling for a moment.

"We've thought about that. We thought a lot about that—both Virginia and I. But it seems that tension in the household is just as bad—if not worse—on kids as separation. So I moved out in October, to make things easier for the family."

He sat up suddenly. "Oh, I still see them at least three times a week. And every weekend, too. I have a place at the beach. And we spend every Saturday there together. We have a great time. And in a way, it seems to be better for them. There's no loss of relationship. Yes, I think it's better now."

I thought about what he'd just said for a moment. "Then you seem to have found peace of a sorts with this relationship, even if it is temporary?" I asked.

"Right," he said. "And there's one thing I'd like to add. There was never at any time any question of another woman. No, sir." He grinned boyishly, and added, "If I can't save this marriage of mine, the last thing in the world I'd want to do would be to marry anybody else."

"Virginia is a wonderful woman and a fine mother, and we're still very good friends. We see each other quite often and, despite rumors, she hasn't seen lawyers about a legal separation. Nor have I."

He looked over towards the window. It was now very dark outside, but across the court a little light was flickering. "We'll just have to see how it works out," Jim said. "It can go either way."

We shook hands—a good strong shake—and as I started to leave, the phone rang—the *other* phone, the one whose number is only known by his agent and his secretary . . . and his wife.

THE END

JIM STARS AS MATT DILLON IN "GUNSMOKE," SEEN SATURDAY AT 10 P.M. EDT OVER CBS-TV.

PETER AND DIANE

Continued from page 50

and you're miserable. Maybe it would be better if we were apart . . . and . . . well, that can be easily arranged.'"

Peter stopped speaking and turned to Diane.

"That wasn't what I'd meant to say at all," Diane explained. "I'd wanted to ask him to stay, but when Peter didn't answer, I couldn't help it. I just added one harsh thing on top of the other."

"I don't think you've even tried to make a go of our marriage," I told him. "It's always me that has had to give and give, and you just take. I think it would be better if you just didn't come back . . . if you spent the night with one of your friends. . . ."

"This time I was sure Peter would answer me. I waited to see what he would say, but he didn't speak. Instead, he walked out the front door and closed it behind him. He didn't come back home again that night."

"The following morning," Diane continued, occasionally pausing a little nervously as she spoke, "I called my mother and asked if I could come home. Of course, she said yes. I packed a few things and loaded them into the back seat of the convertible Peter had given me as an engagement present. I spent the morning at mother's unpacking and getting resettled in my old room. Then I sat and waited, sure that any moment the phone or the doorbell would ring and Peter would be there to take me home again. He didn't call. . . ."

"Things seemed to be going from bad to worse between us. They seemed to have even begun badly. We'd had to cancel our plans for a big formal wedding because we were busy working. We finally eloped. And even that went wrong. The authorities wouldn't believe I was old enough . . . then Peter had to wait for proof to arrive that he was of age . . . then we almost lost the wedding ring. And then, at the last moment, the minister told us our license was made out wrong. But anyway we were able to laugh at it all. After we were married, we found we couldn't laugh."

"There was that weekend I wanted to go to the rodeo," Peter began. "Diane said she didn't want to go and I accepted her decision without a word. But inside, I kept thinking about all the jokes guys make about losing your freedom when you get married. And I brooded to myself."

Diane had brooded too. "Peter was the only boy I ever dated who could tell me what to do," she explained, "the only boy I ever learned to lean on, to depend on. Only after we were married, Peter seemed less willing to make decisions. When I tried to discuss matters with him and get his advice, he'd say, 'Oh, honey, you can take care of it.' I resented this. I wanted him to be head of our household. But I couldn't somehow say anything about it."

"I didn't know Diane felt this way," Peter interrupted. "I always admired Diane's independence when we were dating. I thought this was what she wanted. I liked the way she thought for herself. But, after we were married I began to find it irritating. Why did she have to insist she was right even when she knew she was wrong?"

"Like the night we went for a drive along the seacoast and then stopped for dinner. On the way home, I turned off the main highway, deciding to take a different route back."

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"Where are you going?" Diane asked. "This is Alternate Route 101," I answered.

"No, it isn't, Peter. We're lost!"

"But honey," I insisted, "I'm telling you this is Alternate Route 101." We kept going back and forth, each insisting we were right. Then we came upon a road sign and I turned my bright lights on it. The sign said 'Alternate Route 101.' Well, I didn't say 'I told you so.' I just waited for Diane to admit she was wrong. But she didn't and it bothered me."

"And all the time," Diane said, "I was waiting for him to speak, to tell me I'd been wrong, to say something like, 'Honey, you goofed!' and clear the air. And when he didn't say anything, I kept still, too."

And Peter explained, "I felt that as each day came and went we lost a little more of the closeness we'd once shared. Even

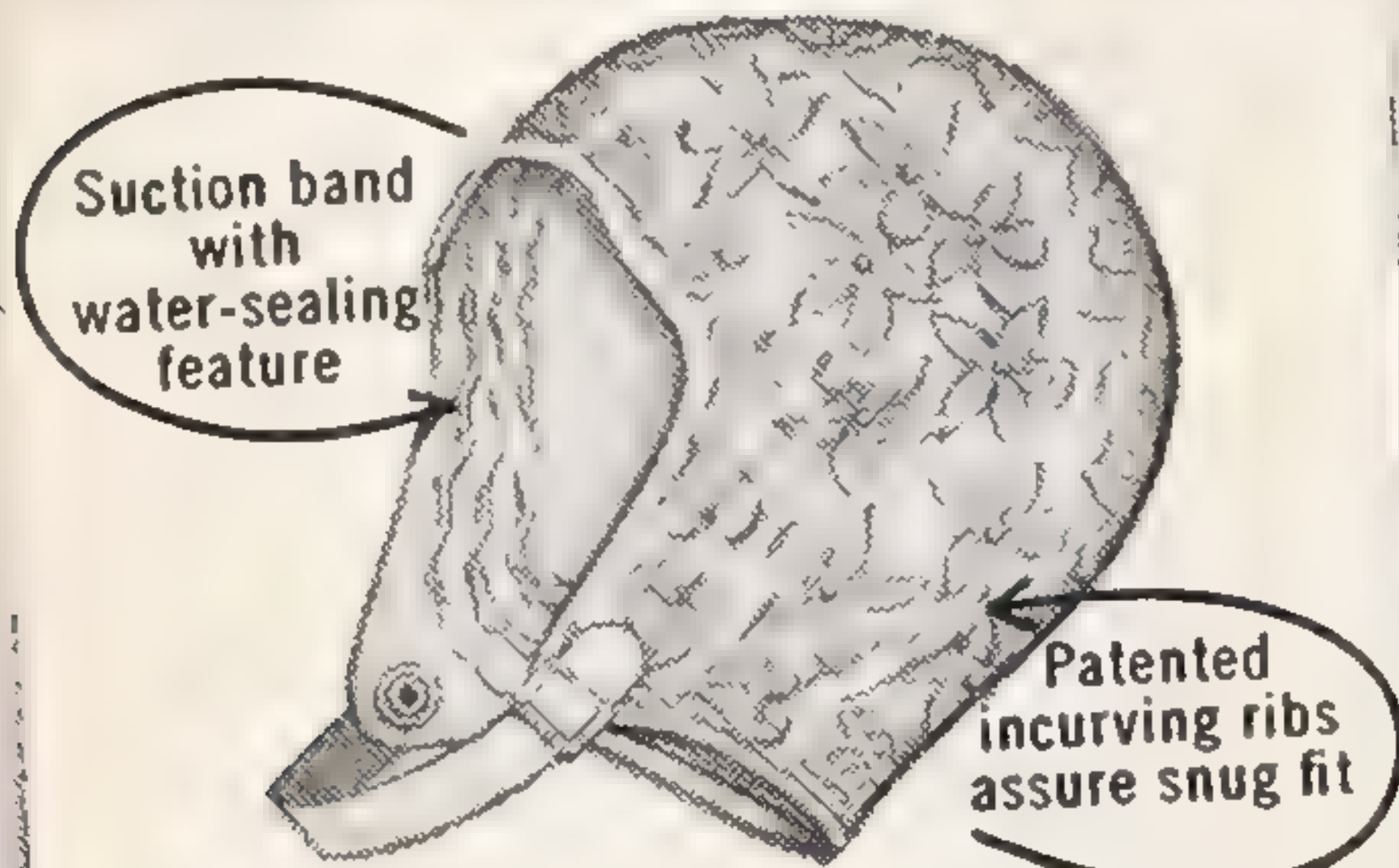
Diane's wonderful sense of humor," Peter added, "seemed to be strained."

"One Friday night," he related, "we went to a small party at the home of friends. Well, after a hectic week's work, I was grateful for the few hours of fun and relaxation. I was sitting there, listening to the music from the hi-fi when suddenly I felt this uncontrollable urge to get up and dance. And since we were among friends, I did just that—got up and danced. And then I heard Diane groan, 'Oh, honey!'"

"It was the tone of her voice that made me sit down—fast. I was embarrassed because I thought she'd shown disapproval of me in front of friends. The rest of the evening we tried to have fun and I guess things looked all right between us. But on the way home, neither of us said anything. I was hurt."

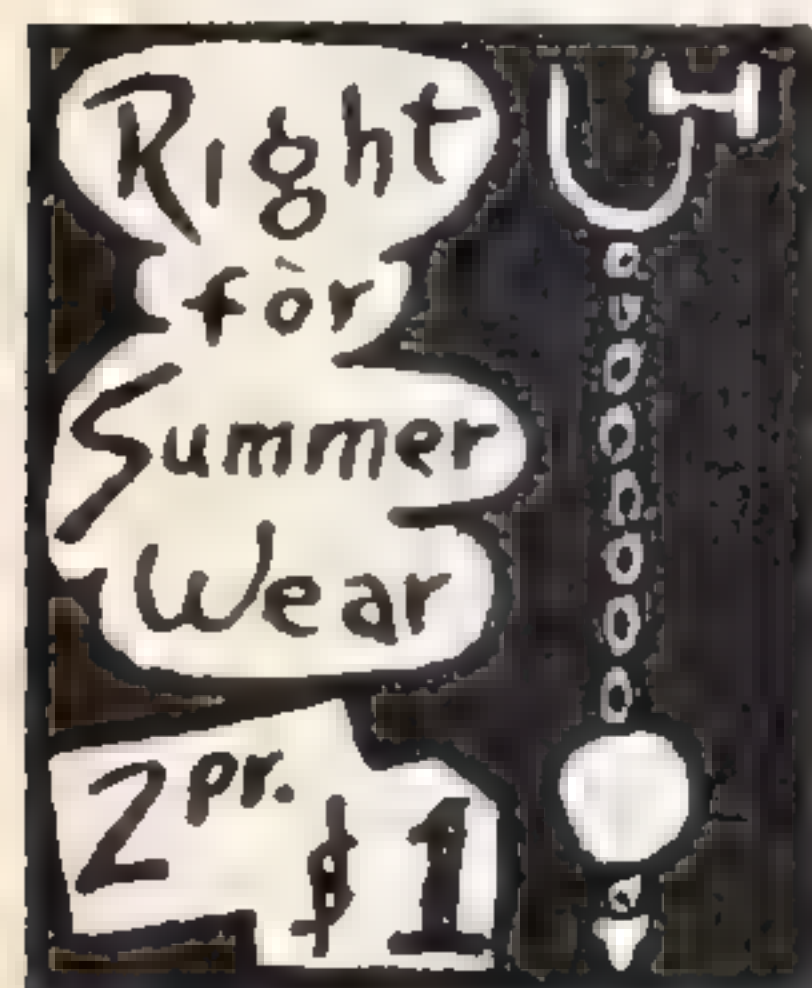
Diane tucked her legs under her on the

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couch. "All the way home," she said, continuing the story, "I thought of what I wanted to say. I wanted to say, 'Peter, dear, I didn't mean to embarrass you. It's only that I want my husband to appear perfect. I thought maybe someone would say that Peter was making a fool of himself. I didn't want that to happen.' I wanted to say this, but instead I just sat there, quiet." Diane paused.

And as she did, Peter smiled softly at her and whispered, "I wish I'd known." And he continued, "As I drove us home, I was thinking that I wouldn't even mind if she criticized me, if only she'd say something, if only we could talk it over."

At last Diane broke the silence to go back to tell about the actual separation. "When that first day of our separation had almost passed and Peter still hadn't called me, I knew what I had to do. After I'd unpacked and put away my things, I reached for the tiny jewel box, slipped off my gold wedding ring and put the ring in a box in the drawer.

"Seven weeks passed but Peter and I never saw each other. And after the first few days, I stopped jumping up every time I heard the phone ring."

"I must have reached for the phone a dozen times," Peter said, "but I never quite finished dialing Diane's number. Maybe she doesn't want to talk to me, I'd think. But finally, after eleven days, I did call her. And when I heard Diane's voice, I didn't know how to begin.

"How are you?" I finally blurted out.

"Fine, just fine," she answered in a small voice.

"That's good," I said. "Well . . . well . . . well, I'll call you again. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

"And that was all we could say."

"As the weeks went by," Diane said, "he'd call more often, but for the first month, neither of us found it easy to talk. Once, when Peter asked if he could see me, I said no. He just said okay and hung up. Then I was furious with myself. Why couldn't you tell him how you felt, I cried in anger. And then I got angry at Peter. Why couldn't he tell by my voice that I really did want to see him? Why did he have to stand on such ceremony? He was my husband, so why didn't he just come and get me and take me home?"

"Finally, after seven weeks of calls, it was getting easier to talk about things. On Sunday, March 29th, Peter called again. 'Look, Diane,' he said, 'we can't accomplish anything by talking on the phone. Please let me see you.'

"I agreed, and we met a little while later and decided to go for a ride. But when we got to the beach and parked the car, we just sat there, staring at the water. Neither of us was able to say a word. I sat watching the way the full moon cast its beams down on the water. Finally, I broke the silence. 'It's miraculous, isn't it, Peter, that something so high up can cast such a glow?'"

"I was grateful to Diane for filling the silence," Peter said. "But when I'd started up the car again and was heading back, I realized that we'd just talked on and on and hadn't said any of the things that needed to be said.

"I drove Diane back to her car and then opened its door for her. But I couldn't let her drive away.

"Wait, please wait," I said, taking her arm. 'Diane, we've talked for hours and we haven't said one word about what we came to talk about. Please, come back to my car.'

"She agreed and then we were sitting side by side again. Then suddenly our eyes met and we both began talking at once. Suddenly we could talk about all those little things that had mounted up on us, and it's funny, but as we put each

problem into words, it disappeared. The wall between us dissolved. For the first time in months, we were able to reach out to each other, and as we did so, we came to understand what had happened."

"Peter put his arm around me," Diane continued, smiling a little as she remembered that day, "and I leaned my head on his shoulder. Now I understood that it wasn't a lack of love that had pulled us apart. Instead, too much love had inhibited us and we'd both gotten so that we preferred silence to speech, because we were afraid to hurt each other."

"I didn't want Diane to leave me that night," Peter said, "but there were still some things we hadn't settled, and this time we wanted everything to be right. We went for a long drive the next night, and then we didn't have to talk about the moon first. It was eleven o'clock before we stopped for dinner at a restaurant in the Valley, but by that time I think we were both sure that, whatever we had lost, we'd found it—and more—again."

"Again, I didn't want Diane to go back to her mother's home, but there was still one more thing to be done. Out of respect for Diane's parents, we decided that, before we could go back together, I would have to speak with them. But that night, I kissed Diane and I whispered, 'This is the last night you'll ever be alone. Now go home and unpack your rings.'

"The next day, Tuesday, March 31st, I met Mr. Jergens during the lunch hour and then I went to their home and talked with Diane's mother. They both gave us their blessings and that afternoon I went back to our big house, packed my clothes, dug the 'For Sale' sign deeper into the earth and closed the door behind me."

"Someday, Peter and I will have another house of our own," Diane interrupted, "but it's too much for us now. We decided we'd look for an apartment, a place to be comfortable in without all the worry and responsibility of keeping up a big home. We want to be able to pack up and go away on weekends, to travel when we can, without feeling obligated to stay at home and landscape the yard or fix the plumbing. We have a whole lifetime for that, but right now we want to devote all our time to each other."

"So that night, Peter moved into my family's house and that's where we stayed till we found our apartment—just three minutes from the Warners' studio. In between, we took a weekend second-honeymoon trip to Palm Springs."

Peter said, "It may sound strange, but it took a separation to bring us really together again. Now we know that a love that inhibits is wrong, that it's better to clear the air even if it means momentarily hurting someone you love. Before, I don't think we were secure in our love—we couldn't tell if our love was real. But now we're closer than ever before and even though we know we're bound to disagree again at times, we've promised each other never again to keep things hidden, never to let little things build into big things. We'll let off steam if it's necessary, we'll discuss, we'll argue. We won't be afraid to do that any more, because now we know that our love is strong and real and we have understanding to back it up."

"The night Peter and I got back together again," Diane smiled, "I took the jewel box out of the drawer and handed my golden wedding band to Peter. He slipped it on my finger. Then I put his ring back on his finger and we both said the words that are engraved inside those gold bands and which only now do we fully understand: 'For better, for worse, forever.'"

THE END

PETER CO-STARS ON ABC-TV'S "LAWMAN" SUNDAYS, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT, WHILE DIANE IS IN WARNERS' "ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN."

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Continued from page 39

"sous" and that's a bargain 'cause I bought it this morning for ten."

"Don't you think five 'sous' is a lot of money for your old used chewing gum?" I asked, jumping up onto a low wall and balancing myself along. That way I was as tall as she.

"But it's fresh this morning!" she exclaimed, staring up at me. "I'll put the price up if you don't hurry and say yes. And you know you can't afford a brand-new piece."

"The truth was that I couldn't afford my own, for I was always spending my allowance on Brigitte's various and sundry cast-offs. 'Okay,' I said, jumping down from the wall, 'but only if there's still some taste left.'"

"I give you my word," she said, solemnly.

"As a child, Brigitte always found little ways of supplementing her pocket-money—at my expense!" Mijanou laughed, tossing back her head as she spoke.

And as she did so, I noticed how delicate and fine Mijanou's features were in contrast to her sister's provocative sensuality. Lifting her hand to her face to brush back a lock of hair that had fallen over her eyes, she paused for a moment, and then went on: "This also reminds me of a time during the liberation, when we would lean out of the window and watch the parades of handsome uniformed men pass in front of our apartment house. Brigitte always had her little camera with her, and she would photograph them and then sell the best prints to Mama, Papa, or the other members of the family. The bad fuzzy prints no one else wanted, she sold to me. That's where most of my allowance went. Even then, no one could resist her, least of all, me."

"We were inseparable as children," Mijanou continued. "Much more so than sisters usually are, because we had hardly any friends our own age. Our parents' best friends had no children we could play with. The one exception was a girl about Brigitte's age, Chantal, who was the daughter of one of our father's business associates. We often played with her, but most of the time Brigitte and I stayed together."

"We were not allowed to make friends with anyone outside our immediate circle. We had a very protected childhood. Our activities were closely scrutinized, and we were never allowed out unless an adult accompanied us. My grandmother took me to school, and Brigitte was conducted to her dancing classes every day by our governess."

As Mijanou spoke, I remembered something an acquaintance of the Bardots had told me. "Everything was regulated with military-like precision in the Bardot household," she had said. "Voices were never raised, either in protest or in exultation. Madame Bardot had been raised in Italy, where her father directed a French insurance company, and her ideas were definite and very strict."

"But she was also a busy woman. She had a natural flair for fashion, and so, when she grew bored with her social life, she persuaded Monsieur Bardot to let her open a dress shop. That left her little time to supervise directly her children's activities. These, in accordance with the best European traditions, were left in the hands of a governess, a widow named Madame Legrand, who had a keen sense of religion."

I told Mijanou that I'd heard she'd had a strict upbringing under a governess.

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"Madame Legrand was all right," Mijanou recalled with a slight grimace. "But we didn't think so at the time, calling her 'La Bique' (The Goat) behind her back. It wasn't her fault, but she was always following us around."

Yet it was only natural that the two sisters, who were supervised, watched, and corrected with so much severity, would seek to escape into an imaginary world. One of their favorite games, Mijanou told me, was playing at being orphans.

"We each had a huge wicker basket where we kept our dolls and toys," Mijanou said. "They were big enough to hold us, and we would often climb in and pretend we were in a boat. We invented dialogue as we went along. Usually we were orphans, sailing away to America to seek our fortunes."

The Bardot family was opposed to outside, modern entertainments, but they had no objection to the children's amateur theatricals—which thrived whenever they were in their country home.

"We had a small house in Louveciennes, about fifteen miles from Paris, which had been built by our great grandparents," Mijanou continued. "And we would spend our weekends there. Our father turned over the garage to us to use as a playhouse. Arranging and decorating the little house became our main pleasure during weekends. As we got older, we gradually abandoned the swings and trapeze in the back garden to devote ourselves to fixing up the place. We christened it 'Cabanon' (Little Hut). We painted it ourselves and sewed lace curtains and chair-covers. We hunted out pieces of furniture our parents no longer wanted, and fixed them up. Brigitte is very clever about painting and repairing old furniture. Our prize item was a long chest of drawers which we made into a bar and used to serve lemonade and fruit juices to the family."

"The little house looked out over the garden, and on Sundays we would take out the furniture and arrange a row of chairs to make up our theater. The family and a few friends were our audience. One of our favorite plays was 'Cinderella,' and Brigitte would very generously give me the title role, while she played the nasty stepmother."

"Didn't Brigitte like to write too?" I said, remembering a remark about her writing that I'd overheard once.

Mijanou looked a little wistful for a moment. "Yes," she said. "And her stories always had a Prince Charming who never failed to love and marry the heroine. We were both very romantic as children. The Middle Ages was our favorite historical period."

Like any other older sister, Brigitte, it seems, adored teasing Mijanou. "We used to play in a park near our home almost every afternoon, and I remember that I was in a state of terror for months once, because every time we would come to one particular large oak tree she would scream, 'Mijanou—watch out! There's a fierce-looking man with a long beard hiding behind it waiting to attack us.' When I heard this, I would cower back in terror, and beg our nurse to take us by the long route around to the other side of the park so that I wouldn't have to pass the tree."

"The nurse would always ask what was wrong. But I was afraid to tell. And Brigitte would shrug her shoulders and say, 'It's just that small children don't like large trees.' And then she would go off into peals of laughter."

"What's he like?" I would ask Brigitte, when we got home.

"He's very tall," she would answer, in hushed, serious tones. "And he's got three

eyes—one in the middle of his forehead. And he's also got a big, booming voice that has the power of making you stand still and not run away. Then, if he likes you, he carries you off and you're never seen again."

"How do you know?" I would ask.

"I met him once. That time when you were at home with a cold. It was horrible." And each time she would tell this story she would screw up her face to show how terrible the experience had been.

"I got so frightened that one day I refused to go to the park. Our nurse begged and begged, and finally I told her what was wrong. She called Brigitte and made her confess to me that it was all just made up. It took me a while to believe."

Brigitte and Mijanou were both very young during the war, and I had heard that the family was able to protect them against its hardships. But Mijanou still remembers the terror of the air raids.

"We had a shelter in the basement of our apartment building," Mijanou said. "And I remember my father carrying me down in his sleeping bag, while Brigitte followed closely, with all our toys and dolls clutched in her arms."

"We had to put our car away as there was no gas, and we got around by bicycle, my father riding us to our classes every morning, with Brigitte on the handle-bars and me in the basket in front."



Fame has changed Bribri, says Mijanou.

I asked Mijanou if she and Brigitte fought with each other as children.

"Brigitte and I rarely had fights," Mijanou recalled. "I think I was too in awe of her. The only times she really became mad at me were when I tried to borrow her toys. We both loved dolls and toy soldiers and fuzzy bears. In fact we still do. Our dolls were real persons to us, and took part in our games. One of our favorite games was playing at voting. I think we must have overheard our parents discussing elections, and we decided that we wanted to vote, too. We cut strips of paper and wrote down the names of film stars we'd seen in magazines, and then we each gave a pep talk for our candidate to our dolls, who were the voters. Another of our pet pastimes was cops and robbers, but we had to be careful not to make any noise."

But Mijanou's fervent wish was always, I could tell, to win Brigitte's admiration. One day, Mijanou tells me, she hit on a wonderful idea. "While Brigitte was in dancing school, I often visited our grandmother in the afternoons. She lives close by in an apartment which has a terrace that overlooks another apartment building on the other side of the street."

"One day I returned home from Grandmother's and proudly announced to Brigitte, 'I have a boyfriend. His name is Gerard Rappo. He lives across the street from Grandmother's, and we've been flirting every afternoon across the balconies.'

"I was eight at the time, and Brigitte was twelve. Of course, it was all a big lie. I'd made up the whole story, even the boy's name. For a month Brigitte believed me, and every day she asked me questions about Gerard. She was quite worked up by the fact that I was only eight and I had a boy interested in me and she didn't."

"One day, after questioning me very closely about him, she suddenly said, 'Swear to me that you are not lying.' That finished it. I had to admit to her that I'd made it all up. After the first few minutes of anger at having been duped, she laughed and laughed."

Ballet lessons, I learned, were indispensable in the Bardot conception of the right education for well-brought-up girls, but it was Brigitte, rather than Mijanou, who received them.

"Bribri began taking ballet lessons a few years after I was born," Mijanou recalled. "Every day our grandmother or the governess took her to the dance studio on Rue Spontini. At the same time she enrolled at Hattemer's, a private finishing school."

Although Brigitte had a natural gift for "entrechats" and ballet turns, she developed an intense dislike for grammar books. The only subject she showed any aptitude for was ancient history, and to this day she can hold her own in any discussion of Egyptian civilization. She soon gave up any hope of being even a passable student, and pinned her dreams on entering the dance conservatory. She didn't give up her studies at Hattemer's, continuing them by correspondence.

"Brigitte was an exceptionally gifted dancer," Mijanou told me. "When she was only thirteen, she was one of seven chosen from 500 candidates for the National Conservatory of Music and Dance, and her teachers predicted a brilliant career for her as a ballerina."

One of Brigitte's classmates and an object of her wide-eyed admiration was Leslie Caron. They were the top students.

Mijanou explained, "One of the reasons why Brigitte loved the dance was that it gave her a chance occasionally to escape the constant strict eye of our parents." The class often went on tour. Most of the times, the Bardots or the governess accompanied the class to keep a watch on Brigitte, but once she did go on a Mediterranean cruise without any supervision.

She returned home to whisper into Mijanou's ears the exciting details of her first trip away from home. "It was wonderful. We danced on the deck of the ship very late into the night. It was fabulous and so exciting. And one boy even tried to kiss me!"

Mijanou, who was then ten and terribly impressed and envious of her older sister, yearned with all her heart to take up dancing, too. But the Bardots were adamant against it.

"My family decided that at least one of us should be a serious student, so I didn't have dance lessons," Mijanou said. "I've always regretted it."

It was not that the Bardot family considered a lack of book learning a disadvantage for young girls, but it seemed that Mijanou showed a greater taste and aptitude for knowledge than Brigitte, and they wanted to encourage this.

Mijanou went to the Lebeck Convent as a day student and was intending to go on to the University and major in applied psychology.

"I was very timid as a child," Mijanou confessed, "much more so than Brigitte. She was shy and awkward with adults because we had been taught to be silent and still when we were with them. But when we were together, she was gay and cheerful and as warm as a puppy."

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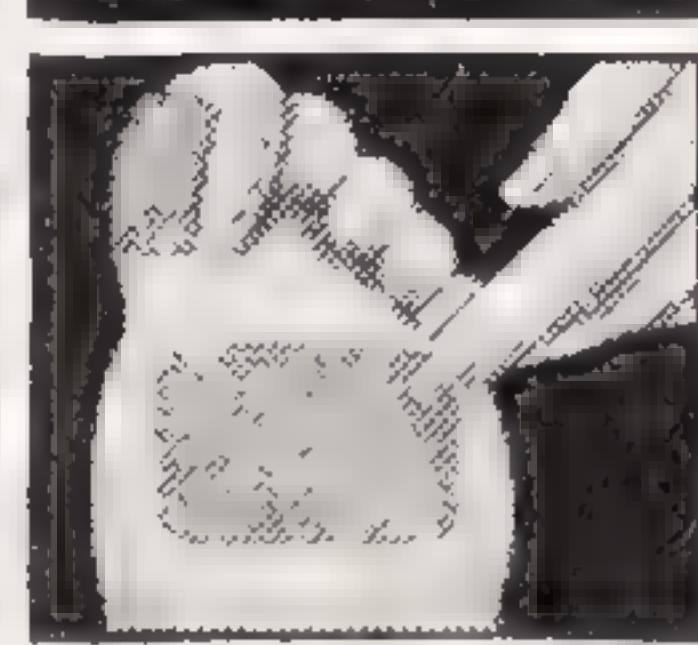
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Incredible though it may seem, Mijanou says that Brigitte has an inferiority complex which dates from her childhood. (A slight squint in her left eye obliged her to wear corrective glasses when she was a child, and she was always self-conscious about her large teeth and thick sensuous lips. "In fact, even today, when Brigitte laughs, she puts her two hands in front of her mouth because she thinks her teeth are ugly," Mijanou said. "Have you noticed?")

She then told me that Brigitte has a constant need to reassure herself that she is beautiful and desirable. And she must have lovely things around her.

"Brigitte always had a passion for outdoor beauty—the sea and sun, flowers, animals and nature in all its forms, and a repugnance for anything ugly. She still revels in lazing around and doing nothing at home. That's always been her idea of complete happiness. She would rather spend an evening at home, with friends, surrounded by her dogs, cats, turtles, and birds, and listening to jazz, than go to any night club.

"She always preferred jazz as we were growing up. But I liked classical music.

"And, just as when we were young, she doesn't give a hang for clothes. She is happiest in a pair of slacks and a turtle-neck sweater."

It seems that Brigitte's career was the result of one of those accidents of fate you can't ever predict. If Roger Vadim, the film director, had not met her and seen her possibilities, she would certainly never have become an actress. Probably, she would have stayed in ballet.

Brigitte was at that awkward age of late adolescence when Roger first saw her. But he was sure from seeing her just once that when she lost her girlish plumpness she would become quite beautiful.

"It all started when my father's cousin, Madame de la Villuchet, phoned my mother," Mijanou recalled. "She was one of the editors of the magazine 'Elle.' She explained to my mother that one of her models was sick and she was in a terrible jam. She asked if she could borrow Brigitte for a photograph, because she was just the type she needed."

At first, it may seem odd that Madame Bardot, so rigid in her ideas, would have agreed. She probably wouldn't have if she hadn't known the editor so well.

Brigitte immediately confided the great project to Mijanou. "But you're so fat!" Mijanou giggled.

Brigitte ran to the mirror and looked at herself. "You're right, I am fat," she pouted. And that night she didn't touch her food. Her family thought she was sick, for she always had a good appetite.

The next day Brigitte posed, and her picture on the cover of "Elle" prompted the now famous special-delivery letter from Roger Vadim, assistant to Marc Allegret, the director. Allegret, thinking he had found another Simone Simon, wanted Brigitte for a screen test.

Brigitte showed the letter first to Mijanou, and it was her sister who broke the news to the family. Mijanou, snatching the letter from Brigitte, and screaming with excitement, ran to find her parents.

"Brigitte's going to be a movie star!" she yelled.

Her parents were shocked. It was one thing to pose for a photograph, when asked to do so by a member of the family. It was quite another matter to associate with "those strange creatures who inhabited the entertainment world."

Brigitte and Mijanou both pleaded for hours. Held in rein from childhood, they'd reached the age of rebellion. And in this letter Brigitte saw a chance for freedom.

Her parents finally agreed to let her meet Allegret, on the condition that Madame Bardot accompany her. At that first meeting Brigitte had eyes only for Roger Vadim, who was also there. She excitedly confided in Mijanou on returning home, "I'm in love. I've met the most terrific man. He's so wonderful, tall, dark and handsome—just like in my dreams."

Marc Allegret did not have Vadim's perceptive eye. He saw only Brigitte's adolescent fat, her protruding teeth and her awkward timidity. He rejected her.

But Vadim was intrigued, and a few weeks later he phoned Brigitte. Her parents were away in Biarritz, and she was home alone with Mijanou and her grandmother.

He managed to see her alone, once, twice, then several times. By the time Madame Bardot's mother had phoned her in Biarritz in alarm to say there was something odd going on, Vadim had captured Brigitte's imagination. And finally he won the Bardots' consent to their marriage.

Brigitte was sixteen when she gave a party to celebrate her engagement to Roger Vadim. "The Cabanon" in Louveciennes was the setting for it," Mijanou recalled. "I was only twelve, but my parents gave me permission to attend on condition I didn't dance. I was still wearing glasses and had my hair in pigtails, and was more self-conscious than usual.

"Brigitte's personality was already blossoming out, and she was a wonderful hostess. I hid behind the bar, so no one would see me, and silently admired her.

"As the lights dimmed and everyone went to corners to listen to jazz records, I started to sneak out and go into the house to go to bed. I was too unhappy to just sit there and not be able to dance.

"Then one of the boys, a friend of Vadim's, saw me peering from behind the bar. 'Why don't you dance?' he asked me.

"I'm not allowed to," I answered.

"Come on," he said. 'I'll take the blame if your mother's angry.' And he pulled me out to the dance floor.

"Brigitte was amazed to see me. 'Mijanou isn't to dance,' she insisted.

"But her friends persuaded her to let me stay, and I don't ever remember having been so happy. Brigitte didn't tell on me, but I confessed to my mother myself the next day. She wasn't as angry as I thought she would be."

Mijanou and her parents often visited Brigitte in the tiny apartment on Rue Chardon-Lagarch that the Bardots had bought for the newlyweds. But Madame Bardot was shocked to see Brigitte becoming negligent and careless about her appearance. She said it was because Vadim preferred to see her in an old pair of blue jeans and bare feet rather than her former starched white collars, white gloves and patent-leather shoes.

Their marriage lasted only a short while.

After her divorce from Vadim, Brigitte bought a new apartment. Shunning the Bohemian sections of Paris, she chose a building just three blocks from her parents' home and around the corner from her grandmother's, in the subdued Passy district.

"It's only natural, though, that so much fame has had so deep an effect upon Brigitte," concluded Mijanou. "Yet she's basically the same. When she comes to see us she kisses everybody—Maman, Papa, me, the maid and the dog!" THE END

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DAVID NIVEN

Continued from page 71

turned to his companions, shielding the woman. "She's all mine," he announced. "And I shan't share her with any of you." Then he led the obviously flattered young woman away a few steps, chatted gaily with her and then kissed her hand as she departed—on a cloud. After she'd left, he apologized to his friends.

"You'll have to forgive me," Niven said. "I couldn't remember who the devil she was. . . ."

When asked how he'd come by his inimitable charm (he once called himself a "displaced Cary Grant"), it is rumored that David replied, "I'm a product of one of the best reform schools in Britain."

He wasn't joking—but the facts are not as convicting as they sound. The incident that got him there all took place when David was only ten.

After his father, Captain William Graham Niven, was killed in the First World War, at the age of 26, his young mother moved from Scotland to England and sent David off to boarding school at Heatherdown, where, without difficulty, he immediately adjusted himself to a mischievous merriment that ultimately got him his place in the "finishing school." His downfall was a cauliflower.

One day, a contest was announced among the students at school to find who could grow the biggest and best vegetable. Each boy was given his own garden patch in which to cultivate the winning item. Permission was granted to write home to his family for first-class seeds, and, one by one, each boy wrote his letter; each boy, that is, except David, who hated writing and decided he would simply grow a crop of mustard and cress. But, as time went on and the other boys' vegetables grew, David began to feel that his crop hadn't a chance to win, although, he insists, "It was simply beautiful." So the day before the judging, he cautiously sneaked into another student's garden, nipped a gigantic cauliflower and, with a touch of conscience, placed it in the center of his own spreading cress.

The prize he did not win. Instead, he got a severe caning, immediate expulsion and a spell at a Portsmouth school he considered a "reformatory for boys." So began the life of a British gentleman. (Though everybody calls him "English," James David Graham Niven was born in Kurriemuir, Scotland, and is quick to point out that he's "British.")

He later joined the Army, maintaining he did it because he had ambitions for the Navy. But when he took the Naval exam, he missed 292 questions out of 300. "So I joined the Army." Then, not too long after, his commanding officer in Malta wrote a confidential report saying "Niven is an excellent officer—but he knows less about the Army than do his friends in the Navy." And it was evident to David that, as he says, "Some people are more fitted to Army life than others."

David was transferred back to England, and he says, "It was then that I began hankering to leave the Army. I was sitting one day in a club with two old friends—talking about the future—when they both started telling me that I should get out of the Army. Both of them had already quit—one into newspaper work and the other into business." And, by the time they'd all had a number of drinks and the afternoon had drifted into evening, David was convinced he should leave.

"Begad, I'll leave the Army right now," he said, giving one of them a friendly slap on the back. And he says now, "It was

the only way to do it. If I'd waited to think it over, I might have been talked out of it by the men at the barracks.

"That was a Wednesday. That night I sent in my resignation and called my colonel to say 'Goodbye.' He didn't like the idea very much. Thursday, I sailed for Canada, telling my friends I was off to seek my fortune in the New World."

But Canada soon found him in the midst of disaster again. He joined a bridge-building gang north of Ottawa and—"They gave me a bloody big axe and told me to chop trees. But I was so inefficient I was the camp joke. Then they decided I'd be better at other things and made me get up at three a.m. to catch fish for their breakfast." David got tonsillitis, was promptly treated by a veterinarian and "I finally ended my stay spending weeks recovering in a hospital."

He left soon after for New York with just two hundred dollars in his pocket—"enough," he says, "to have a little luxury. So I moved into the Waldorf-Astoria. A few days later, however, I couldn't afford to move out. And that was when I set the world's record of a dual existence by working in a Chinese laundry and living at the Waldorf."

How did that happen? "I nonchalantly walked into the lobby one evening to find about six Chinese, all jabbering in great excitement in front of the desk. The desk clerk, who was already suspicious of my finances—I was even signing for postage stamps by this time—said, 'Friends of yours, I believe.' You see, I'd had my washing done by many different Chinese laundries, so as not to run up too big a bill at one, and they must have all been unionized because there they all were, after their money. I took aside the head Chinese—the one I owed the most to—and told him I'd work off my debts. He nodded his head in agreement and told me to report the next day at daybreak to light the fires in their workshops. Then, in the afternoons, I was to deliver the laundry. Fortunately, I discovered a friend with a Rolls Royce who let me borrow it for the deliveries. And sure enough, up and down First Avenue I went in a Rolls, delivering the bundles of wash.

"The next job was different. I bumped into an old friend who was the head of a wine concern, and he told me he was opening a New York office." This was all the cue Niven needed. Within hours he'd become the firm's New York representative, scurrying down to a bookshop to buy books on the vine so, as he says, "I could talk the language."

But even that didn't last very long.

"Not long after, I had a phone call from a well-known restaurant, asking if I had some champagne of a certain vintage—1926. Yes, I had. Could I send over some cases immediately, C.O.D., and take a check in payment? I could. The cases were piled on a truck and rushed over to the restaurant. A man there was waiting anxiously for it with a check. He asked the truckman to dump the load on the sidewalk; his own men would carry it in. . . . But what happened was that as soon as my truck left another appeared, carting the cases away. The check, needless to say, bounced—and I was stuck for \$3,000."

David has always conducted his private life with perfect decorum, but surprisingly, from almost the very beginning, Hollywood tagged him its "No. 1 Bachelor."

"It all started," David explains, "on one of my first days on the Coast, when I knew nobody at all, and was busy touring the casting offices. The single exception was Sally Blaine, whom I had met the year before in London. I immediately left myself on her doorstep and was eventually



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taken in. She and her sister, Loretta Young, asked me to stay for dinner . . . and I stayed four months.

"But I was about to explain how I came into the title. About a week after my arrival in Hollywood, Loretta took me to a cocktail party, no doubt in the hope that I would get mixed up in the shuffle and that somebody else would take me home by mistake.

"This did not occur. On the contrary, the only person who paid me the least bit of attention was a young lady, a syndicated columnist, who straight away went home and put in her column the item that I was 'the most negligible bachelor in Hollywood.' Something must have gone wrong in the composing room, I think, and the next day I had a reputation to uphold!"

Being an eligible bachelor in Hollywood was, David says, "no picnic . . . if you appeared in public with a young lady, there were immediate rumors of marriage, and if the lady happened to be married, there were rumors of divorce."

Then the war brought an end to many things—including David's freedom. It was 1940 and England was under the siege of the first onslaught of German air raids. At a Fighter Station on Biggin Hill, the alarm had gone out.

The now Colonel Niven of the British Army rushed out to the slit trenches along with other men and women at the base. David dived into one just as the droning of a German plane sounded overhead.

"Ow!" screamed a woman's voice as he jumped in and hit something soft that moved. Then suddenly he heard a growl and felt sharp teeth bite into the calf of his leg. Wincing with pain, he looked down, rubbed his leg and peered about.

"What on . . ." he began, and then, gradually, through the darkness, he noticed a young WAAF crouching in the trench with a snarling Pekingese. "Oh . . . excuse me. . . I am sorry," he stuttered to the WAAF, ignoring the offending Pekingese.

Three weeks later the WAAF, Primula Rollo, and David Niven were married.

And it was a happy marriage, to end, six years later, in tragedy. . . .

It was a Sunday night in Hollywood, and David and Primula had gone to a small party at Tyrone Power's home.

It was a gay party, and after dinner they decided to play a blackout game of hide-and-seek called "Sardines." Mrs. Niven was "it" and, after the lights had gone out and everyone had hidden in

corners, she started off to look for them.

She groped about in the dark, peering behind drapes and in closets. Then suddenly she opened one door, put a foot forward to reach into what she supposed was another room, and went plunging down . . . down into the cellar.

When the other guests finally found her, she was in a coma. They rushed her straight to a hospital but it was too late. Soon after one in the morning, she died of head and back injuries.

"It was like going crazy very slowly," David told a friend. And he never talks of those days.

In 1948 he was sent back to England to do a movie called "Bonnie Prince Charlie." One day, while he was finishing the picture in a London studio, he found a beautiful girl ensconced in his chair on stage—a chair which was plainly marked "David Niven" across the back. Seeing his look of astonishment, almost annoyance, at anyone else occupying his place, a friend quickly introduced them. Her name was Hjordis Tersmeden, a Swedish model.

He was wearing his Prince Charlie costume and looked quite dashing.

"I thought your hair was dark," she said, as she got up from the chair.

"It is," said David, obligingly pulling off his royal blond wig. And a few minutes later he asked her to lunch.

Several days after that they decided to get married and just a few weeks later were on their way, one morning, to a registry office. Just as they were about to enter the building, David turned to Hjordis and said, "We mustn't forget to stop by and pick up the children afterwards."

Hjordis stopped in her tracks. "What children?" she exclaimed. David had forgotten to tell her he had two boys.

The next day they set off—all four of them—for Hollywood and David's home in Pacific Palisades. That was eleven years ago.

And Hjordis says today, "In all that time I have never had one moment of boredom. Life with David has always been one constant surprise. . . ."

And it's hard to find someone to disagree. **THE END**

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"I'M SCARED . . ."

Continued from page 45

be a dream, too, and I'm sure it will be almost soundproof . . ." Then somehow his words seemed to fade into the thousands of other spring sounds they could hear, as they sat by the home they would soon be living in; and Anna took a long, deep breath.

"Buddy . . . ?" she whispered.

"Yes?" He bent his head slightly as he spoke, and kissed her affectionately on the tip of her nose.

"I . . . I . . . I'm scared."

He drew her more closely to him. "Don't worry. Ours is going to be a good marriage—you'll see," he said gently.

"And maybe we'll get to Mexico after all, on our honeymoon," he added.

"Mmmm . . ." she nodded and stared ahead across the lawns. Then, breaking the silence, she said, "I'm glad we bought this house . . ." And she remembered the first time they'd heard about it and how they'd been reluctant even to drive out and see it.

Actually, they'd never intended buying such a large house, although they needed a good-sized place because Buddy did a lot of work at home. So when Chickie, Buddy's sister-in-law, told them about it, they hesitated to look; it was very expensive. And at the time, she remembered saying, "Don't even show it to me," knowing that she and Buddy would probably fall for it.

But somehow they couldn't resist and they finally did go to see the house and looked around, neither of them saying a word. But on the drive home they were already arguing about who would get which closet!

She remembered that drive quite clearly. Buddy'd been like he was now, chatting eagerly about what they'd do with each room, and she'd drawn all sorts of plans on the misted windows of the car while he kept screaming, "I can't look . . . stop it or we'll land in a ditch!" But she had been so happy, so thrilled to be planning the first home of her very own, and so eager to have Buddy like the ideas she had for it.

"And then there's the nursery . . ." she remembered saying these very words—words which had brought them into a difficult discussion. Because she had such definite ideas: No children for the present—she thought they were both too young. And she wanted her children brought up as Catholics, though Buddy is Jewish. But it had all been straightened out . . . he was so understanding, so willing to please and, she remembered thinking at the time, so different from the snobbish, aloof sort of fellow she'd taken him to be when they'd first met.

And she smiled a little to herself as her thoughts moved back to their first date—almost a year ago now. How she'd almost cancelled it because she'd thought she wouldn't enjoy herself . . . how they'd met two other couples, friends of Buddy, and gone to the Scandia for dinner and to a show . . . and how she'd told him off for his conceited manner when he'd driven her home.

"Hey—come out of that dream!" Buddy's words rang out sharply against the muted sounds of the garden. "Whatever were you thinking about?"

"I'll miss you the next few days while I'm in New York," she said quietly.

"I'll miss you, too." He paused for a few moments, then added, "But it'll be the last time. From now on we just won't accept any engagements that will keep us apart."

Anna left the following day for New York. But once she was in New York, away from Buddy, away from the bustle of her wedding plans, away from Buddy's calmness and stability, she began to feel more and more nervous—more and more aware that instead of looking forward to her marriage she was afraid even to think about it. Instead of dreaming and laughing, she found herself waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, and trying to avoid being left alone. Was her mother right about it not being advisable to marry a divorced man? Was their difference in faith an obstacle to happiness? Would they be able to overcome the pressures of their careers? She knew she loved Bud; she tried to reassure herself.

Yet just nine days before their wedding, once back in Hollywood, she came to her decision and issued this statement from her home in Hollywood: "After careful deliberation," she said, "I have decided that marriage at this time would be premature. For that reason, I have, on my own, decided against the wedding."

It seemed cold and impersonal, but it was only a front—a front to hide unexpressed fears and confusion that even she herself could not fully understand.

Nervous and unsure, she explained, "I was scared. But I knew that no one could tell me how to examine my own heart. No one can tell you how to look at a situation. You yourself have to listen to your own heart. . . ."

And theirs had not even been a swift romance, like so many in Hollywood.

She had first met Buddy six years ago while preparing for a Las Vegas nightclub act. Buddy had been assigned to work on the musical arrangements. Their first meeting was not a very amicable one—in fact, she didn't even like him. He had just started to become successful and was on the defensive. He seemed sort of aloof and snobbish.

"I don't think I would have worked with Buddy at all if my manager hadn't insisted that he was such a talented, up-and-coming young boy. Incidentally, he was still married then," said Anna slowly, seeming to find it difficult to talk even about the early days.

"I did know his first wife, Gloria Haley. We'd met while we were both working in The Thalias together. We used to say hello, but it wasn't a close friendship."

Anna paused for a moment, then continued, "After that first meeting, Buddy and I didn't see each other for a number of years, and during that time I heard he'd become divorced. Occasionally I would bump into him at parties and we'd exchange hellos, but I still thought him snobbish and didn't encourage a friendship. And I guess if it hadn't happened that my manager, Pierre Cossette, met him by chance a little over a year ago, none of this would have happened. But when he did, Buddy—during the course of conversation—asked about me and wanted to know if I were going steady. When Pierre said no, Buddy asked for my phone number.

The very next day Buddy called. 'Hi,' he said, 'this is Buddy Bregman. I don't know if you know, but my divorce is now final and I was wondering . . . wondering if you would consider having dinner with me this evening?'

"No," I said. I didn't want to make a date with him, because I still disliked him.

"Well, when can you have dinner with me?" he asked.

"And he was so insistent that I made a date—for some time that seemed far away." Anna laughed a little sadly as she remembered. "Actually it was only

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five days off. Then as soon as I'd hung up, I called Pierre and asked, 'Why did you give Buddy Bregman my phone number?'

"Pierre joked, 'If I hadn't, someone else would have given it to him. Why?'

"'Because I can't stand him,' I said, 'and I don't want to go out with him.'

"And, as a matter of fact, the night before the date I thought of cancelling it, but I didn't know how to do it. So we went out, triple-dating with two other couples, for dinner and a show. And we were home by 11:30.

"Then, as Buddy drove up in front of my house, he asked me out for the next night.

"'No,' I said. 'I can't make it,' I lied.

"'How about the day after?' he asked.

"Again he persisted so, I found myself blurting out, 'The only reason I came out with you tonight was to tell you off.' And I began telling him he was spoiled, that he couldn't take success, and that he was very hard to get along with. Actually, I had no reason to do this, because he'd never done anything to me personally. But I went on and on, telling him how fresh he was and what a snob he was, and when I'd finally finished I quite expected him to help me out of the car, slam the door, and never talk to me again.

"Instead, he just sat there quietly, looked at me and said, 'You're absolutely right. I did have to grow up the hard way, but I certainly believe I've changed, and I'd love to prove it to you if you'll take the trouble to find out.'

"What could I say? I'd been blowing off steam, calling him everything, only to have him say very humbly, 'You're right.' I accepted a date for a few days later, but then Buddy had to go away to North Carolina on a tour with Eddie Fisher." She paused and seemed deep in thought.

"That was about March of last year," she went on, finally. "And I remember because it was around the time of the Academy Awards. I had a date for that evening with someone else, but the night before we had an argument and cancelled it. I still had to go, though, because I was one of the performers. And I needed an escort.

"I called up a few friends, but unfortunately they were all busy. Finally, I decided to call Buddy. But when I did he groaned and said, 'Oh no! I just got back in town and made another date twenty minutes ago. If only you'd called me sooner.' He asked me out to dinner for the following night after the Awards and I said yes.

"After we'd hung up I was just about to call some other friends and ask them to take me when intuition stopped me and I told myself, 'If I know in my heart what I think I know, I'm not going to ask anyone else.' And sure enough, ten minutes later, the phone rang and it was Buddy.

"He said, 'Oh, something happened to the girl I was taking, so I can take you.'

And that was the beginning of it all." Anna looked a little wistful as she spoke. "We went together quite regularly after that night, but I don't think I really fell in love with him until three or four months later. I was attracted to him, I liked seeing him, but it wasn't really love yet. Because for me, love is more than just liking someone, it's a complete feeling that the other person is the most important person in your life, and you are in theirs, that he would give up anything for you and you would for him. And I think that this feeling is a long time in coming."

Anna looked a little nervous as she continued, "However, after I first started to date Buddy I called my parish priest.

I explained to him that Buddy was Jewish (I'm a Catholic) and a divorced man. I told him that Buddy's former wife, Gloria, also a Catholic, had been married once before in church and so that was why she and Buddy had had a civil ceremony. That now they were divorced. And he told me that since they'd had a civil ceremony, Buddy and Gloria had never been married in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and so if something should develop between Buddy and me, we could be married in church."

Anna lowered her voice and seemed to find it hard to talk. "When I told Buddy I'd called the priest, he was very hurt. He said, 'If what you feel for me is so uncertain you have to call and ask your priest first, I don't understand.'

"So I explained that I was not in love with him yet, but if I kept on seeing him I would want to know that if and when the time came, I would be free to be with him. If the priest had said no, I wouldn't have seen him again—not because I didn't like him, but because I knew it would've been better that way than to have gone ahead, knowing we never could have been married. Because I would never marry outside the Church."

She looked up and explained, "Actually, the reason my faith means so much to me is that I was raised as a devout Catholic, and it has always given me

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something to hang on to. In every one of the dark, horrible periods of my life, the one thing I've always had was my faith. Without it, I think you're a lost soul—it doesn't matter to which religion you belong. And I had to explain this to Buddy, to tell him how important it is to me.

"It always seems strange, when I think back to the first time Buddy visited our house, that both my mother and father said, 'This is the kind of boy we'd like you to marry.' They weren't thinking of Buddy in particular, because at that time he was married, but his type—young, intelligent, handsome, and gifted.

"I remember, too, how, on the night of our first date, Buddy went out of his way to talk with my mother. She was in another part of the house when he arrived, but before we left, he insisted on saying hello to her. We'd just bought a new home, and my mother was so happy to show him around.

"But a few weeks later, when she noticed I wasn't seeing anyone else, and I seemed to like Buddy an awful lot, she did have objections. Naturally so, I guess, because he was divorced and of a different religion.

"It worried me a little, too, and at first, when I thought I was falling in love with him, I tried to stay away. I tried to make excuses not to see him, but somehow I always seemed to go in the opposite direction and see him every day. Then I would try to see him in every mood, in every way, to decide whether or not we were really right for each other.

We never discussed marriage seriously in so many words, although by January of this year we sort of knew that one of these days we would get

married. Then I had to go to Birmingham to do a concert on February 1, and while I was driving with Buddy to the airport, I kept thinking that when I got back, I would have to decide something definitely. Because I'd already kept him almost a year without a decision—and maybe he wouldn't wait much longer.

"His mother, Clara Bregman, was with us. He'd wanted her to come with me on the trip. And as we stood by the gate, waiting to board the plane, Buddy pulled me aside and said, 'Tell me that you'll marry me in April. You've got to tell me.'

"I'll decide when I come back,' I told him.

"'No. You've got to tell me now,' he insisted.

"So finally I said, 'I'll marry you.' And after that I couldn't believe it, and yet I was so relieved I had finally made up my mind.

"Actually, I knew three months before Buddy proposed that I would say yes. My mother knew it, too, and it wasn't really that much of a shock. She'd been expecting it, and there was no argument, no scene. In fact—although I'll admit she wasn't too delighted—the newspaper clippings saying she would be sick the day of the wedding were quoted quite out of context.

"What happened," Anna explained, "was that five or six months before, Buddy and I were at a party when some people asked if we were serious. I said something like, 'Well, we might get married.' There was a columnist there, and at one o'clock that morning, he called up my mother and said, 'Your daughter's going to get married. In fact, I understand they are probably going to elope.'

"He woke her right out of a sound sleep, and she was so shocked she made a harsh statement that wasn't used until months later, when we were officially engaged. Then the newsmen got a hold of my mother and said, 'Didn't you say that when Anna Maria and Buddy get married you'd be sick and stay home?' She couldn't deny it. But she tried to explain the circumstances. However, when the clippings came out in the paper, it was all taken out of context again. Certainly, my mother still had doubts, but she'd consented to come to my wedding."

Then Anna blurted out nervously, "And it was all blown up between my mother and me until . . . until finally I made that statement. Sure, I'm scared of marriage. I think anyone who goes into it saying he hasn't a single qualm is lying. I used to wonder if I were too young. Other times I would have hot-and-cold chills, and even nightmares. And I used to be glad I was working so hard, so it didn't leave me time to think. . . ."

It was the end of Anna's story. There was no word from Buddy with the statement—or after it. Anna and Buddy had parted—evidently for good.

Today, Anna makes sure she moves quietly outside the headlines, while she struggles to resume her life as it was before Buddy entered it. But there is so much to remember . . . wonderful times like the day he'd come to the Moulin Rouge club during rehearsals for her show and taken pictures with a small camera, presenting all the photos to her in a beautiful album on opening night . . . the day she'd done a fashion layout for Don Loper and found that—as a surprise for her—Buddy had bought the dress she'd admired most . . . the many times he would call while he was away. But now, for Anna, the phones that ring aren't the same. She knows there won't be any funny messages from Buddy waiting for her when she gets home . . . and knows, too, that things won't ever be quite the same again.

THE END



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